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MEMINI

OR

REMINISCENCES OF IRISH LIFE

BY

M. O'CONNOR MORRIS

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&c. &c.

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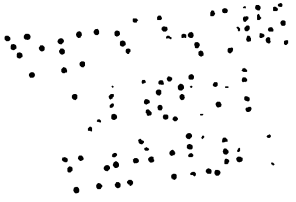

INTRODUCTION.

"The ancient Persians taught three useful things:
To ride, to draw the bow, to speak the truth.
Such was the mode of Cyrus, best of kings,
A mode adopted since by modern youth.
Bows have they, generally with two strings;
Horses they ride without remorse or ruth;
At speaking truth perhaps they're not so clever,
But draw the long bow better now than ever."

SUCH was the metrical comment of Lord Byron on Herodotus' sentence as to the bringing up of the youth of Persia: and we find his lordship very severe subsequently on the Milesian modes and methods of drawing the long bow; but surely the Aryan Irish are more or less privileged *par droit de naissance* to adopt this toxophilitish trope, for they are said to be kinsmen to the Persians, whose chief bard, Firdousi, tells us that after a ruction between themselves and the Scythians a treaty was signed between the belligerents, one of the articles of which declared that the Persians were to have all the country to the north-east, over which an arrow could be shot from Demavend, and that a bowman, named Arish, ascended the mountain at sunrise, and shot an arrow to the banks of the Oxus, which did not fall till noon! If this tale were credited in Persia, I hardly think it would be in Ireland *fin de*

Walpole 11 June 1924

siècle, credulous as are its people, and given to abundant amplification. In these little sketches and narratives I have endeavoured to avoid national characteristics, to which I might be supposed to have an hereditary bias, and to follow rather the last of the Persian precepts. No *brochure* nowadays ought to be issued without some pendent moral, for the British public loves to think itself highly moral, and the British public is the judge, jury, and court of appeal all rolled into one in the case of these little literary ventures—

> "There's a moral, oh yes;
> But it's hard to be seen
> As morals go, now the sight must be keen,"

and perhaps the first moral is that something more is required for success in our complicated existence than the qualifications that satisfied Persian papas, when the world was far younger, and the pressure of population on the means of life and sources of supply were far less than now; but in the days I write about they formed a great part of the stock-in-trade of a county gentleman's son in Ireland, who, as a rule, knew as little of the business of life as a bird.

Moral No. 2 is somewhat akin to the Psalmist's injunction not to put faith in Princes, with the variations of statesmen, heads of departments, officials, *et hoc genus omne*, for I confess to having thrown away a vast deal of time and a good deal of money in the belief in their wish to act up to their promises without the screw of compulsion being applied; indeed, I regret to say I have more to complain of than unfulfilled pro-

mises, for I find it officially stated, and in print, that I resigned my appointment as Deputy Postmaster-General of Jamaica, which is not only untrue, but the contradictory to the truth (*vide* Appendix).

Moral No. 3 is more or less involved in No. 1, and suggests the propriety of making all arrangements, contracts, &c., on a business-like footing, about which, looking at my own many *lâches* in that respect, I feel inclined to quote the lines—

> "Video meliora proboque
> Deteriora sequor."

These reminiscences should have come out a year or two ago, but, sooth to say, part of the MS. was lost or went astray, and last season I met with a couple of rather severe accidents, which put me *hors de combat* for some time. So many take an interest in hounds and horses that I trust there is no need to apologise for having dwelt upon them so long, and perhaps the same indulgence may be craved for having attempted to focus some of the flotsam, jetsam, and gup of the hunting field and the guild of foxhunters; to some they may possibly have the salt of freshness. From the lying by of the MS., some vaticinations made from a comparison of probabilities have received the seal of verification, for instance, the foxhunting forecast that Mr. John Watson might succeed Lord Fingall in Meath, or some master of a first-class pack of hounds.

It was impossible to ignore the official part of my life in an autobiographical sketch. I have tried to set down naught in malice, though I feel acutely the hard-

ship, injustice, and duplicity with which I was treated in the matter of my office in Jamaica. The case is, I believe, wholly unparalleled and unprecedented in the Civil Service, and one Postmaster-General to whom I appealed acknowledged its harshness, and said it could not have happened in his time, but he took refuge under the old plea, "quod fieri non debet id factum valet," a plea that has justified much wickedness in the world.

I have not meant to be unduly severe on the officials in the Secretarial branch of the General Post Office. There were a few shining lights among them in my time, but the majority of the senior clerks wanted a good deal, so far as I could judge; but of course the judgment of a junior, and a neophyte, is not worth much. I hardly think that any private enterprise conducted as that was could have lasted long. It is something, even in this democratic age, to have a friend at headquarters: while Lord Clanricarde was in office everything I did was approved; when he fell officially nothing seemed right, nor did I care to stoop to the meanness of conciliating the official powers by small presents of Jamaica produce, in which course I was told I was singular. Lord Clanricarde was rather disliked in the office because he insisted on *governing* as well as *ruling*. If anyone cares to look over the correspondence in the Appendix, he can judge for himself. I trust the men who could equivocate so grossly in official correspondence would in private life prove more truthful. I believe the service to be in a better state by far at present, nor would habitual drunkenness,

I think, be tolerated in high places. If anyone conceives that departmental jobbery has been uprooted because its source has been changed, he is grievously mistaken. Special merit is an elastic term, and here, as at Rome—

"Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est."

The private secretaries who blossom so quickly into commissionerships must have a double dose of "special merit." It was reserved for Dublin to see an official dismissed from one berth, and in a few months translated to a far better one, or to see, not long ago, an official allowed to walk off with his full pension, though utterly disgraced and discredited as a man as well as an official; but Dublin is somewhat exceptional, as government by bribery, or the reward of party services (in one shape or another), has long been a rule there, though latterly splendid exceptions have been made. It is allowed by experts that an enormous sum could be annually saved to the revenue, *i.e.*, the taxpayers, by reducing the superabundant officials in Dublin within the limits of practical efficiency. The only department that is not overmanned in Ireland is the Police, who, though they seem ridiculously redundant at times, are all wanted in great crises, ever liable to recur so long as agitation is allowed to be a profitable profession, and a gullible audience likes to have its ears titillated with treason more or less diluted and disguised.

I should have liked to have drawn a comparison between the feats of modern and mediæval sportsmen,

but space suggests contraction rather than expansion, and I will only allude to Colonel McCalmont's ride from Newbridge to Dublin, twenty-six miles, on a bad road, in an hour and twenty minutes, on two mounts of his own; and Captain De Winton's ride from New Castle to Kingston, Jamaica, sixteen miles, within the hour—six miles, however, were down a semi-precipitous steep.

Colonel McCalmont's hunters were generally very highly bred, and one of them, "Richard the Second," who was tried with my little horse, "Call," proved a good winner, and was, I think, capable of securing the blue riband of chasing. I recollect, many years ago, his lending me a little horse of his who was not a favourite in the stable, to hack about and look at hounds. On bringing him back, he asked me how the little horse behaved. I said, "Very well, and I think he might win a minor chase." The guess was a good one, and was fulfilled. The potentialities of highly bred Irish horses are really almost limitless.

For instance, the horse whose style under weight across country pleased me most of late years was a bay son of "Delight," owned by Mr. Fox-Goodman, Field Master of the Ward Union Hounds. That horse, perfectly sound though slightly blemished and 5 years old, cost £16 in open market or fair; he next fetched £46, then rose to the sublimities of "centuries." He raced respectably, too, when half trained. It is not so many years ago when a hard riding man was seen mounted on a rather good-looking horse. "How much did you give for him?" said a friend. "Eighty-five." "What! pounds?" "No! shillings."

That order and sequence are wanting in these pages, I am painfully aware, but they emanate from a country of topsy-turveydom, and my literary life was rather topsy-turveyed by a couple of untoward accidents last year, and a prostrating attack of influenza, and bronchitis subsequently, for the cure of which I am indebted to the climate of Portugal, *vide* a little *brochure* indited on my return, called "Passing Peeps at Portugal." It will be evident that in marshalling the names of men who, in my opinion, have been benefactors of Ireland in various ways and capacities, the names of Bianconi, Lords Howth and Drogheda, Father Matthew, Peter Purcell, Sharman Crawford, and Horace Plunkett should have been placed alongside of those of Sir Robert Peel, O'Connell, Lord Derby, &c. The error was made in pageing. In the matter of building houses for masters of hounds, I find that Galway has actually proved herself a pioneer in this matter, and that the master and his men now have their lodgings provided by the county, while Mr. J. Watson has cut the Gordian knot by building kennels at his own place at Bective, so that master and pack may be together. In the few observations I have made about the warring factions of Ireland I have not wished to write with the pen of a partisan. The landlords have been badly beaten, but their resistance was weak, their cohesion infinitesimal. If Ireland owes them little else, it is indebted to them mainly for the improvement of the horse and the cow, through the instrumentality of such men as Lord Sligo, Mr. Christopher St. George, and Mr. Chaloner; and the cow and the horse represent much of the wealth of the land.

Business seems the desideratum of the country. There is plenty of talent, little business faculty; yet business capacity won the campaign for the tenant farmers plus steadiness of purpose.

Through the welter of a decade of political and agrarian strife, supplemented by murder, maimings, and mutilations, by perjury, by political prostitution, by sacerdotal terrorism and tyranny, by anarchy and confusion, the dawn of a better era is seen—the *auspicium melioris ævi*. Not indeed that the elements of strife are wanting, but the veil of ignorance has been partially rent, and the people have begun to realise that they were being exploited to gratify the ambitions of self-seeking men who preached patriotism, but rarely practised it, and who tickled their vanity to secure their votes. "It's a money game," is an expression often heard, used by soured cynics.

Sacerdotal supremacy, for which the hierarchy are contending so fiercely just now, is only possible under the *Ægis* of the British Constitution. No Catholic countries tolerate it for a moment, and even in Ireland sacerdotal sway is tottering fast. The educated classes have in a great measure rebelled against it and repudiated it, and its hold is mainly on the credulous and confiding who believe that the Priest has superhuman power, and can work miracles both in this world and the next.

"What is the richest farm in creation?" is a conundrum now in vogue. "Do you give it up?" "Why, an acre in Purgatory!"* That the priests in Ireland have

* The writer means to imply nothing for or against the doctrine of Purgatory, but refers to its abuse as a sort of spiritual screw.

done much good is undeniable. They have been spiritual dictators; have often proved discreet despots; but they weakened their immense influence by lending themselves to agitation and spoliation. Lord John Russell clothed a political precept in a single felicitous quotation in the House of Commons:—

> "Urbem quam dicunt Romam Melibœe putavi,
> Huic nostræ similem."

But Ireland out-Romed Rome. When I talk of sacerdotal supremacy I refer only to temporal power. The divine element is, of course, unassailable.

If Ireland is not lovely—in the light of politics—as a home of sport and a field for sport it *is* supreme within Her Majesty's dominions. The blood-like horses of the Irish Chiefs astonished their Norman allies and conquerors; and the latter set equal store by Irish falcons and Irish wolfhounds. In fact it seems the manifest destiny of the Green Isle to become not the cockpit or battlefield for warriors, but the arena for the sportsmen of the Empire and the world. I believe I may make some claim to having thrown a little new light on the hunting resources of Ireland, for the outer world knew comparatively little about them till "The Field" made them patent through its columns; since then their quality has been said and sung in scores of weeklies and dailies, who have universally adopted the moulds and the actual terms orginated by myself. The work was pleasant and healthful, and brought one into contact with the best of good fellows generally, whether civilians or soldiers; of course it was not a profitable

pursuit—as an accident or two would swallow up all your earnings and far more; besides it was hard work and very engrossing—but I persevered at it as I had every reason to believe that my strong claims for re-employment in the Civil Service would be recognised, as indeed they were; and promises were made, only to be broken. Since my advent to Ireland I have seen vast changes in her condition, social, political, and venatic. The old order has completely changed and both racing and hunting have greatly lost their aristocratic tone and became democratised. This perhaps is all for the best. I only state the alteration in the centres of power and standards of taste.

Liberal and just as is the common law of the Empire, there can be little doubt, I think, that it rather leant towards feudality in its licence to hunting and hunting men and the interpretation by judges of the rights connected with the chase. English precedents are the guiding lights, for such questions were rarely raised in Ireland, nor did any Irish M.F.H., so far as I can gather, arrogate to himself the privilege of flogging a peccant whip, as in Scotland; indeed a fracas in the field in Ireland hardly ever occurred, though a lunatic once fired off the chambers of his revolver at a brother pursuer for some fancied slight. As a rule, masters of hounds have got on very well with the farming and working classes, though every now and then some rough retorts may have been made, as when once a very little M.F.H. used words minatory to "a country boy," the latter laughed and remarked "You! why if the consate was taken out of you you'd be no bigger than

a green gooseberry." Many have read Lever's admirable tale of the Connaught coachman who desired the footman to announce his mistress's "convaniency" as at the door. A pendant to it in more modern times when those abominations, hight "inside cars" represented cabs in Dublin, may be found in the announcement by a footman, at a ball in Dublin, that Lady Shamrock's "inside" stopped the way. Lady S. being a *grande dame de par le monde.*

In attempting to jot down a few samples of native wit, the embarrassment of choice was great. Wit is cosmopolitan and the patent right of no country or coterie. No Irishman was ever wittier than Sydney Smith (who combined it with wisdom), Theodore Hook, or Lord Alvanley, whose advice to Gunter, the celebrated caterer, who was riding a hot "handful" of a horse, "Ice him, Gunter—Ice him," was a counsel of perfect wit. But the difference between Ireland and other countries in the matter of wit is, I think, in the more general diffusion of the genial gift. Lord Norbury's memoirs have not, I believe, been written, but few men uttered more *bon mots,* ill-timed and cruel as many of them were. Thus, in his last illness, when writing to a brother judge, also nearly *in extremis,* he sardonically remarked that they would about make "a dead heat of it," and, on another occasion, when a shilling subscription was being made to defray the funeral expenses of an attorney who (rare event) had died impecunious, he said "Here's a sovereign, and pray go and bury twenty of them!" Captain Armit's *mot* when presented to William the Fourth, who in an

absent way said "Armit, yes, son of Armit and Burroughs," is still quoted. "No, Sire, the son of *Armit*, an it please your Majesty—Armit only."

The late Mr. Vincent Scully never posed as a wit in the House of Commons, but what could be neater than his reply to a member (in a debate on the American Civil War) who asked him if he proposed to rend in twain the national banner of America! "Rend it! why, of course I would rend it. Let the North have the *Stars*, the South the *Stripes*." What could be happier than the nickname given to a well-known man who every day took fresh root in the bay window of his club in Dublin, "The winder (window) pest;" or the reply of a well-known wit to a philanthropic Lord Lieutenant who proposed to introduce reformed ticket-of-leave men as servants into his house, "Why, Sir, you'll soon be the only spoon left in the place."

Two servants were indulging in *day* dreams (only it was at *night*) in an hotel in Ireland, and one imagined himself a squire with an income, and all the concomitants of his station; "but," said the other, "even if ye had these things, you never could mix with the quality." "Arrah, why not! what do they all talk of over their wine but horses and dogs and sport, ain't I their aqual at all three?" There was some truth in it, and, perhaps, in the matter of "wit" he could give many of his betters points.

I have tried to point out the extraordinary racial and religious antipathies still existing in Ireland that constitute, along with local poverty and female fecundity, the great difficulty of the statesman. A story will

illustrate this better than a column of print. In a canvass for the representation of the county of Londonderry, the candidate was introduced to a Presbyterian voter who had the local reputation of being a "Cromwellian"—in other words, a Puritan. The visitor praised the city of "no surrender" freely, but still the Cromwellian listened impassively and made no sign. Then he turned to the laud of Cromwell, who had confiscated the lands of "the Irish enemy" and banished many of them to "Hell or Connaught," adding, that he was "something like a man." Upon this the Puritan broke out with, "I'm nae sae sure of that, *ye see he gied 'em the choice.*" The idea of *Jews and Canaanites* was present to his mind, as it is still to not a few fanatics. In turning over the annals of Ireland one is constantly reminded of the Pagan prolusion

"Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum."

Religion was too often perverted into a slogan or war-cry, and a key to the good things of this world rather than those of the next; and if Protestant ascendancy is a thing of the past, the evil that it did lives after it in many ways.

I had intended to have given illustrations of sundry classes of men one has come across in life—such as the men of one idea, who are often the most successful—the men of confidence in their star; such a gallant warrior I foregathered with, whose means were small, but who always had the best of everything, and ultimately came right financially, and was not too much "the slave of the ring" either. "How did you manage it?"

said a friend—horses, carriages, &c., &c. "Why, I ordered them." Of the man who has the exaltation of his official position on the brain, as was illustrated by a stipendiary magistrate in Jamaica, who, in an access of feverish delirium, would pray aloud for "Magnus Mulligan, Esquire, J.P., President of such and such Courts, &c." The staff man, who proposed for one of his chief's daughters, but, when asked about settlements, hummed and hawed about his well-known skill at billiards and his share in a famous chaser. Of the man who has faith in and veneration for lords—of the cheeseparing M.F.H., and the lavish M.F.H.; but the limits of space forbade an excursion into these regions.

It is impossible to live in Ireland without taking some interest in political parties, though it must be owned politics are the bane of the country, the Irish vote being a bait that unprincipled politicians, both in England and Ireland, seem unable to resist. Men, however, in Ireland are beginning to grow less hopeful of American aid. Is it not America that has wrought such cruel woe to Irish industries, especially to the nascent wool trade, and that has caused the shrinkage in the prices of Irish produce? Nor are the Irish of much more account in the States than in England, notwithstanding their services to the country. Ballads are the straws that show whence political breezes come, and here is the end of one that used to be sung in New York during the Civil War.

"Now, if I were the President of the United States,
I'd frame my laws according;
The niggers I'd sell,
The Dutch I'd send to h—l,
And the Irish to the other side of Jordan."

There is little love in these lines!

If I have ventured to suggest business as the panacea *par excellence* for Ireland, it is because business produces thrift and economy as well as solid comfort. The *waste* in Ireland is incredible, and this makes it in some respects a very dear country to live in. Thrift is voted meanness, comfort is imperfectly understood. And every one who has spent a few decades in Ireland must have seen *whole properties disappear in the maelström of waste*, in a very short time, without assignable cause, save carelessness on the part of masters, and waste and dishonesty on the part of inferiors. Of miserliness there is plenty, and many of the small farmers, whose squalor of existence shocks sympathetic English visitors, have full "stockings," or run bank receipts. Even so late as the famine men *perished* with ample means if they would only have used them.

I have lived long enough to see the balance of power in Ireland shifted several times. In my youth "Church" meant that amply endowed Establishment, the Church of Ireland, while "State" meant "the people," but the people were accounted *the landlords*. Since then the Church has ceased to be a political factor, the State has meant in a great measure the farmers of Ireland, but by degrees the farmers are ceasing to be

"the people" pure and simple, for there is a lower stratum, the labourers, who have the votes and much of the power. They helped to raise the farmers and mulct the landlords, and feel that the farmers have not shown proportionate gratitude. In Ulster this class finds ample employment in town and country, in the other provinces their state is more precarious and shifty. The congestion question still remains an unsolved problem. Parnell tried his prentice hand at it, and failed signally.

The golden age of Ireland, according to patriotic pundits, was prior to the Union. Those who assert such a proposition can have read little of the literature of the period, for Ireland is an Arcady now compared to what it was one hundred years ago; and the pictures of each other drawn by past artists are not more beautiful that those now limned in print and on platform by the present painters; in all cases it would seem that "the people" were generally better than their leaders, but the Milesian mirage was a less phantasmal entity then than now! A few paragraphs since I spoke of the wastefulness in Ireland, *ecce signum!* a decade or two ago; a railway line of a few miles became bankrupt and derelict, in a short time there was no vestige of metals, sleepers, or fences, all were absorbed by the neighbours!

One of the commonly credited Milesian myths is that metallic wealth abounds in Ireland, but that it is left unworked through English jealousy; for such credulity on the part of a clever brainful race somebody must be answerable, for it seems unaccountable

and absurd. What an ecstacy of midsummer madness to think that such men as the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Londonderry, who are coal and iron kings in England and Wales, would not gladly develop their Irish estates if they thought similar wealth underlay them! Capital and confidence, however, go hand-in-hand in England. They probably will do so in Ireland when there is some surcease of agitation, for even as it is there is a fine field for capital and enterprise in many branches of commerce! But agitation will not cease while just grievances are unredressed, so statesmen should endeavour above all things to give justice to Ireland, recollecting always that agitation would have fizzled out had not its legitimate fuel existed to vitalise it. That the English flag is no blight or bane, Ulster is a standing monument. It has always surprised me that the English fosterers of anarchy and resistance to law and landlords in Ireland *never invested one shilling in its sacred soil. They might have shown landlords the more excellent way.*

These pages will have been written in vain if English men are not drawn more and more towards Ireland by the cords of sport! for its potentialities in many shapes in the Green Isle are infinite, nor can any instances, I think, be adduced of inhospitality or churlishness shown to the stranger. Kilkenny is a very much better hunting county than Kent, Meath than Middlesex, and the visitor's life and property will be as secure in one as the other. The injection of such sporting capitalists would be gladly welcomed; and the increasing attention paid to horse-breeding and horse-culture points in that direc-

tion. I had intended to have said my little say about breeding and racing, and the injury which the excess of the latter element has caused to the former. Irishmen love *lotteries*, which made the fortunes of some of its "first families," and the lottery of breeding high-class horses has irresistible attractions for them; but that breeding is a comparative failure is proved by the irrefutable fact that nearly one fourth of Irish-bred five-year-olds are unsound. Roaring was a phenomenon in the days of my boyhood, among horses, now it is painfully common. Nor have the reams of correspondence elicited by the return of "Ormonde" to England thrown any light on the subject, save this, that to gain great early speed and premature precocity, breeders, noble and simple, will make any sacrifice as to soundness. In Jamaica an unsound horse is a rarity, but there natural laws were not tampered with recklessly. I find that through "Portland," used as a sire by Lords Tredegar and Greville, some Jamaica blood was infused into England; but Portland's pedigree was uncertain on one side, as I have pointed out further on.

The proposition of some modern professors of political science seems to be: Give Ireland autonomy. She may imperil the Empire by hostile tariffs and conspiracies with England's enemies, or she may not; but give her the chance. Such a proposition needs only to be stated in full for its confutation. It is about as absurd as Parnell's plea for the rights of *our race*, a race to which he had hardly any affinity. And one is reminded of Victor Hugo's lines about the late Emperor—

"Quelle triste chance,
Que cette enfant de France
N'était pas tant soit peu Français."

Englishmen do not propose to introduce autonomy into Brittany or Gascony, yet if racial arguments are worth anything, they should *not* be governed by Paris, though she be *la ville lumière*.

Ancestral pride *was* a powerful factor in Irish affairs. It is wearing out now, but Lady Morgan's story of the entertainment, where the hostess made a marked distinction between the descendants of the Plantagenet Palesmen, the Elizabethan conquerors, the Cromwellians, and the Williamites, aptly illustrates the proposition. Ireland is said to be a country where "tuppence-ha'penny continually looks down on tuppence," and there is a germ of truth in the conceit, and a recollection of it will enable the statesman to comprehend how the arrogance and superciliousness of these new men who got the old acres, burnt into the hearts of the defeated and disinherited, and made them long through generations for the opportunity of turning the tables. Even Grattan the Great is recollected chiefly by his dictum that "England's calamity was Ireland's opportunity."

A perfect National Handicap is, perhaps, as impossible as an absolutely perfect Racing Handicap, but there seems to be a consensus that Ireland has been rather crushed out in the past, and a growing disposition to improve her chances. All honour to the men who, in various ways and by divers methods, brought about such a consummation.

THE KILKENNY HUNT, 1845.

Kilkenny! Kilkenny! the land of the chase,
Where men, hounds, and horses all go the best pace,
The season is o'er, but we must not forget,
The good sport we have had, the good fellows we've met.

How oft have we stood by the wild bit of gorse,
Expectation alive in each man, in each horse—
They've found! they're hard at him, he cannot delay,
"Johnny" doubles his horn. They're away, they're away.

Then ride, brothers, ride, do the best that you can,
To live with these hounds, sir, you must be a man,
For like lightning they come to their Master so dear,
Well they know the glad notes of his soul-stirring cheer.

See "Desart" in front, for the fear of a purl,
Or the pace of the hounds never stopped the good earl,
He goes all at ease like a bird in its flight,
But you won't find it easy to keep him in sight.

There's Rochfort all eager to shine in the burst,
He won't be far off if he is not the first;
No matter what horse, he's well held and well crammed,
No refusing will do, "Take your lep and be d—d."

Old Austin* with them, you'll certainly find
He's not behind hand, tho' his hand is behind;
And Clayton and Stannard, who both know the trick,
How to blaze through a burst and come up with a nick.

And St. George and Ponsonby, both from the north,
And two better fellows there never came forth.
The Upper Court coverts oft give us a run,
And Woodsgift ne'er failed us for foxes or fun.

Of all the hard riders that ever were seen,
I never met any like Johnnie Gurteen;
Just look, and acknowledge it's hopeless to beat
So perfect a hand and so gripping a seat.

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* Mr. Austin Butler, though a fine rider, had an ugly trick of catching hold of the cantrel of his saddle at a fence.

See Congreve and Briscoe* from Waterford side,
Both ardent for sport, and both good ones to ride.
In each both the rider and sportsman are seen,
The steadiest in hunting, in racing most keen.

There's Shannon on Irishman, and, never fear,
Wherever the hounds you'll discover the peer.
I'd bet a large sum, be the run slow or fast,
He ne'er leaves the pack, and's well up at the last.

See another Corkadian close by his side,
On his striding bay, Diamond, so easily ride;
And Kilkenny will e'er her best welcome afford
To so sporting a squire—so gallant a lord.

See the brave little "Flood" streaming gallantly on,
And the Hindoostan hero—our bold Captain John—
And Mick, all alive, his assistance to yield—
Mick, so careful in kennel, so keen in the field.

But they come to a check, and we're out of his place,
The "Kaffir"† pulls up and there's gloom on his face,
"Give them time now," he cries, "and be steady, I pray,"
Information, oh Johnnie, oft leads you astray.

They've hit him again, he goes right up the hill,
Now, now is the time to show judgment and skill,
Each horse and each rider will shortly be known,
The bad will be stopped and the best will be blown.

Of many bold horsemen there started, but few
Could live with the pack as they raced him in view,
But who went the best and who stopped in distress,
I could tell if I chose, but I leave you to guess.

No jealousy here mars the joy of the run,
No jostling when going, no boasting when done,
Good sportsmen they all, whether cautious or bold,
And good fellowship reigns 'twixt the young and the old.

These lines were written by W. Frankland, a constant guest at Desart.

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* The late H. Briscoe, of Tenvane, M.F.H. of Curraghmore and after of Kilkenny.

† Mr. Wade, nicknamed "the Kaffir," Sir John Power's brother-in-law.

I don't know why it should be so, but there seems to be little doubt that, in matters of sport, the Shakespearian saw "Past, and to come seem best; things present worst," is *not* accepted: rivalry, vanity, and enthusiasm may be factors in this formal praise of the present period, but I think few will gainsay the fact, and, like the Greeks,

Ἡμεῖς τοὶ πατέρων μέγ' ἀμείνονες εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι.

In numbers we certainly give our forbears the go by, and perhaps, even in proportion, more modern *men* go hard and straight; whether our hounds and our horses are better than those of our fathers, as claimed, must remain a very moot point and an academic question: for my own part, I think the hunters of fifty or sixty years ago were probably quite as good, if not better, than those of to-day, nor were they much cheaper: 600 guineas was bid for a hunter of Squire Nethercote's, of Moulton Grange, in the first half of the century, a sum that, perhaps, represents nearly 900 now; and Dymmok records how, in Queen Elizabeth's day, the price of *good* Irish horses was very high, as it is still. The best packs in the forties and fifties were probably quite on a par with the best of to-day, but there are far more good packs now than then—perhaps more bad hounds too; but whatever may be thought of modern men and modern horses and hounds, certain it is that fifty ladies ride, and ride well, for one in the twenties and forties of this century. When Mrs. Villiers came over to hunt in Kildare her advent was talked and gossiped about *ad infinitum*. Now, in either

the shires of England or Ireland the fact would excite little comment and no wonderment; indeed, one of the phenomena that quickly followed the emancipation of lovely woman, was the distribution of habited houris throughout our favourite hunting grounds, where, as Major Whyte Melville wrote of Mrs. L. Morrogh,

"They'll meet us and beat us again and again."

The lady legion in Kildare numbers its fifties and sixties; but in what department of life does not lovely woman take the lead and keep it? Scholarship was supposed to be the prerogative of the male plumeless biped: Mrs. Butler (*née* Miss Agneta Ramsay) soon dispelled that dream, as I recollect writing at the time in dubious doggrel—

"In the tongues known as 'dead' since poor Lady Jane Grey
The men styled as "scholars" have ever held sway;
But the Fawcetts and Butlers have taught us since then
That in language and science they often beat men,
And have proved beyond nay, on the banks of the Cam
That the prowess of hobbedehoys is mere flam;
But in languages living no distance, no weight,
Can bring men and women together of late,
For we learn from our histories, as I have heard,
That in argument woman *will* have the last word."

Indeed, one of the phenomena of the second half of the century is the female usurpation of the privileges and prerogatives of men, and her general ascendency over the stronger and stupider sex, who, according to recent judicial decisions, have ceased to be "the head of the wife," as laid down by authorities from whom there used to be no appeal. In the days of my youth, Society was much moved because a lady of position in Ireland

chose to elope with her music master, who was eminent in his line; Society's verdict would be very different now. Birth was everything then; brains and gifts, whether of fortune or nature, have taken its place. Did not Moore write

> "No! man for his glory to ancestry flies,
> But woman's bright story is told in her eyes;
> While the monarch but traces through mortals his line,
> Beauty, born of the Graces, ranks next the divine."

It may be asked, Is the Irish question settled? Decidedly not; nor will it probably be ever settled so long as political patriotism pays, and whiskey and porter can be made to circulate freely among the masses. Will Home Rule settle it? Assuredly not, unless it can be held that there was peace in the Marble City after the Kilkenny cats had devoured one another, for they pointed an eternal moral with their tails. What do we see every day? Political "chieftains" seeking refuge under the British ægis, and invoking that code which a few months ago they denounced as "foreign law" against each other. Mr. Morley, in a moment of alliterative inspiration, talked about "Manacles and Manitoba," in connection with Lord Salisbury's Government, but there have been no manacles to speak of, and hardly any Manitoba, whereas *his* panacea for the riots in Belfast were bullets and buckshot!

There has ever been a tendency in Ireland to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, and to have two sides to the face, like Janus of old. Here is the opinion of Hooker on the Lord Fitzmaurice of his day: "Patricius Geraldinus qui Macmoris et Lacksnæ Baro

dicitur," "notwithstanding he was trained up in the Court of England, sworne servant unto Her Majestie, in good favour and countenance at the Court and apparrilled according to his degree, and dailie nurtured and brought up in all civilitie, he was no sooner come home but away with his English attires, and on with his brogs, his shirt, and other Irish rags, being become as verie a traitor as the veriest knave of them all; and so, for the most part, they are all, as dailie experience teacheth, dissemble they never so much to the contrarie. For, like as Jupiter's cat, let her be transformed to never so faire a ladie, and let her be never so well attired and accompanied with the best ladies, yet, if the mouse come once in her sight, she will be a cat, and show her kind."

Let me add *à propos* of large leps, styled "heavy leps" and "horrid leps" in the vernacular, that *the* double of Punchestown was "flown" without "the laying of an iron on it" several times before it was cut down; once by a horse ridden by Mr. H. FitzWilliam; and that at the Punchestown meeting of 1892, Mr. Percy La Touche's horse "Desmond," ridden by Mr. Lushington, cleared it, though he fell on the far side and broke his neck.

The late Lord Clanmorris *is said* to have ridden the well-known hunter "Distiller" over a solid wall of 7 feet 2 inches for a bet. "Dorothy," a mare of Captain Feilden's, of the Scots Greys, covered 30 feet at Newbridge last April at the drop fence. She jumped too soon to avoid a dog, and the effort killed her.

I hardly think that Irish steeplechase horses can be said to have improved much in jumping power during the century, seeing that in 1810 (as may be read in the "Irish Racing Calendar") horses entered for a maiden sweepstakes of 10 guineas at Roscommon were required to "qualify" on the Saturday before the race by carrying a horseman over a 4-foot wall and a 10-foot drain to the satisfaction of the stewards. "The open ditch" was not apparently so awesome a chasm as now. It may be interesting too to notice that mains of cocks were duly recorded in the racing calendars of Ireland early in the century. Thus on the 3rd of April, 1809, a grand main of cocks was fought between the gentlemen of the King's County and the gentlemen of Armagh, 20 guineas a battle and 1,000 guineas the main. The former won.

In the few remarks I made about shooting in Ireland, I forgot to notice the almost total disappearance of eagles from the western coasts. The late Colonel Whyte, a famous all-round sportsman, told me he once met seven, battening like turkey buzzards on the carcass of a horse, on his return from shooting. I think he killed a brace of them. In the days of the author of "The Wild Sports of the West" they were very common.

Among records of long runs I should have recorded one from Carnakelly, beyond Moyode, in Mr. Anderson's mastership; it was crowned by a kill on the banks of Lough Corrib, and was not, I believe, much under twenty miles; it killed or disabled several horses.

The Somerville run was on the 16th of December, 1840; in the fifties and the sixties the great gallops in

Meath were from Headfort, Shancarnon, Culmullen, Cohiltown Gorse, Barnewell's Gorse, and the Ruiske Gorse. A man-eating tiger is a familiar form of speech. A man-eating pack of hounds is, thank God, rarely seen or heard of, but there is a tradition of a pack of draghounds in Mayo having devoured the runner. In consequence of some mistake in timing the start, the poor fellow failed to reach his goal of safety, and seeing a lake in front of him swam to an islet, but the hounds followed, and the catastrophe occurred.

One ought to have said something about earthquakes in connection with Jamaica and its latitudes, for one of the severest seismic shocks ever known occurred at Port Royal, where a second or counter-wave released several who had gone down "quick" into the abyss, and, I believe, released them alive. What experiences must such have had! What a pity it is they were not garnered up, as who would not have wished to speak to them, or to the folk who were restored to life in Jerusalem when the great sacrifice was consummate? I experienced several during my decade, but none serious, and my recollection is of the terror, the premonitory symptoms—unperceived by mankind—caused to cattle on a thousand hills and plains.

I alluded to a few of the direct benefactors of Ireland; among the indirect I would, without any desire to speak paradoxically, name the Fenians, who introduced some attempt at freedom of thought and speech into Ireland, and to the *opposition*, whether Parnellite or Anti-Parnellite, that certainly put a check on gross

jobbing, and the more flagrant and frequent profligacy in the bestowal of patronage. A coroner was said to have been appointed for a leading county who was actually illiterate, and magisterial and official scandals prevailed extensively. These have been curbed, nor could a "removable" be now seen lashed to his car to prevent his justifying his title.

I have already confuted the charge that Irish landlords, of the *ancien régime* at any rate, were harsh to their tenantry as a rule. On the contrary, they constantly erred on the side of forbearance and laxity, while farmers were a thousand times harder and more exacting to those who held from them, and really rack-rented them; but the landlords' influence permeated the people in old times, and the rollicking squire of last century who fought his neighbour a duel on horseback with half a county looking on was the real author of the ructions and faction fights that obtained so largely. The Book of Jasher is said to be missing from the canon of Scripture. The book of "Ah sure" was the commonest volume in general circulation, and proved an excuse for every *lâche*. Thackeray bears testimony to the good manners of the southern peasantry. No wonder! *quâ* birth, they represent in many cases the *autocthones* or the old territorial aristocracy, and inherit better traditions than mere *ex voto* peers or shoddy senators. Nothing can be much more absurd than the claims of the National members to be representative Irishmen, the "chiefs of *our race*" and the leaders of the Gael. Few of them have any affinity to old Irish stock; hardly

one of them could make a speech in the vernacular. Their pretensions, too, to be the patentees of patriotism are, for the most part, equally unreal. For

> " Nourri par la patrie,
> C'est le sort plus digne d'envie"

might well be their legend, as it is and has been their practice.

The disestablishment of the Protestant Church purified it. Nor could a bishop now accumulate a fortune of *many hundred thousands of pounds by the arts of the money-changer.* In England and Ireland, too, there is far more earnestness of purpose in matters of faith, and the sentence "the poor have the gospel preached unto them" is no longer a figure of speech, nor yet the precept to the rich man to sell all that he has and so give to the poor. In all things there seems less sham and more reality than in the days of my youth, when delegation of duty was the almost universal rule. Now, people of the best birth and breeding may be seen trying to push their fortunes in some business or other: men as trainers, jockeys, salesmen, dealers in horses, dairymen, Pressmen, agents, &c., while women prove they can compete in millinery and confections with the best professionals, not to speak of nursing and teaching.

I am not a believer in the benevolence or philanthropy of Mr. Gladstone, who comes of a slave-driving stock, and latterly has sacrificed principle to interest; policy to voting power. But no man ever offered such good terms to the Irish landlords, who, if wise in their

generation, would have accepted them, though disliking the donor, the *Danaum dona ferentem.*

> "Gladstone has been the landlords' friend,
> Let truth be ever told;
> When patriots said, Let's give them lead,
> The old man said, Give gold."

That quatrain I wrote years ago. Like the Sibyll's books, such terms will not be repeated.

The central fact of the age as regards the relations of England and Ireland is, I think, this, that after centuries, the men of the former country have learnt to recognise the cardinal fact that there was a great deal of human nature in Irishmen. It took ages to teach the arrogant Anglo-Norman that an individual who rode stirrupless and saddleless (and perhaps better than he did), wore his hair a trifle long, and preferred a saffron shirt to broad cloth, might be entitled to the same rights and immunities as himself. Since this dawned on their prejudiced minds, Englishmen have certainly, among a few evils, introduced multitudes of benefits to Irishmen, amongst them the potato, the Virginian weed, the blood of Barb and Arab, and the "short horn," new implements of husbandry, new methods of agriculture, the steam engine, &c.

For ages certain writers have inveighed about the decline in male and female morality, and more especially the latter. Probably, if an average could be struck, poor human nature would be found not to have greatly degenerated, and if Diogenes with his lantern had to make diligent search for an honest man in his day, Solomon was equally puzzled to find the virtuous

woman, whose price or value was "far beyond rubies," and this polygamous potentate certainly had a vast experience. Milesian Messalinas have decidedly not been common, nor would it be easy in contemporary history to parallel Pope's "Lady Shrewsbury," so that the Spartan King's estimate of human nature being much of a muchness in all ages must be accepted as probably true; perhaps one or two of the lady writers who draw such painful pictures of the degradation of society may have been like Molière's heroine, who—

"Voyant de ses yeux les brillants baisser
Au monde qui la quite elle veut renoncer."

When I was a boy, my great-aunt, Lady Clanricarde, was one of the chief hostesses of Dublin, and another great-aunt, Lady Burke, had the credit of being the handsomest woman of her day. Lady Blakeney, another great Hibernian hostess of that period, was so given to stealing not a few but many hours from the night to lengthen her days, that on one occasion her maid had a difficulty in finding a single bonnet amongst her myriad caps.

The harvest of Irish beauty has never failed since the great galaxy of Gunning girls, of whom, as Horace Walpole tells us, one became Lady Coventry, and another was "double duchessed." In the sixties and seventies, Miss Rose O'Hara, afterwards Mrs. Forbes, the Ladies Scott, and the Misses Penthony O'Kelly, represented the beauty and charm of their families, and later on came the comely cousins of Beau Parc and Slane Castle to keep up family traditions.

Here I may refer to a recollection of my youth.

"Little pitchers have long ears," you know. An uncle of mine, while making "the grand tour," was invited to dine at Murat's palace, at Naples; after dinner, games were introduced "for divarshion," and amongst them "magic music." To my uncle, in his turn, was assigned the task of putting the object handed to him, a beautiful bracelet, in its proper place by the guiding of music: *pianissimo* when he was at fault, *crescendo* when he neared the goal, *fortissimo* when he gained it. Now the Queen, Napoleon's sister, had the loveliest of ancles, which were not always relegated to the shade, and after some blunderings and wrong casts, it struck him that he ought to obey his inspiration as to the fitness of things; the music confirmed him, and ultimately two and two were put together. This anecdote is given to show that in matronly friskiness *fin de siècle* does not absolutely distance the earlier decades.

One of the duties of sponsors is to make those for whom they become *ipso facto* spiritual trustees "hear sermons." Now one of the few preachers of whom I have a lively recollection still was Mr. Lever, the brother of the versatile writer; most of the others seemed in early days to belong to the guild of Bore rather than Boanerges. Cardinal Newman was very impressive. Father Burke was a Demosthenes and a St. Chrysostom in a pulpit. The Bishop of Denver preached a sermon at Central City that I can still recollect; and Dr. Perowne, the Bishop of Peterborough, proved, to my thinking, equally impressive in the Temple Church.

It is often said that in the present century Irishmen

have degenerated in mind, pith, and enterprise. I hardly think this is true. Love and war were in old times the great Milesian magnets. It was *pseudo-Love* that mainly moulded the destinies of Ireland by introducing an English jury to decide a love feud among the native Kings, and love has been largely interwoven in the national web ever since. Shane O'Neill, said to have been a fancy of the Virgin Queen's, was almost an Hibernian Henry VIII in action. Dean Swift was most philogynous, as we know, so was Daniel O'Connell, so was Isaac Butt, and "our chief" also worshipped at the shrine of what Sophocles termed "Love (Eros) invincible in battle," as did the mightiest of monarchs and mortals from Pericles to Parnell. The historical lesson taught by the conduct of the Romans to the Sabine spouses was so well recollected and repeated in Ireland that abduction became very common, and the law had to intervene, and proclaim it a crime. Yet a Tipperary squire, remarkable for his coolness and intrepidity, risked all to gain an obdurate bride, and would have succeeded in his abductional attempt, but for the chivalry of a peasant who rushed to the rescue. So much for erotic enterprise; but will it be believed that one of the leaders of English thought was surprised to hear, not very long ago, that *abduction* as a matrimonial method was now obsolete in Ireland?

As for war, it is almost needless to remind the reader that those "duo fulmina belli" Lord Wolseley and Sir F. Roberts are Irishmen, in spite of the dictum of Mr. Biggar that no one but a Roman Catholic could be called one.

The "Patriot" phalanx in the House of Commons is the best proof that neither brains nor energy have degenerated in Ireland, while Captain O'Daune, late of the Prussian service, serves for an exemplar or replica of the Barry Lyndons of a past period. In church and state, in the forum and the mart, even in the groves of Academia, Ireland still holds much pride of place.

Of the chivalry of the chase that I have seen "going" ("spectamur eundo") I will name, for England and Wales, the late Sir C. Knightly, Charles Payne, J. Allgood, A. Grace, S. Goodall, J. Press, R. Chapman, F. Gordon, and the Honourable F. Morgan; for Scotland, J. Trotter and A. McBride; for Ireland, Lords Howth, Clanricarde, Desart, and Annaly, Sir J. Power, Burton Persse, the Messrs. Watson, Geoffry Hone, Butson, Joyce, and Baron de Robeck. To me these seemed *champions*.

Perhaps nothing better illustrates the changes wrought socially and politically in Ireland during the last thirty years, than the lapsed condition of the Clanricarde family, an almost princely house. The late Marquis nearly held the representation of his county in his hands, and could, t'was said, have returned his grey mare, had he so willed it, as Caligula made his charger a consul. His eldest son, Lord Dunkellin, was strong enough to turn out a Government; his brother the present Marquis has, as we know, the greatest difficulty in recovering the very moderate rent of his farms, while the campaigning "chiefs" who instigated the conspiracy against him are freely returned to the House of Commons. A noble statue recalls Lord Dunkellin's lineaments in the square of Galway. The present holder

of the title would probably be hooted if he appeared in one of his own towns.

To Mr. Smith-Barry a tardy tribute has at length been paid. A good landlord and most forbearing, every effort was made to ruin him, but his courage never failed, and of him it might almost be said, as of Fabius of old,

"Unus qui nobis cunctando restituit rem."

The patriotism of Irishmen has always appeared to me an ignorant hatred of England, stimulated by self-seeking seditionists. The Pope knows, though many may not, that in no Roman Catholic country have the priests so much latitude, or enjoy so much freedom; all over the Continent men have revolted against the coercion and a state of spiritual serfdom that had become intolerable, and insinuated itself into all mundane matters. If Irishmen only entered into a solemn league and covenant to abstain, for, say, ten years, from alcoholic liquors and imported goods, they would be masters of a sum that could nearly buy the fee simple of the country, and could then make easy terms with the arch enemy. Such a consummation is, however, not likely, though, as Hamlet said, Ireland is a country "that no revenue has save its good spirits." No Government in my day has done so much for Ireland as Lord Salisbury's, and with so little coercion.

Let me try and do a good turn to the waste places of Ireland by saying that peat mould is, as far as my experience goes, the best antiseptic to be found. It serves to purify and deodorise all the waste from

stables and kennels. I observed this result in the King's County, and especially at the kennels of Mr. Assheton Biddulph's hounds (the Ormonde and King's County), which, erected for a very modest sum, are as wholesome and sweet as any in the world.

Let me also point out to owners of valuable hunters, chasers, and racehorses what inestimable value they may find in Barbados tar for incipient coughs that may end in whistling. Honey and vinegar may be combined with it *à volonté*. Here is a pendant to Bishop Berkeley's craze as to tar water.

Few things have been more portentous than the growth of racing and betting in Ireland. Thirty years ago there were hardly a dozen bookmakers, now their name is legion, and Dublin is the *bettingist* capital in the kingdom, as well as *cardrivingest;* nor among the *pollu* are politics of half the interest or account as the popular favourite—"Alea quando hos animos?"

I recollect a famous Presbyterian preacher asking me to come to his church in Jamaica on the following Sunday to hear his denunciations of racing. My answer was "Not so! I should be, very properly, turned out if I attempted to speak; give me the right to reply, and I will come gladly." The colossal fortunes picked up thirty years ago on the turf are hardly attainable now.

I am not aware that there is anything specially exalting in the chase, but, whatever be the cause, those counties in Ireland where the chase flourished were singularly exempt from crime and outrage; in Clare, a county "canibus negata" now, agrarian crime is still rife.

If we look at the history of Ireland we shall see that religion *never* proved a solvent to racial antipathies there, even when there was but "ung loi, ung foi, ung roi," in the land; for that reason business and sport suggest themselves for the purpose, and have already attained a partial success.

A considerable outcry is made about Romish pretensions and claims. There be Protestant popes, however, it would appear, from the following excerpt from "Ireland's Gazette," *in re* an advertisement of the head hotel of Listellan, a town in Fermanagh, wherein the proprietor, after a catalogue of his luncheon delicacies, proclaims that "No politics (are) allowed *unless on the right side.* Conversation on current questions, with more or less common sense, but always with good manners."

Ever since I began writing for the Press I endeavoured to curb what I must suppose I inherit with my nationality—an inclination to exaggerate—and hope I have partially succeeded. That the habit of amplification is common can be seen by a glance at "Forty-five Years of Sport" in which some scenes are laid in Ireland. Why Sam Reynell should be credited with fifty years of mastership in Meath passes comprehension. He was actually M.F.H. for twenty.

I have said nothing about the Jamaica Rebellion, as it broke out very soon after my departure from the island. Great, and perhaps necessary, vigour was certainly displayed in suppressing it, but it is hard to think that *all* the atrocities were on one side. The Baron von Kettleholdt, the first victim, was a friend of mine, and was one of my last guests, and I recollect

giving him some curious books, of which I had been a collector. He and his family represented Teutonic blue blood at the King's House feasts. Here I may remark that, coming to Jamaica soon after the abolition of slavery, there were hardly any skeletons to be found in the planters' cupboards, and there is no reason to believe that the negroes were cruelly or tyrannically treated, as a rule. There was only one remote tradition extant (which may have been mythical) of a *planteress* who played the *rôle* of Catherine of Russia on her estates, and had *oubliettes* for her discarded favourites.

Appointments were made rather recklessly in the island in my time. For instance, an ex-cavalry officer was appointed Superintendent of Police for a district, and, of course, had to distribute the men's pay quarterly through his pay-sergeant. For some time he evaded the painful "parting" by producing a £50 note, and asking for change, which naturally was not to be had in rural regions. However, I think the remote history of Jamaica tells of a certain Morgan, who was made Governor of the island, turned pirate, and was eventually hanged. I recollect travelling home with a man who had just resigned the Presidency of Bolivia. He inspired some awe among us passengers as we heard that the last act of his *constitutional* reign was to crop off the ears of a German merchant who had not saluted him satisfactorily.

One of the best and truest apologues in Lever's works, *à propos* of British nescience of things Irish, introduces an English capitalist, who had mortgages in Ireland, and came to stay with his debtor. The latter

kept him in a constant state of muddle, fuddle, and obscurity, and fully persuaded him that day was night, and *vice versâ*, in Ireland. He had his coverts beaten for him in the dark, and assured him that he had made a good bag, till the much bemused Briton confessed he had never been in so charming a country, but that the light was not quite favourable to English eyes. How true is this, even now, in a mitigated form! With the exception of Lord Spencer, hardly a single Radical of statesman standing has given himself an opportunity of knowing anything about a country and people not easily comprehended, and which, being "in the next parish" to America, is as greatly influenced by that continent as the satellite is by the planet to which it is attracted by natural laws. This fact may account for the manner in which Irishmen are drifting away from some of their ancient moorings, and flinging off with characteristic levity much of their servile submission to their priests and bishops. A flagrant instance of this has been seen during the course of the last general election, when priests and peasantry took different sides, and the former in several cases got wounded in the political fray. I believe the act of assaulting a priest is, *ipso facto*, punishable by excommunication, or rather, submits the layer on of violent hands to that once dreaded mediæval penalty; but in this case the spiritual authorities exercised their punitory privilege, and actually excommunicated their foes at Tuam. However, the banned politicians have paid no heed to the sentence. There has been no divine interposition against them, and as at Rome in Juvenal's time,—

"Contemmere fulmina pauper
Creditur atque Deos, Diis ignoscentibus ipsis,"

which may be roughly translated somehow thus:—

"'Tis believed that the poor man despises God's levin,
But the Gods seem to look on him kindly from heaven."

Certain it is that not a few of the patriots of 1892 look on the attempt to establish sacerdotal supremacy in politics as "spiritual wickedness in high places." During a couple of decades sacrilege has been quite a common crime in Ireland, where it was once extremely rare; and it struck me as a curious thing to find in the land of Sancta Brigida, Rigida, Frigida, a popular landlady who had just been divorced in open court, drawn home in triumph by the labourers and employés on her Irish estate, who, taking out the horses, yoked themselves to her carriage. At the same time, though these things show a certain protesting spirit, it would not be wise to think that the priesthood of Ireland have altogether lost power and influence, or bated their pretensions; the return of the Anti-Parnellites establishes a negative to such a notion. The chapel bell was the signal for rallying to resist eviction or seizure, just as the tolling of the bell of the church of St. Germain L'Auxerrois, in Paris, knelled the fate of the victims of the St. Bartholomew. Rome's charter is *unchangeableness* ("Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus"), and it is well to recollect the lessons of history. Protestant ascendency, with all its odious features, was but the reaction from Roman Catholic ascendency, which was only put down by the sword. The cleric in Ireland should be relegated to his spiritual

functions, as in such purely Catholic countries as Portugal, where the priesthood lost its power, prestige, and pelf, by espousing the cause of Miguelism. The late elections in Dublin show that even Archbishop Walsh is not omnipotent in his own diocese; but in the country, and especially among "the illiterates," who at election times become "invincibly" ignorant, a different state of things obtains.

There is no history of Ireland, though fragments have been cleverly focussed by such writers as Macaulay, Bagwell, and Froude, most of them writing from an English standpoint, and therefore with conscious or unconscious bias. The real history of Ireland is the history of the devolution of property, and this remains to be put together, and will probably never be *un fait accompli*. The first great wave of territorial conquest is represented by the Fitzgeralds, Dukes of Leinster; the St. Laurences, Earls of Howth; the Earls of Kinsale, de Courcys; the Fitzmaurices, Marquises of Lansdowne; the Butlers, Marquises of Ormonde; the de Burghs, Marquises of Clanricarde, &c. The second, by the Elizabethan generals and soldiers, among whom are Wingfields, Lords of Powerscourt; the Caulfields, Lords of Charlemont; the St. Legers, of Doneraile; the Moores, of Mellifont and Drogheda; and the Parsons, Earls of Rosse. The third, by the Cromwellian conquerors, among whom may be found the Ponsonbys, Earls of Bessborough; the Cuffes, of Desart; the Rowleys, the Stopfords, &c.

The Williamite invaders had to be rewarded with titles and tenements. The plantation of Ulster introduced Hamiltons, Stewarts, and Chichesters, represented

by the Abercorns, Londonderrys, and Donegals. Land Commissioners, such as Sir Henry Petty and Mr. Taylour, had then opportunities of acquiring large landed estates, and used them. The Desmond estate was carved out into many seignories, represented by the Dukes of Devonshire and Earls of Cork. This sketch will account for a solid share of the lands of Ireland; marriage for much more (thus the Muckross estate came from the McCarthymore family to the Herberts), and it cannot therefore be a matter of surprise that the ancient lords of the soil, O'Briens, O'Neills, O'Conors, O'Sullivans, O'Mores, have retained so little of their avital acres.

In writing about dignities and high estates of the realm, it is sometimes hard to steer a *juste milieu* between the fulsomeness of flattery and the equally objectionable extreme of intemperate abuse or invective. I think I sinned once, though not without strong temptation, in the matter of the late Lord Carnarvon, who—a clever man—was wholly unfitted for the office of Lord Lieutenant at a critical period of Irish history, and who besides had no experienced official hand to guide him when first injected into his new dominion. His tours in the west of Ireland showed that he really wished to acquaint himself with the condition of his kingdom; but the learned lucubrations, in which he quoted Ptolemy to gaping rustics, and drew ridiculous comparisons between the scenery of the lacustrine districts of England and Connemara, were anything but likely to win respect for his high office or his own judgment.

I *do* recollect describing him as "bleating forth

beatitudes," and reminded his readers of an episode in O'Connell's career, when at a monster meeting, ready to hang on every utterance of the great tribune, some officious youth took up his parable, and would not be silenced by the hundred hints thrown out to him; whereupon the Liberator exclaimed: "Will no one stick a wad or wisp of hay into that calf's mouth?" and this had the desired effect.

Those who acknowledge grudgingly the progress of law or order and civilization in Ireland will do well to contrast the treatment of the passengers by the Inman liner "Chicago," wrecked off old Kinsale Head in July, 1892, with the wreck of the Danish East Indiaman, full of treasure, off the coast of Kerry in the last century, when the gentry, magistrates, and country folk looted the spoil after murdering some of its guardians. Land is legally termed "real estate," and is not easily alienable, like chattel property; but legal chicanery, advances, drink, gambling, and reckless improvidence have transferred a vast deal of territory from their owners' hands to those of agents and attorneys. I recollect being struck, on going to dine with the agent of a large estate in Ireland, with a certain room built out, as it were, from the house, and on inquiring further, I learnt from my host that this was styled "the Gown-room;" where the wife of his predecessor in office took the fines and free-will offerings of the tenants with which the husband declined to soil his pure fingers. This "gown-room" was, I heard afterwards, an institution in the land; but did not landlords who looked after nothing deserve to be despoiled, as they were most freely?

Those who harp upon the harshness of Irish landlords, as a class, are not well informed on the subject. There was far more harshness evinced by the same class in England—but in Ireland the great evil was the carelessness and *insouciance* of the owners of property—their systematic absenteeism, and the delegation of their duties to others who had every temptation to abuse their false fiduciary position, a temptation that often proved irresistible. The antidote to much of the evil thus wrought might have been found in Royalty making periodical visits to this important part of its dominions, where loyalty abounded, and only craved encouragement; but Royalty set the example of absenteeism, and declined to follow in the footsteps of the Plantagenet Kings who were constantly crossing the Channel in what we should call cockle shells, and running not only the risks of the sea, but the gauntlet of pirates. Human loyalty, like human love, requires sustentation, and is not a mere abstraction; like faith, as defined by Queen Elizabeth—

"Quid est fides? Quod non vides."

I think this story of horse-dealing *in excelsis* in a country where a large proportion of the inhabitants traffic, more or less, in "the noble animal," should not be excluded. A certain cavalry captain had retired from the Service, but retained his love for horses, and bred and sold not a few. A Saxon stranger, anxious to pick up a valuable hunter, made his acquaintance, and was invited to see and try a certain horse. He saw, tried, but did *not* buy, and was on the point of driving off from the village inn, when the Captain came up and

heard the reasons why the purchase was declined with thanks, as non-suitable. These reasons seemed to him so inconsequent, that he produced a pen and ink and a sheet of paper, and directed the gentleman to set down these reasons on paper. The ordeal was not a pleasant one and might lead to pistols; but the stranger proved equal to it, and got off without being saddled with a hunter he did not care for; a useless horse, whatever be his trade, is a great encumbrance, and I think the example of a friend of mine is, to a certain extent, commendable. He had taken great pains with a thoroughbred horse, of beautiful shape, who ran at chases, but never won; so, after a country meeting, near a county capital, he went to the inn yard, took off the horse's clothing and head-collar, and let him go, adding that anyone who pleased might annex him. Of course, he was promptly claimed; but I never heard of any subsequent success.

The "Daily Telegraph" makes omniscience its *forte*, and writes forcibly, and occasionally eloquently, "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis." Its last panacea for Paddyland is thus gushingly expressed: "The best panacea for her would be the constant presence of great London dealers at her fairs and markets, and an abundance of high-bred steeds, to which 6 feet of timber or stone would seem nothing more than a bagatelle." Ireland is overrun with London dealers, great and small; but the high-bred steeds, such as are pictured here, do not exist. Five feet of timber or stone will stop most fields, though old Giles Eyre, we are told—

"Thought nothing at all of a six-foot wall."

I find that in my reminiscences of horses and "humans," I omitted any reference to a very good horse, "Dr. Lynn," whose acquaintance I first made at Punchestown, many years ago, when I rode him for the Downshire Plate, when thirty-four started for that race. The course then went round by the back of the stand, and a wall, of somewhat solid masonry, was jumped. By the time we had gone a mile and a half, only one horse—a grey, ridden by her owner, Mr. Charley Barrington—was in front of me, and when she was passed, and had compounded, the course was, for a field or two, a perfect solitude, till "Archie" Peel on "Baldongan" came up. My crock, who was hardly in farmer's, much less racing, condition, was by this time pretty nearly cooked, and, when the two or three real race-horses came up (after sundry mishaps), of course, we had no chance. I took this horse over to England, where he carried me splendidly, till he caught his fetlock in a tree root, and broke down badly. Mr. Albany Saville gave me a good price for him as he was, had him fired deeply, and he carried his welter weight right well, and died a pensioner in the Hartopp family.

Bagot (Canon) and butter are inseparably linked together in Ireland, and, indeed, the progress Ireland has made in dairying within the two past decades is simply wonderful, not only in the quality of the article, but in all externals connected with the manufacture. Even youths can remember when Dublin dairies exhibited their lacteal stores in *hand-basins and foot-tubs*. *A propos* of butter, I can recollect two boys, of good birth, but with very shock heads of hair, who were in-

vited to a party. They had none of "thine incomparable oil macassar" to smooth their hirsute locks withal, so someone suggested the application of a few pats of butter. This answered well till they reached warm rooms, when the consequences may be imagined.

Boys had to rough it in many ways then. A squire of large acres, who long commanded his county corps, can still laugh over the ridiculous figure his economical father made him cut at a smart ball by getting the local snip to cut down a mulberry coloured coat with brass buttons for his son's adornment. Doubling up in one bed was very common even in large houses, and I recollect it irritated two boys of my acquaintance to such an extent that when the wealthy hostess made them a present of a couple of volumes they ostentatiously left them on the hall table when going away. They were NOT asked there again, nor were their names to be found in testament or codicil.

Invincible ignorance is said by Catholic casuists to be a potential passport to heaven, through the portals of purgatory, for heretics. The invincible and inconceivable ignorance of the average Briton about Ireland and all belonging to it is astonishing, and it is on this ignorance that the Home Rule orators play so extensively, none more so, though perhaps unconsciously, than their *coryphæus* Mr. Gladstone, who is himself profoundly ignorant of Ireland, and distorts its history for his purposes most glaringly. It always appeared to me that with his great gifts (and some graces) Mr. Gladstone was little more than a pleader with his subject briefed to him. Where he would really have been incompar-

able was as the utterer of oracles and ambiguous verses that had ambidextrous interpretations. Thus, to take a well-known instance—

Κροῖσος Ἅλιν διαβὰς μεγάλην ἀρχὴν διαλύσει

("If Crœsus crosses the Halys he will destroy a great power"), only it happened to prove his own great army, while he hoped it would be the enemy's.

A master of equivocal meanings would have proved a treasure to any oracle, whether at Dodona or Delphi. That precocious prig, Macaulay's typical schoolboy, would have been ashamed of evincing the ignorance Mr. Gladstone has shown in the matter of Irish history.

A story is told of two masters of hounds who were eminent in their respective ways, that is to say, each of these worthies told the story of the other. The one M.F.H. was prematurely bald, and, though young in years, wore no thatch whatever on his polished head, that was not unlike a billiard ball in its sheen and smoothness. He happened to fall into a lane near a cabin, and his hat came off simultaneously with his corpus. The hairless head became very prominent. To him came the owner of the cabin, and, when he saw no harm was done, asked the M.F.H. what he meant by coming out hunting when he should be "making his sowl; an old man like you who hasn't a hair even between himself and heaven."

His brother master had found out that on a particular occasion his red rival had done himself so well at a hunt ball that he insisted on shaking hands with all the

marble statues that sentinelled the hall; so one tale balanced the other.

The Americans are omnivorous readers of dime literature, and I recollect meeting one who really believed that Front de Bœuf and his castle were typical of aristocratic life in England. He was very incredulous about my negations, still more so as to my having known some barons and earls myself. Another Yankee that I came across seemed full of the discovery (?) that the founder of our faith was the sun; his apostles, the signs of the zodiac.

One of Parnell's pleas in favour of Home Rule was the almost incredible incompetence of the Board of Works in Ireland—a Treasury department. A witty priest tells an anecdote of a Saxon of inquiring mind who travelled some distance to interview a farmer who had a fine specimen of the round tower (despair of antiquaries) on his land, and he fancied a personal visit might reveal traditional tales about the mystical building, and thus give a clue to its origin. "Well, yes, yer honour, the tower has been in the family for ages, and the conclusion we've come to is that it must have been erected by the Board of Works, for it is as useless as all their buildings."

It is not so very long since the Marshalsea of Dublin was entrusted to a hopeless insolvent steeped to the eyes in debt, but he went about freely and openly, because *he had given himself in charge to himself*, and was therefore unarrestable. I can myself recollect what were called *Sunday men*, or men whose outings were restricted to the Dominical day *pour cause*. High

sheriffs, too, were not infrequently hopelessly involved, but enjoyed a certain immunity, because they could only be arrested by the coroner's writ!

The private theatricals at Kildemy have been alluded to. It is said that the receipts sometimes amounted to £140 of a night, and an English writer mentions the curious circumstance that Lord Mountjoy* appeared once there in a costume valued at £8,000. This transcends the famous myths about Prince Esterhazy's jacket and pantaloons

"All jewels from his jasey to his high-heeled boots."

The two Arcadians of Virgil were said to be

"Cantare pares et respondere parati."

But surely Paddy Carey was a champion of Arcady, for when asked by a wag "how far it was from Mullingar to Michaelmas," replied at once, "As far as from Whitsuntide to the ace of spades." He too was an Arcadian who, talking of a wealthy but slovenly farmer, remarked that "He's rich, but I would not nail up a peach tree with his breeches."

"A moving bog" is a common figure of speech. I have only known of one that travelled any pace or distance. That belonged to Sir Henry Burke, of Marble Hill, Co. Galway, and, slipping from its moorings on the side of a hill, crashed down like a black avalanche, destroying trees on its path, till, meeting the dried-up bed of a mountain torrent, it followed it for some miles, and then found a resting place in a lake, which it turned into a mere.

Foreigners have taught us during the past three

* Query Mornington?

decades that they bettered the instruction they originally received from us in the matter of horseflesh and racing, and have captured so many of our cups and prizes, that a little joke about a French buyer may be permissible here. Count Trois Etoiles fancied a thoroughbred horse of a friend of mine very much, and as they say grew "fonder and fonder" every minute. He had even worked himself nearly up to the buying point when it occurred to him to inquire "what his *actions* were like." "His performances I suppose," said my friend. "No, no, his actions—*ses allures.*" The last two words put everything straight, and the horse was saddled forthwith and put through his paces. But what a crop of good stories could the Gauls tell of our blunders far more monstrous than putting an extra "s" to a word. Of none are they pleased to record more than of the great Duke of Wellington—it revenges Waterloo!

Autres temps autres mœurs! It is not such *a very* long time since I was invited to dine with a couple of stewards of the Turf Club at their house, after a race meeting at the Curragh. The dinner was simple enough, if very good of its kind, but after it the keeper of the match book, Mr. Hunter, was asked in to have a glass of wine, which he drank standing. The stiffness of the thing strikes one now, as it looks as if there were a gap of a century between the manners and customs of that period and the present. Mr. Hunter, I may remark, was a most aristocratic-looking man and of perfect manners. I well recollect that on seeing my name appended to an entry he asked at once, "Are you

any relation to Maurice Nugent O'Connor, who had the famous setters?" I told him he was my grandfather.

I have said little if anything of Irish grooms. The majority are very bad; the minority are extremely good, and have the gift of getting attached to their charges. There would be many more good grooms if there were less whiskey current, and the Irishman lacks the steady adherence to system that characterises the Englishman, as well as the latter's attention to *minutiæ*. The following story is rather characteristic of the former class, so I give it to the reader, knowing it to be true. A gentleman in "Shove-along-shire" farmed largely and combined with it a fair share of hunting and some horse coping, which brought him *en rapport* with English buyers, who admired his sincerity as well as his knowledge of horseflesh. One of the dealers came to this worthy's house one day unexpectedly, and found that he would be absent for a couple of hours or so, an interval which he spent in looking at the horses in the stable, and hearing their characters from an eloquent groom, who expatiated lovingly on their splendid performances in the hunting field. Presently the master came in, and the dealer, fired by the account he had just heard, proposed buying several, if his friend would only confirm his groom's narratives; but the master burst out laughing, saying that he had only had the horses a few weeks, and as it was summer, he could not have hunted them at all, so no money changed hands, no horses changed stables, and the disappointed dealer went away admiring the friendly frankness of the farmer. The groom—an artist in his way—had

heard something of the conversation, and forthwith gave his master a month's notice; and when asked for an explanation replied at once, "Because *you made a liar of me*, and no man shall do that." After all he had only chaunted his charges—and is not every horse at a fair "the best in Ireland" at something or other?

The functions of coachman and groom were often combined in Ireland, and in "the bad times" not a few coachmen found the box a bad eminence, and themselves the recipients of slugs and bullets meant for their masters. The speed and jumping power of his hunter, I believe, certainly saved from rough usage one M.F.H., while another master, who was taking a ride near his own place, was rescued from the fate intended for him by the quickness of his high-mettled horse. He had been talking in a friendly way to one of the conspirators against his life who, by a preconcerted signal, touched his hat, and saying, "very well, your honour," gave the *mot d'ordre* to the assassin behind the hedge, who fired, but the horse, seeing the flash, recoiled, and the greater part of the charge meant for lungs or heart passed through the coat and vest, only grazing the skin.

The Macdermot, Attorney-General for Ireland, the other day denied the great extent of the distress prevailing last year in the congested districts of the West. If he be right, a vast number of careful observers were grossly deceived; but at any rate, now that the crisis has passed, *gratiâ* Balfour *cum* Zetland, it is a satisfactory symptom of improvement to find men declining work at 14*s.* per week. Much of the permanent work

of the county, of which traces are still to be seen, was done at much less than half that sum, and I can well recollect that when I came over first to Ireland, and wanted a stableman or strapper, my groom got a first-rate one at 10*s.* per week; the man only asked 9*s.*, and had he not been slightly given to liquor occasionally, he was fit to take charge of any stud in the kingdom. Such a man with a clean bill of health *quâ* character could command quite double that sum now. In Dublin high prices are accounted for by employers by the high wages they themselves are forced to pay their work-people, and even for field work, or comparatively unskilled labour, the wage is now sometimes very high, far higher than that which obtained in the west of England when Canon Girdlestone initiated his famous crusade. Of course I am only writing now of the more advanced parts of Ireland, though in all labour is far better remunerated than it used to be. Such is one of the results of emigration which is so terribly inveighed against by "the patriots," though of them the priests alone, who found a happy harvest in early marriages and large families, suffer from the alteration of levels and tariffs—strange to say their numbers have rather increased than diminished during the past decade.

Another very hopeful sign in Ireland is the extinction of Thuggee, or the guild of hireable assassins, or mercenary murderers. The last "professional" murderer is said to have been hanged some twenty years ago, and as supply and demand affects, as a rule, the murder market like all others, it is fair to conclude that there has been a decrease in the latter. Not that murders

have wholly ceased in Ireland, but the systematic "removal" of obnoxious men at a cheap rate of pay has been abandoned. So deliberately planned were some of the murders of forty or fifty years ago, that it is said measures were taken to secure that the contemplated crime should be committed in a different barony or townland from that in which the contrivers lived, so that the eric or blood-money, in the shape of an extra police tax, might not be levied on themselves or their friends. Insanity is said to be very common in Ireland; it is ascribed to various causes, such as strong tea, but surely an extensive consciousness of criminality would suffice; for it must be supposed to have been utterly abhorrent to the natures of many who were nevertheless weighted down by the burden of this cognisance of guilt, past and prospective, that they were unable to shake off by delation or denunciation.

Many must have noticed in the "Times" a letter of Sir E. Watkin's proposing to bore a tunnel between Scotland and Ireland (no new idea), and to make a ship canal between the eastern and western parts of Ireland, with a view of accelerating the traffic between England and America. Unfortunately for Sir E. Watkin's claim to originality, this scheme was referred to in a volume I wrote some three years ago called "Dublin Castle," and in these days of triple expansion engines it seems somewhat superfluous. What, however, seems perfectly practicable, and within "the wit of man," is the improvement of some of the western ports of Ireland, such as Galway or the Killery Roads, and the erection of factories close by to work up the raw material that

could be imported so much quicker and cheaper there than to Stockport or Manchester. If a great Scotch house can manufacture cotton goods at a profit in a foreign country such as Portugal, surely it could be done in Ireland more readily, more especially since a network of railways has opened out the country to capital and enterprise. This is the sort of Home Rule that the Irish really crave, and the proffer to a pauper of a patent system of Home Rule that can hardly add to his wealth seems like presenting the hungry man with a stone instead of a loaf. The cravings of the Celt are far more economical and social than political; and a busy prosperous people will not be so easily led as they have been by interested self-seeking agitators, whom they have already found to be weak reeds to lean on in the time of trial. Irishmen are not lacking in brains or enterprise; and if they can see potentialities of attaining a higher standard of comfort and competence by honest toil, we may be sure it will be forthcoming. The better way seems to be beaconed or buoyed out by such men as Mr. Horace Plunkett and his practical school. Sericulture, pomiculture, apiculture, tobaccoculture have one and all been propounded as patent panaceas for Paddyland, but the cult of the cow seems the best and most congenial to the soil and climate after all.

A year ago—and 'tis no flam—
Paddy's salvation lay in jam;
He found it not, 'tis true, because
Jam must obey commercial laws.
Now the great Jamsenist's cocksure
That in the henhouse lies the cure

For ills that come in free trade's wake,
And want that oft keeps Pat awake,
While those who weep o'er vanished trade
May find sweet solace in the spade,
So twitters Tityrus* in the shade.

For my own part I cannot help thinking that a knowledge of the cooking art in women of all classes is a great *desideratum* in Ireland, and I was struck one day on going to a distant country place, by the lady of the house asking me what I thought of her lunch we had just partaken of. I said it was only too good, as it tempted one to eat too much. "Well!" she added, "I may have to dress dinner, too, as my cook went off this morning, and said she could not be back in time to do it." This lady, though brought up in the lap of luxury, was quite competent to do so; but the truant domestic returned, and she was not called on to exert her talents. She was a colonial lady. I think these lines not inapposite to the situation described:—

"Far above rubies" was the ancient praise
Of *household* women, gifts of God to men;
"Far above *wranglers*" in these modern days
Denotes the she most prompt with tongue and pen.

Not many masters of hounds in Ireland have gone into the jumping arena at Balls Bridge, Dublin, and judging rather than riding is their wonted function. Still, a few have preferred steering their own horses over the course, and have, one and all, acquitted themselves worthily. Among the most successful in the ordeal were the Earl of Fingall, Mr. Treherne Holmes, and Major Butson. The Earl of Desart narrowly

* *Vide* Mr. Gladstone's speeches.

missed a prize; but, of all this category, Major Butson was the most accomplished rider by far, and this in spite of a figure that was rather rotund for riding; but, despite the oracular utterance of one of our best sporting organs, it is a fact that not a few of the very best cross-country riders of the day are built in a mould the very antithesis of poor Fred Archer's, with his long, thin, and prehensile limbs.

In time of peace *the Press is the great power of the country*, and even in war it is far from weak; for it must be remembered that the Press is, to a certain, nay, a great extent, responsible for public opinion, and public opinion makes or avoids wars, as the case may be; nor should it be forgotten that much of the improvement in our Army is due to the same source. It would not be hard to expand the simple syllogism showing how the Press rules by its influence over our leaders if it were necessary, but the proposition will be mainly admitted; of course, every now and then public opinion blunders terribly, but, on the whole, it comes to correct conclusions when the necessary information is supplied to it. Hence the necessity, not only for a free Press (under proper limitations), but for a Press perfectly free from taint of corruption or improper influence.

I believe that a very great portion of it is above venality in any concrete shape, but that much of it is swayed by an inordinate love of gain can hardly, I think, be controverted; otherwise the advertisement columns would not be perverted, as we occasionally see them, to ignoble purposes, and a broad ægis would not be extended over notorious offenders whose purse

patronage is not only useful but indispensable. However, with its imperfections and shortcomings, the Press of England is a noble institution, and comprises all sorts and conditions of men and women, from the *dilletante* duke to the literary lady's maid; from the Premier and peer to the *parvenu*, from the count to the counter-jumper: for there is room for all. It has, in a great measure, superseded the pulpit, having a far wider audience, and exacting less time and patience, though it has no ambition to interfere with the priestly province, as it is in close alliance with the Churches of the land, many of whose best minds contribute to its columns; nor can any Church claim immunity from error and weakness any more than the Press, which, with its friction and checks, manages, for the most part, to extract the pure gold of truth from the surrounding quartz.

One snare of the daily Press, and, for the matter of that, of the weekly Press too, is *sensation*, often obtained by a slight sacrifice of accuracy and easy exaggeration. Let me give a very modern instance: when poor Lord Drogheda died so suddenly in town last summer, obituary notices appeared in the "Field," "Land and Water," the "World," and several other papers, stating the most salient features of his public career, which was greatly connected with sport, in which he took a leading and most prominent and honourable part, and on which he exerted a most salutary influence. Presently these characteristics were exaggerated and amplified, even in *good* papers, till the original portrait was hardly recognisable.

The Press is to England what the πανήγυρις was to ancient Athens—and a vast deal more. Exception has been taken to the modern society papers, for which we are perhaps mainly indebted to Mr. Lawrence Oliphant and Mr. Henry Labouchere: but they were a want of the age. They are a check on the dailies, and, if abused sometimes, they are widely read and largely *répandues*, though possibly not quite so much as a few years ago. The daily Press has flattered them highly by its imitation of their methods. No doubt they sometimes venture out of their depth and domain, as when "Truth" moralises over *Derby winners turned into Hansom cabbers* (*vide* "Truth," 14th September, 1892).

To criticise things up to date. Mr. Morley, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, or, to be precise, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has just crowned Mr. Balfour's work by flinging off the last vestige or fetter of coercion. It is to be hoped that the real coercers of the country will follow suit, and forbear from such engines as the boycott and the ban; then may we hope for a Milesian millennium. "Que messieurs les assassins commencent."

The multitudinous minor race meetings in Ireland are, I think, injuring hunter breeding considerably; the animals that take part in them are of no great commercial value save as instruments of gambling, and substance is sacrificed to speed.

The material growth of London is one of the wonders of this marvellous age. Limmer's, the "Blue Posts," and Long's (Jubbers) did very well in their modest but comfortable style forty years ago; now they must be

up to date. Dear me! how well I can recollect dining with an Oxford friend at the latter. "He was a squarson" —or a squire and parson combination. I lent him my name for a nomination to a big race; we saw London by gas-light afterwards, but our host drew the line at the Piccadilly saloon, as he did not wish to meet parishioners there. In those days the church was made for the squarson not the squarson for the church.

Of Halieutics (*vide* Oppian) I have, I think, said nothing, for, though I have fished much, I am ignorant of the gentle art, my chief successes having been in the Rocky Mountains, where from a good pool I could get in a very short time as many trout as I could carry in a sack. When the flies of civilisation and commerce were worn out I had to shoot some big birds with a rifle, and make some sort of lure unlike anything created or even artistic, but it took for all that.

Having been a considerable disburser of money while in Jamaica, I am happy to say I never kept any one waiting a moment for his dues; nor can I recall any important official act during my term that I look on with regret and would not repeat—even the single one for which I was severely animadverted on by the Department.

May I be permitted to point out that a very common word, a hunter, is a misnomer: the horse that carries man or woman over the country safely and well does not hunt the fox, stag, or hare; he is the conveyance that enables you to see hounds hunting. The best *aide-de-chasse* of this sort that I ever saw was a small Indian pony that I had in Colorado. He seemed to have the brains of a hound, sighted deer or antelope directly, and

aided you in getting up near them, he did not require larietting while you were stalking your quarry, and if you only wounded it, would strain every nerve and sinew to aid you in overtaking it. An American beast of better looks was the converse of all this, and if not firmly tethered would be off for camp when you fired, and perhaps give you a ten-mile walk.

The future of hunting is probably more assured in Ireland than in England or Scotland, for the simple reason that it is a much better theatre for the sport of kings, that it does less harm to farmers and agriculturists, that it is racy of the soil, and ancillary to horse culture and horse industry. It must, however, be conducted with tact and judgment, and above everything, all classes should be given some sort of friendly interest in its permanence and prosperity. With this view hound shows and puppy shows should be promoted sedulously, and all classes should meet together, and eat and drink together, as is the case in a few parts of England at earth-stoppers' dinners. After all, in feudal times, lords, vassals, knights, and villeins often met at the same board, and in Ireland "the claims of long descent" are not always on the side of the gentry and squirearchy. A few masters of hounds now take this view of the case, to the great benefit of the *republic* of the chase.

In this little volume I have spoken of yellow fever, the scourge of the Antilles. The "vomito" is, of course, its most fearful symptom; and what words can do justice to the heroism of a Navy officer who, to prove to his cowering crew that there was nothing contagious

about the disease, took a glassful of the sickening stuff and drank it off? A Victoria Cross would not be an inadequate reward of such gallantry in the cause of humanity.

As a pendant to the observations I made as to religious distinctions in Ireland, I may mention that a "*Catholic* Bookseller" (who surely ought, if anyone, to be *universal* or *general* in his catering for literary tastes), of Sackville Street, Dublin, which the Nationalists have styled O'Connell Street, announces himself as an "Importer of Religious Goods." Such a signboard would be hard to find elsewhere.*

The chief defaulting paper for which I wrote was the "St. Stephen's Review," a paper of promise, but not of performance.

A propos of hay—an important question to horse buyers—I have little hesitation in stating that *many millions* per annum are wasted in Ireland in this crop alone. Poorly saved, as a rule, it does not undergo fermentation, but the cocks are left out in the fields like so many altars to "Inclementia cœli." When taken to market it is again subject to a very considerable percentage of waste by being rolled up, instead of cut into trusses, to the adornment of nearly every hedge by which the cart passes. The late Lord Annaly worked his hay in the English fashion. Bad hay in the best grassland, perhaps, in the world seems anomalous.

Perhaps nearly as large a sum is lost annually to the nation by the often barbarous treatment of cattle shipped to England. In "Peeps at Portugal" I have

* Close by is a "Home for *Catholic* Boys."

pointed out the very different method adopted by our ancient allies, whose long-horns reach the market without having some of the best joints injured and depreciated by extravasated blood. I came across the Bay of Biscay with 150 of these long-horns, who almost improved on the voyage, and formed "the roast beef of Old England" for the united French and English fleets at Portsmouth. After all, what we buy and pay for is our very own—from sets of teeth and wigs upwards.

Oats is a great national crop in Ireland; but men who are particular that their horses shall have the best import from Scotland, whence come the best samples.

> "Be not in camps or crowds or riots seen,
> And keep your conscience and your linen clean,"

was Crabbe's counsel to a youth. Mr. John Morley neglected part of it, and, *on dit*, suffered *diminutio capitis* by having his hat knocked off in a tumult, in which, of course, *the authorities were all wrong*. He is an "authority" himself now, and may find such episodes unpleasant recollection when he has to enforce the law of the land. Rightly or wrongly, "his small Commission" is considered a Court to try landlords; but, as a great number of estates in Ireland are under receivers, it is practically trying the High Court of Chancery. An Englishman was endeavouring once to describe the Lord Chancellor to a Gaul, and called him "le grand sot (scéau) d'Angleterre." Surely this Commission is making "un grand sot" of the Irish Lord Chancellor.

I had intended to have included in this volume a few metrical prolusions on current topics. Space, however, warns me not to do so. I will only venture on a free translation or parody of Juvenal's well-known lines about Hannibal and the Alps, which recurred to me when the G.O.M. was making his "boulderdash" speeches in North Wales lately (the idea is only half mine):

"I, demens, et sævas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas et decantatio fias!"

"On, Gladstone, on! scale Snowdon's peaks and passes,
To point a 'par.' and please Welsh lads and lasses!"

I have harped too much, perhaps, on my own "case." Let me, however, contrast it with that of a high official (I believe an able man) who, sent out to the West Indies and America, finding his office an absolute sinecure, got it abolished and himself handsomely pensioned. Let me add, too, that all the officers of the Department serving in the West Indies were handsomely provided for or promoted. My provision was mainly promises unfulfilled.

Was it not Juvenal who wrote

"Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula!"

"We only learn from death
How small the frames that hold our mortal breath!"

—to make a rough-and-ready translation—and so perhaps death, that revealed how frail and fragile was the tenement of the Parnell spirit, has also, if only by force of contrast, taught us what an iron will and

masterful mind was enshrined in that tabernacle? Alexander's captains fought fiercely for his heritage, and showed how inferior they were to their mighty master, and so the Parnellite puppets or lieutenants have shown the wondering world how strong was the phalanx *with* its chief, how weak *without* him. But if ever there were an argument for the necessity of coercion in Ireland, Parnell furnished it; for no Eastern despot was more despotic than the Lord of Avondale proved to his followers; while the tale of the two election petitions in Royal Meath gave revelations of a spiritual, as well as a temporal, coercion that seems marvellous in this last decade of the century; indeed the verity that under English sway alone is liberty of mind and body possible is slowly permeating the emancipated mind of Ireland. For merely to take one instance, what Government in the world would permit hostile bands to play national airs defiantly through the thoroughfares of its capital, followed by a concourse of sympathising youths, during a period of excitement and almost revolutionary agitation?

> "The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
> And is not careful what they mean thereby,
> Knowing that with the shadow of its wing
> It can at pleasure stop their minstrelsy."

It is fortunate for English interests that the advocates of Separation—under the veil of Home Rule—have no such leader as Parnell, who concealed the mailed hand under a glove of velvet. Seldom in the history of nations has more sordid selfishness, more hideous hypocrisy, been shown than in the manœuvres

of parties since his fall and deposition. "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone" might well have been said to the prurient politicians who trimmed their sails to the breezes of mock morality.

The way in which a large section of the Gladstonian Nationalists have contrived to swallow the camel Morley, though their gorge rebelled at the gnat Parnell, is a proof of this. Mr. Morley is in morals and faith directly antagonistic to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. He has vilipended their religion, and outraged their cherished *convenances;* yet they have attorned to him as if a missionary direct from their political heaven; and, as far as they can, they made his Government a theocracy tempered by democracy. As a matter of history, Mr. Morley's tenure of office has been an almost absolute *fiasco*, his *magnum opus*, his "little Commission," has perished, if not in its own self-contempt, at any rate in that of the public, while, worst of all, he has dragged down the forensic fame of a judge to the lowest depths; for if Sir James Mathew had ventured as a mere magistrate to make such a speech as that with which he opened his court, he would have merited instant removal from the Bench, as Cupar justice is not approved of, nor Jedburgh either—"hang first and try afterwards"—"castigatque auditque dolores." To Mr. Morley, I fear, Tacitus' sentence is applicable: "Imperii capax nisi imperasset": a *dilettante* Danton and a rationalistic Robespierre are hardly saviours of Society, but no doubt gaol-birds admire him greatly.

O'Connell promised his fatuous followers Repeal of

the Union in a few weeks. The revolutionary Radicals showed their liberality in plenary promises to the Irish voters prior to the last General Election; but the fulfilment of them halts, and must halt, unless England has partaken too largely of the insane root. While I write Irish stocks are almost at their highest—a proof that Mr. Gladstone's nascent Home Rule Bill is not a practical terror to capitalists; indeed, it may be questioned whether any four of "the Chiefs" really covet Home Rule in their heart of hearts.

In the revolution from which we are partially emerging the landlords have been despoiled of nearly a third of their property by legalised confiscation; the almost inevitable corollary to these Land Acts is compulsory sale, and then farewell to the territorial aristocracy created by England, used by England, and betrayed by England! For its extinction it may, in a great measure, reproach itself. Whenever it combined it defeated the enemy; but combination, organisation, and cohesion were rare among landlords. Their system of estate management was most defective. Every proprietor who had a margin of a few thousands or hundreds a year kept his Grand Vizier in the shape of an agent, who, like himself, was often an absentee, and thus the bailiff became practically the ruler of the estate, as he was the ear and eye of the agent, and the only man really thoroughly acquainted with the tenants and their ways and means. In England such wholesale delegation of duties would be impossible. So much for the State. The Church has been purified, if not regenerated, by Disestablishment. It claimed apostolic

succession, and may have had it. To the outer world some of these pastors seemed more closely connected with the practices of Simon Magus, while their contemporary, Dean Swift, seemed to think that Hounslow Heath was responsible for certain others. The inflated bureaucracy is another scandal. Every one acknowledges the evil, but no one tries to stem it. The Government wants partisans, and these men and their families and friends have to be splendidly rewarded. Hence you might see or have seen in Ireland a political lawyer blossoming quickly into a Chancellor, though he had little or no Chancery training, and the head of the Bar flouted in his own Court. Dogberry's dicta seem to have been aimed at Ireland; but the talent and quickness of public men there, and their versatile adaptability, keeps the system working tolerably smoothly. In some departments public service was almost inheritance. It is the waste, costliness, and jobbery of official life in Ireland that tempt many to lean to the National or Home Rule side; but the remedy would be, *me judice*, a million times worse than the evil.

Why the Lord Lieutenancy is maintained seems a puzzle. The Viceroy, according to "Truth," has duties far more "multitudinous" than any Royalty, but what they are 'twere hard to discover, as the power rests with his Chief Secretary, and the Lord Lieutenant is practically confined to functions—a Viceregal Amphitryon and a patron of institutions, coached by a permanent staff of officials who maintain the traditions of the Castle after the mode of the Medes and the pattern of the Persians. The whole system is anachronistic, and really never

recovered from the incisive satire of Thackeray many years ago.* A political Viceroy is of course an anomaly under our Constitution, yet every Viceroy is more or less political now, only some have the tact and good sense to subordinate their personal proclivities to the general weal. A Prince of the Blood as a permanent Viceroy might have done infinite good to the social system of Ireland. The time for such an appointment seems to have now passed, and of such *avatars* it may be said, "Too late ye come, too late." The *début* of our present Viceroy in Ireland was unfortunate, as he stamped himself *in limine* an apostle of Gladstonian Home Rule, and thereby probably neutralised the effects of much personal and individual popularity. In the Home Rule days of Ireland, when Coercion Acts and famines were rife in the land, Lord Townshend, the Viceroy, refused on several occasions to receive deputations from the Guild of Weavers, who had a grievance, and so offended them that when, on a special occasion, he sent that body a bank note for £200 for the relief of the poorer brethren, it was indignantly returned.

Scotland does very well without a Viceroy, though it contains a Royal Palace; why should not Ireland fare as Scotland and "Gallant little Wales," the Secretary having ample table money allowed him to enable him to drown the shamrock duly, and to keep up the traditions of Hibernian hospitality? It may be said

* The late Baron Dowse said that in England the rich and noble love to bask in the *sunshine* of Royalty; whereas in Ireland the impoverished gentry seeks the *moonshine* of Viceroyalty.

that such a scheme would be derogatory to the dignity of the *Irish nation!* But where is the Irish nation? Who ever saw it or read of it? The Irish people one knows, but a nation!—and who and what is an Irishman pure and simple, and where can he be found? Is he a descendant of the Firlborgs, the Tuathu da Danaans, or the Danes, who held much of Ireland in fee for many years, including its capital, or a Milesian, or a Kelt Iberian? Is he not, for the most part, a compound of many races, as composite as the average Englishman, and very often his kinsman in blood, as well as a cousin to the Caledonian? The racial, or ethnological, argument is not stable. It is the want of commerce and manufactures, and the sense of the degradation caused by poverty, that creates much of the isolation and antagonism of Irishmen to England—a feeling that has been intensified by misgovernment and aggravated by silly sneers and an affectation of inherent superiority on the part of Great Britain. But with every new line of railway, with every new service of steamers, the links between the two islands are more and more strengthened, and the domain of the agitator curtailed. It would be idle to deny that agitation has done yeoman service to Ireland; chronic agitation, however, palls after a time. Surely the aphorism of "the Claimant" as to brains and money has not been forgotten; the copartnership has proved useful to Ireland.

Among the benefactors to Ireland, those railway kings who introduced the manufacture of carriages and engines should certainly be classed, and, *à propos* of

those who have deserved well of their countrymen, the name of the Earl of Howth, K.P., should not be ignored, for among institutions which have stood the test of time, and which he mainly aided in creating, is the Annual Horse Show of the Royal Dublin Society.

I cannot conclude these desultory remarks about men and things in Ireland without returning my best thanks to my countrymen generally for their kindness in allowing me to ride for many years over their fields. I never, so far as I can recollect, received let or hindrance, save once, in the co. Louth, when I was not allowed to pass through a gate; but there was great friction at the time in the vicinity, and much exasperation.

The world, according to the ancients, was upborne by Atlas, who got his *ποῦ στῶ* from a tortoise. Hunting in Ireland mainly depends on the good nature and good will of the small farmer, who is generally a genuine sportsman. In 1893 sport in nearly all its centres has attained a pitch seldom reached before; and as the chase declines in England more and more from many causes, physical and financial, there is reason to believe that it has a splendid future in Ireland, its natural home, and that Englishmen will not fail to recognise the gifts and graces of the Green Isle, and thus cement "a union of hearts," more solid than that of the Gladstonian myth.

The Parnellite party have done something to curb the *patria potestas* assumed by the priests of Ireland in things temporal as well as spiritual. Could a grosser illustration of this combination of the sword of the Spirit with the shillelagh of the flesh than a muscular priest

coming up to a candidate at an election and saying, "If there were not another man in the town to knock you down, I'd do it"—thereupon felling the candidate and leaving him weltering in blood? It was reserved for the year 1892 to see a *priest evicted from his holding by a Roman Catholic landlord*, while a *poco curante* peasantry declined coming to his rescue, though the evictee declared that the Saviour, too, was evicted with him.

No enterprise will quicken the land, no capital will be injected into the soil, till sacerdotal supremacy is duly curbed by the State. Already have many nascent attempts been blasted by the interdict of priests. A spirit of courage and self-reliance seems to have arisen in the Irish people, which has already attained great results. It may seem rash to prophesy that with a Prime Minister pledged to carry Home Rule, and who has a majority at his back, there will be no Home Rule established, and that ere long Mr. Gladstone, already known to be the fiscal foe to Ireland, will have lost all hold on that country; but I will venture to hazard it. A very strong minority has decided, like the barons of old, "Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari."

Now let me close this long-winded introduction, nearly as interminable as Dick Martin's avenue. Garrulity is one of the vices of age. I fear there is as little connection in the subjects as the man found in Johnson's Dictionary.

It is hoped that these side-lights, so to speak, on Irish history may prove of some slight service towards its investigation, for the Irish problem is ripening to a solution.

Somerville Hunt, 16th December, 1840.

A Poem dedicated to James Noble Waller, Esq., then Master of the Meath Fox Hounds.

O Somerville! thine honoured name
Gave to the world a noble theme,
The beauties of the chase.
That name arouses latent fire
And tempts me to take up my lyre
Its glories to rehearse.

At Somerville our meet we make;
The hounds dash through its briery brake—
A hundred horsemen out—
Despite the storm, despite the flood,*
We find him in Knockcomra Wood;
"He's off, he's off," we shout.

Right down the glen bold Reynard flies,
Regardless of our shouts and cries,
Despising coverts near;
Blacklion Hill, Slanduff's deep Vale,
Their echo rising on the gale,
Now mark his fleet career.

Full fifty of us sweep the glen,
Our way descry with piercing ken,
And climb its rugged side;
The open country now we gain;
O'er Monktown's spacious fields amain
Right gallantly we ride.

With heads well up and sterns all down,
Straight upon ancient Staffordstown
The hounds before us fly;
Here luckily a check befell,
Or in Glanwigna's rugged dell
Full many a horse might lie.

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* This chase took place after a severe storm, when all the low ground was under water.

Through it we rush with wild halloo,
And by Lismullen Covert too,
Its deer park and decoy,
Its plains and lawns, to Tara's Glen,
Where every echo wakes again
Of other days the joy!

Tho' close we pass to Tara's walls,
No sigh its former pride recalls
Or glories now no more;
We heed not of the olden time,
For while its steep ascent we climb
The chase sweeps on before.

To Belper now! no stop, no stay;
Rathmœva's Fort marks out our way;
We never tighten rein;
Killeen, Dunsany soon are passed;
Our headlong course is stayed at last
On banks of flooded Skeyne!

With mettle true the hounds dash in,
And swimming hard they nobly win
The river's further shore;
Up by Knockmark like seagulls fly;
The horsemen stand aghast and cry,
"We ne'er shall see them more."

One man* alone attempts the flood,
In vain; for Tullamedin Wood
We now must make our cast;
Dunsany's lawns we hurry through,
Nor stop its noble pile to view:
The bridge is gained at last.

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* Mr. Russell, who was nearly drowned in the attempt.

Right up the hill of Glane we press;
The horses here show much distress,
And many say "Enough"!
The height is won, the hounds are seen
Far as Culmullen's Hill so green,
And now to prove the stuff.

A dozen reach Culmullen's brow—
"Where, where the hounds? Oh! see them now
O'er Woodtown's open plain."
We stoutly ply the scourge and steel,
And now at last begin to feel
Our labour not in vain.

Then down Moynalvy's slopes we rush;
The gallant pack close at his brush,
Their constant pace maintain,
Till when on Ballygurtha's side
But two* are with them seen to ride
Of all our brilliant train.

The desperate game is all but won:
The noble fox, his duty done,
Now reaches Summerhill;
In its domain of old renowned
For sylvan sports he gets to ground,
Safe from all harm and ill.

This splendid chase is scarcely o'er,
Tho' lasting for two hours or more,†
When twice six joyous hearts appear‡
To claim the praise of being there.
Our wondrous feats and 'scapes we tell,
O'er hill and dale, thro' brake and fell,

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* Pat Carty, whipper, and Samuel Garnett, jun., on "Tibby Tight."

† Two hours and twenty minutes; one slight check.

‡ J. N. Waller (Master), R. Hopkins, H. Coddington, J. Pollock, R. Chaloner, F. Smith, R. Smith, H. Lyons, Montgomery, Somerville, H. Pakenham, Ford, S. Garnett, jun., Harry the huntsman, and the whipper.

O'er mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
For two and twenty British miles.*
What wonder as with honest pride
Our homeward way we slowly ride
We praise the master of the pack,
Who after such a devious track,
Not a hound wanting,† wends his way
All safe to hunt another day?
His brow with laurel let us wreathe,
The glory of the men of Meath!

The Kilruddery Hunt.

Hark! hark! jolly sportsmen awhile to my tale,
Which to claim your attention I'm sure cannot fail:
'Tis of lads and of horses and dogs that ne'er tire
O'er stone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog, and briar.
A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again:
Had Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters, been there,
'Fore Gad he had shook like an aspen with fear.

In seventeen hundred and forty and four,
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning by most of the clocks,
We rode from Kilruddery in search of a fox:
The Loughlinstown landlord, the bold Owen Bray,
And Squire Adair sure, was with us that day,
Joe Debill, Hall Preston, that huntsman so stout,
Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,
When "Wanton" set up a most terrible roar.
"Hark to 'Wanton'!" cried Joe, and the rest were not slack,
For "Wanton's" no trifler esteemed in the pack.

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* Accurately measured on county map.
† Seventeen and a half couples out.

Old " Bonny " and " Collier " came readily in,
And every hound joined in the musical din.
Had Diana been there she'd been pleased to the life,
And one of the lads got a Goddess for wife.

Ten minutes past ten was the time of the day
When Reynard broke cover, and this was the way:
As strong from Killegar as though he could fear none,
Away he brush'd round by the House of Kilternan;
To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherriwood then,
Steep Shankhill he climb'd, and to Ballyman Glen,
Bray Common he crossed, leap'd Lord Anglesea's wall,
And seem'd to say, " Little I value you all."

He ran bushes and groves, up to Carbury Byrne's,
Joe Debill, Hall Preston, kept steady by turns;
The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,
Tho' he might have got in, he chose to keep out.
To Malpas high hill was the way then he flew,
At Dalkey's stone common we had him in view,
He drove on by Bullock, thro' " Shrub " Glenageary,
And so on to Monkstown, where Laury grew weary.

Through Rochestown Wood like an arrow he pass'd,
Then came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last;
Then gallantly plunged himself into the sea,
And said in his heart, " Sure none dare follow me."
But soon to his cost he perceiv'd that no bounds
Could stop the pursuit of the staunch mettled hounds:
His policy here did not serve him a rush,
Five couple of Tartars were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore, then again was his drift,
But ere he could reach to the top of the clift,
He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,
Being waylaid and killed by the rest of the pack.
At his death there were present the lads that I've sung,
Save Laury, who riding a garran was flung.
Thus ended at length a most delicate chase,
That held us five hours and ten minutes space.

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We returned to Kilruddery's plentiful board,
Where dwell hospitality, truth, and my lord.
We talk'd over the chase, and we toasted the health
Of the men that ne'er struggled for places or wealth.
Owen Bray balk'd a leap: says Hall Preston, "'twas odd;"
"'Twas shameful," cried Jack, "by ——"
Says Preston, I halloo'd "Get on tho' you fall,
Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all."

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport,
For party affairs we consigned to the Court:
Thus we finished the rest of the day and the night
In gay flowing bumpers and toasts of delight.
Then till the next meeting bid farewell each brother;
So some they went one way, and some went another.
And as Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,
So Luna took care in conducting us home.

CHAPTER I.

"I remember, I remember,
How my childhood fleeted by."
Haynes Bailey.

A POLITE monarch is said to have apologised for the delay in his departure from life. Several authors have written their own lives, and apologised for them; one or two in English, another—an Eminence—in Latin. I do not propose to follow their example. We shall probably have to apologise amply for our lives by-and-bye, and will be fortunate if the apologies are accepted; but it always struck me that apologising on the threshold of a life-narrative, which you wish to have read, and which you propose to spend some time in digesting and writing, savours of that pride that apes humility, which, if the poet be veridical, is "the Devil's own delight," and makes him grin—a demoniacal grin. The man who has perhaps had more influence on the mind, taste, and style of the centuries, and whose works remain classical after some two thousand years of investigation and criticism, informs us that he can thank heaven for creating him what some would call "a poor creature," with no high ambitions or aspira-

tions, and scant talents or capacity for business organisation, and if *he* could cheerfully accept his pusillanimous pettiness of purpose, and attribute to his want of native grit the fact that on a memorable occasion he joined the *sauve qui peut* division of a broken legion, and made jetsom of his buckler, to lighten the scudding ship, why should meaner and minor men quarrel with their lack of courage, enterprise, judgment, discretion, or backbone, to overcome the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and to conquer circumstance?

> "Di bene fecerunt parvi me quodque pusilli,
> Finxerunt animi, neque natum rebus agendis."

Shakespeare's famous lines about the tide in the affairs of men will naturally occur to most readers, but here, again, come the drawbacks of weakness of will and tardiness of perception, and the conclusion of the whole matter seems to be resolved by another line of the immortal Will—"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them;" and if Malvolio, whose sentiment it is, I think, was mad, there was much method withal in his madness; for supposing that opportunities of achieving greatness come to all, only those endowed with great qualities can make anything of them! Even Shakespeare himself, one of the sublimest spirits named in the book of time, did not achieve contemporary greatness as greatness is generally interpreted. It was posterity that placed him on the pinnacle of fame. He attained a contemporary competency, not wealth. He was not

even created a laureate, or made a lord of Parliament. No American heiress fell to his share, and it is even hinted that, like the prophet, the poet was not quite appreciated *chez-lui*. Here are two grandly-gifted beings who failed to win *in their day* "The glory that was Greece, and the splendour that was Rome;" and perhaps the inference to be drawn is that contemporary greatness, though a grand guerdon, is not to be attained by the highest talent in all cases, but by certain combinations of qualities, allied to favouring circumstances; nor need these qualities be invariably of a good order. Did not Lady Macbeth twit her husband on having the deterring drawbacks of conscientious scruples that prevented him from taking the tide at its flood!

> "Thou would'st be great—
> Art not without ambition, but without
> *The illness* should attend it."

So here is some leaven of comfort and consolation for the livers of little lives, who have not been opportunists, or able to grasp the greatness that possibly seemed or really was within their reach, or made a seasonable friendship with the mammon of unrighteousness, the possession of which alone is a generally-accepted title of greatness, as well as a passport to power. Let me, therefore, without further preamble or protocol, introduce myself to the gentle and simple reader, should any be forthcoming, as one who never, or hardly ever, took fortune at the tide or learnt to spell opportunity properly, who drifted with the currents, and loafed away a lazy, little life. It will be

something new to see littleness in print, which generally seizes on greatness or goodness for its operations.

Well! about the year of our Lord 1830 I was born, according to family tradition and biblical register, at Sea Point, near Dublin, which was then innocent of many resources of civilization that not only condense time, but sometimes, as lately, cut you off from time altogether, seeing that railways were unknown in Ireland save in theory, that sewage gas was comparatively an ignored blood poisoner, and that mussels, if found, might be made a note of by incorporation without the prospect of sudden death and the pangs of poisoning. Of nurses and nurseries I forget everything. I believe infancy was mostly spent in England, and among my earliest real remembrances is life at a place called Newtown in the Co. Kilkenny, through which ran a trout and gudgeon-haunted river, yclept "the King's;" that there were woods that harboured a few woodcock in the winter, and "inches" or marshes where the scream of the startled snipe was a familiar sound.

It was my destiny to be the middle figure of three children—older than my sister, and younger than my brother, by two or three years. There were governesses in the land, a French lady, Mdlle. Le Page, who, for aught I know, might have been related to the great Parisian painter, whom I recollect to have resisted with tooth and nail; but I believe she was a thorough good soul, and beyond denouncing "ces affreuses colères," as she called my fits of persistent passion, I cannot recollect ever suffering much at her hands; and if I did not pay attention to her teachings, I imbibed

the accent and idiom of French as it is spoken at Paris: and though somewhat short of words, and weak in vocabulary, I find a few weeks in France makes me intelligible to the natives, and more or less at home in the language; though I have such a painful recollection of my shortcomings in the tongue of the Gaul when I endeavoured, long ago, by a letter to convince a charming French creole, who "had no English," of my devotion to her charms, that I ought not to say a word about the slender survival of the French tongue in my memory. Mlle. Le Page said one witty thing which years have not quite effaced from the mnemonic tablets. I fancy my mother was inculcating for our benefit the great profit of early hours, and recommending the curtailment of that needless quotidian devotion to pillows of down in the morning; she quoted George the Third's dictum about six hours sleep for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool, when the epigrammatic little lady retorted at once with "Mais çe George! il devint fou lui-même!" whether *post hoc* or *propter hoc* she never revealed her opinion. I feel sure I should have been a wiser man, and peradventure a better man, had my early and inveterate dislike to petticoat government permitted me to hearken to the teachings of the dear English lady whose painful task it was to instil knowledge into my numskull, and to order my goings out and comings in, terms of imprisonment, more or less prolonged, in my bedroom, were the sad sequences of daily disobedience, but this room was just above the porch of the house, and by opening the window you could let yourself on to the leaden roof of

the porch, and I recollect that on the occasion of something like a garden party (perhaps I am too "previous" in adopting the word "garden" party) I had some fine fishing from my coign of vantage, and hooked several hats, &c., with a trout-rod and casting line ere I was discovered and disgraced. Tutors were subsequently introduced to bring in something of the *fortiter in re*, but few of them proved of much good, and when the best and firmest of them got a curacy in the country I was packed off to live with him, and learn if I could and would. Alas! the will, at any rate, was wanting, and the curate—an impersonation of conscientious Christianity, with an immense parish to circumambulate daily—used to leave home at an early hour and never return till dinner time in the evening, when discovering that whatever else I had found to occupy my leisure time, lessons were not included in my disposition of the available hours, he used to ply cane and cutting whip liberally, but as he had no assistant in these extempore flagellations, the punishment was perfunctorily administered, as one can always run in and make a sort of wrestle of it; an exciting pastime that beguiled the sting of the lash or cane, and often tended to minimise or altogether avert it. But to return to Newtown and Kilkenny, let me state here that the reason why my father and mother pitched their tents in this fine old county—then at the very zenith of its social and venatic fame—was on account of the duresse of duty; not that my father had any property in the county—I believe he had not one acre, or, to speak vernacularly, "as much as would sod a

lark" therein; but he had a cure of souls (very few indeed) within its limits, and he was the agent of the Desart estate that belonged to his nephew (by marriage), and as Lord Desart was a minor, and his mother, who lived at Desart Court, a widow, it was thought advisable that the manager of the estate should live in its vicinity. The cure of souls was not a very engrossing occupation; the congregation, though larger than Dean Swift's average mid-day muster at Larracor, was mainly made up of the families of a few noblemen and gentlemen of the neighbourhood; and I can well recollect my father's rendering of the solemn service, *ore rotundo*, as he had been accustomed to hear it at Christ Church, Oxford, of which he was an alumnus, as was also his elder brother, Mr. W. Morris Reade, the squire of Rossenara, who represented the maiden City of Waterford for a session or two in the Conservative interest. I do not believe that my father was much of a dogmatic divine, or a zealot in what was then deemed orthodoxy—most liberal in his views and aims, a friend to the poor and destitute, generous, unselfish, and lovable — I fancy his view of the parson's vocation was widely different from those now entertained by Churchmen. The office of a bishop was then "a good thing" in the worldly sense of the term, and the spiritual sense was but dimly discerned by the majority. Livings were sought for because they represented a highly respectable and fairly-endowed mode of upper class life; and if the duties involved were not absolutely nominal, they were extremely light. I recollect my mother took great interest in her

school and scholars, which, whenever she could, she "personally conducted" and superintended; the clerk of the church being the schoolmaster—a dapper little man, whose name has escaped me. I have a lively recollection, however, of one of his sayings—my mother was asking him where a country tailor could be found to rig out the lads of the school, when the little man drew himself up to his full height of five feet five inches and said: "Fogarty made me, mam!" a pregnant sentence! for how many minor mortals are the creation of their tailors!

Let me mention that the parish was that of Burn (or Burnt) Church, whose subsequent incumbent was the well-known Dean Browne, the father of the present Lady Bolsover, and *par conséquence* the step-father of His Grace of Portland.

There was not, I think, at that time any great friction between Roman Catholics and professors of the Protestant cult, unless the latter were overtly and insultingly aggressive—(at any rate my father was the last man in the world to provoke controversial or polemical wrath)—though I rather think the days had long since passed when an Anglican rector or curate, desirous of making a fine congregational show, would dream of asking the priest of the parish to lend him his flock for such a gala occasion as an episcopal visitation! But, of course, the priest wielded then even greater power over the minds of the majority than he does at present, and I can well recollect one of the lads at the "denominational school" telling my mother how Father —— had summoned him to hold

his horse while he was paying a visit to the inmates of a cabin, and when he declined to do so, or made some excuse for non-compliance, his reverence threatened "To turn him into a goat." Whether the boy was actually menaced with this metamorphose or not I am unable to state; he may have romanced!

The tithe "war" was then the burning question in southern Ireland that led to sad losses of life, and several Pyrrhic victories gained by the recalcitrants only prolonged the agony of the situation. If I recollect right, one or two farmsteads had been successfully held against troops of the line, who were handicapped by want of numbers or want of ammunition, and in Kilkenny the spirit of resistance was very strong, general, and determined. A seizure of stock or farm produce by a rector in the southern part of the county was to be carried out on a certain day, and at a certain hour, and a strong body of constabulary, under an inspector (Gibbons, I think, was his name), was told off to protect the tithe proctors or bailiffs. The country where the seizure was to be made was one that lent itself in its configuration to the purposes of resistance and rebellion; for, wild and treeless, the fields intersected by a few ravines, were covered with cobble stones, as if some mighty flood had swept over the district and left the stone crop to mark its path. Into one of these defiles—a little Kilkenny Khyber Pass of its kind—the police posse and their inspector was inveigled, when large stones were hurled upon them by unseen hands, and nearly all were done to death or fearfully wounded. I can still recall the thrill of

horror which this massacre caused to vibrate through the county. Its daring was prodigious, it might or might not portend "a rising." However, no "rising" took place, and the atrocity led to the final settlement by Sir E. Smith Stanley (afterwards the Lord Derby of debating and statesmanlike fame) of the question, in which all the rights could hardly be claimed by the clergy, while the wrongs were palpable. My uncle, Squire Morris Reade, was living at that time at his place, Rossenara, some five or six miles distant from Carrickshock, the scene of the disaster. He, with his friend, Lord Desart (grandfather of the present peer), and, I think, Lord Ormonde, were among the very few county gentlemen who did *not* hunt in this hunting county. They preserved foxes, of course, and welcomed the chase within their borders, but they did not join it, and I should think the stable economy of the establishment at Rossenara was extremely faulty. However, the moment rumour brought the tidings to his ears he set off on horseback for the bloody battlefield, taking with him such means and appliances as came readily to hand, and did all that man could do to alleviate pain, and relieve the wounded, *ad interim*. He rode there alone, over a very wild country, and returned alone too, and unmolested by mortal. It was a brave deed of a very brave and humane man—acting magisterially, of course. Of my father's two other brothers, one, Richard, was a sailor in "the Queen's Navee." He married early, and of his sons, one, a sailor, died in the Black Sea, during the Crimean invasion; another got his troop in the Horse Artillery; a third became a colonel of Marines. Shap-

land Carew, the other, was, if I recollect right, a captain in the 43rd Light Infantry, and went through the retreat to Corunna; he left no family.

Newtown, as I think I mentioned just now, was only a few miles distant from Desart Court, where the Dowager Lady Desart resided with her daughter, Miss Price, by her second marriage, with Captain Rose Price, who was attached to the staff of his kinsman, Lord Talbot, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and who was honourably mentioned in Laureate Louth's metrical version of the great Billesdon-Coplow run! The Dowager Lady Desart, my mother's sister, was, in her looks and bearing, about the most thoroughbred woman I ever saw. I hardly think she would have made as gallant a fight for the rights of royalty as did the famous Countess of Derby, and other valiantly loyal ladies of the Stuart cycle, but a more stately gentlewoman, a more refined lady in mind, manners, and appearance, I never saw. Her son, the late earl, inherited her good looks and thoroughbred air of high caste; such as are rarely met with. Very tall and very slight of build, he was withal extremely graceful, and with a most winning countenance. At the time I am speaking of, I think he was at Christ Church, and I know that his interests formed the absorbing business of my father's life, for to these interests he was far more devoted than he was to his own. Like the Fellows of All Souls, Desart was *bene natus, bene vestitus,* and rather more than *mediocriter doctus,* for though he took no honours at Oxford, he had read steadily and discursively, though hunting much, and taking his part at the Bullingdon, and all the other

associations for promoting pleasant pastime and good fellowship at Alma Mater.

A good long minority had led to certain accumulations of ready money, which were, it was hoped, to lead to great results in Ireland, but, sad to say, a few nights' play in town dissipated most of these hoards, and a small property had to contend with such matter-of-course expenses as a yacht, a stud at Melton, and others suggested by a most hospitable heart and a lavishly liberal hand. Few men were ever much more thoroughly at home than Desart on hack or hunter, and wheels were then not nearly so much in vogue as now. For instance, Desart used to dine constantly at Newtown when he had no friends staying with him at the Court, or when he had not brought over a cook, and, so far as I can recollect, he always rode over in evening dress, with waterproof overalls to keep his trousers clean and dry.

Such rides seem curious in these days of cabs and broughams, but even the highest personages were far more in the saddle then than now; for instance, George the Third not infrequently rode up, we are told, from Windsor Castle to St. James's Palace, dressed, and held a levee there, transacted business, and rode back in the evening. I used to think Desart a most munificent *magnifico*, as he always gave the butler who handed him a light for his cigar a sovereign, whereas a shilling would have been the *largesse* of the ordinary mortal—but then Desart did things in a very princely style, on a revenue smaller than that of most princes.

For those who would wish to see a good likeness of Lord Desart, ere he became crippled and infirm from

illness, I would suggest an engraving of Grant's famous picture of the Meet of the Quorn, or some such title, in which three well-known Irishmen are admirably portrayed, namely, Henry, Marquis of Waterford, Lord Howth, and Lord Desart. Beautifully mounted always, Desart was quite a first class man to hounds in any county, for he held his own with the Kilkenny cracks, among the rotten banks and small ditches of the Kilmanagh and Pottlerath district, or over the walls of Freshford and Uppercourt, just as he did in the wider area of Leicestershire, where his cousin, Lord Clanricarde, shared with Lords Wilton and Gardner the honours of the first rank.

Kilkenny was then under the presidency of Sir John Power the second, whose father, Sir John the first, almost created the hunt. Any man imbued with filial piety might well have been proud of the creation—for Kilkenny and its club-house was not only the cynosure for the hunting men of Ireland, but attracted many vagrom venatics from the other side of the Channel, who hunted from the pure love of sport, rather than from slavish subservience to the fads of fashion. Kilkenny was then a Milesian Melton. Sneyd's claret flowed freely at the club-house, and at a score or two of hospitable county houses, and in the comparative obscurity of Kildare, Meath, Louth, and Dublin, Kilkenny claimed the supremacy of sport so far as the chase of the wild fox was concerned. It had a Croxton Park, too, at Jenkinstown, within a few miles of the marbled capital, where private races were held, and witnessed by guests from a private stand. In those

days the great Grasseries of Eastern Ireland were unknown, and the genius of Sam Reynell had not discovered and developed the hunting resources of the two Meaths—Eastern and Western—with which Kilkenny is hardly comparable. But a fine scenting medium and full of stout foxes, Kilkenny had a master who combined the courtesy of a well-bred gentleman, with the keenness and science of a Meynell, and who, long after he had retired from the active duties of mastership, gave the Buffs and Blues in the Beaufort county an example and pattern of the art of riding to hounds that are still recollected. Perhaps things were too well done, socially and venatically, in Kilkenny. I believe the hearts of the noblemen and squires of this sporting shire were larger than their purses; their standard was the very highest, and pace kills the pocket as well as the gallant hunter. It would be invidious, perhaps, to single out the special flyers in the field, but I believe that wherever these pioneers were, there, too, was a certain grey cob to be found, who probably had a large share of Arab blood in his veins, for Arabs had been pretty freely introduced into the country as sires some time previously. This cob was ridden by my brother, who, having been something of an invalid in his younger days, had had the pleasant prescription of horse exercise given him, and by all accounts he took his medicine very kindly. Certainly, I may say, with a very large experience of hunting men, distributed through many countries, that I never saw a bolder or straighter rider than this brother, though I have seen many better. He is now

a dispenser of legal lore as a judge, and has probably hardly been in the saddle for thirty years, but in those days of Consul Plancus, he was "a rum one to follow, a bad one to beat" over a country when hounds were running their best. In those days Shank's mare was my sole mount, and if ever I was perched on a horse it was only "to make sport for the Philistines," and somewhat in violation of what I considered due to the strong instinct of self-preservation. It seems curious now to think that hunting has, since those days, been banned in Kilkenny, for then it was the *primum mobile* among masses and classes, nor would it have been deemed strange for a plough-boy of the period, if the chase flitted past him, to unyoke his pair, jump on one of them, and follow the hounds for a short distance at any rate; for every horse of the county, whether cart horse or plougher, was a potential hunter, and ready to acknowledge "the concord of sweet sounds" given out by the canine chorus.

These observations apply, of course, solely to the modern system of subscription packs, in which the co-operative principle is recognised, as well as the validity of the claims for compensation, when damage has been done in the course of pursuit, or, indeed, in any way connected with the chase. A very different system obtained in earlier days in this very part of the country, where magnates went forth with hawks and hounds of every sort, accompanied by a prodigious posse of pursuit, and quartered themselves on the inhabitants of these particular hunting grounds, till they had well nigh exhausted them, after the accursed

fashion of "Coyne and Livery," a practice which an ancient writer declared to have emanated from the infernal regions, and which certainly was as great a plague as a flight of locusts.

Of this custom, originally Irish, as we are told by the careful chronicler, it is said that when the English had learned it, "they used it with more insolence, and made it more intolerable."

Of the enormous exactions made in the interests of sport, we may read in the "State Papers" how Pierce, Earl of Ormonde and Ossory, had a noble hunting establishment, maintained by his tenants and freeholders in Kilkenny and Tipperary. In 1525 the Earl of Kildare charged him with having "contynually taken coigne and liverey of all the King's subgiettes within the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary, not only for his horsemen, kerne, and gallowglass, but also for his masons, carpenters, taillours, being in his own werkes, and also for his sundry hunters, that is to saye, 24 personnes with 60 grehoundes, and houndes for dere hunting, a nother nomber of men and dogges for to hunt the hare, and a third nomber to hunt the martyn; all at the charges of the Kinge's subgiettes, mete, drinke, and money; the hole charges whereof surmountith 2,000 markes by yere."

Kilkenny has no doubt fallen from the high estate of the days I have referred to; but, though its gentry have become, for the most part, partial or absolute absentees, though the social brilliancy of life is but a memory, while the county-hounds no longer find the splendid following fields of former times, it is im-

possible not to be hopeful for the future of this fine county, whose capital was, in mediæval times, constantly the home of the Irish Parliaments, where, indeed, some of the most famous and epoch-making enactments were passed, where the last Passion Plays were performed in Ireland (Brown — Biliosus Brown —Bishop of Ossory and Ferns, played, or rather personated, the Creator Mundi), and where amateur theatricals (*duce* Miss O'Neill, afterwards Lady Beecher) were performed in a style unknown in Ireland previously; as in the past it can boast of—

"Land without bog,
Air without fog,
Coal without smoke,
And streets paved with marble."

It has been the birthplace and nurse of many distinguished men "in arms, in arts and song." The great Duke of Ormonde was a Kilkenny man, and the Castle of Kilkenny, the home of the Butlers, is full of historic associations. The Cathedral of St. Canice lost some of "its carved work" when the iconoclastic Cromwellians stabled their cavalry within its storied aisles, and, hating a "dim religious light," which they associated with prelacy and papacy, smashed the stained glass within it, but it is a splendid pantheon of county greatness. Above all this county claims for its denizens a splendid peasantry, strong, hardy, and intelligent, whose men then wore knee breeches and long stockings (sometimes with gaiters), while the women had smart blue cloth cloaks with hoods for a distinctive costume. With such a soil and such occupiers, Kilkenny only

wants rest and a surcease of agitation for a lease of prosperity.

Harking back to the succession of tutors who informed the young minds of myself and my brother, one of them rejoiced in the well-known literary name of Samuel Carter Hall, who may or may not have been the subsequent husband and collaborateur of Mrs. S. C. Hall, and with her illustrated the scenery of Ireland so graphically with pen and pencil; but if I am correct in thinking that our tutor in process of time achieved his part in such literary eminence—at the time I write of the indicia of "the triumph yet to come" were not much in evidence, or only dimly discernible by advanced intellects—to us boys he seemed a military man *manqué*, who was always fretting against the order of things that consigned his smartness and *esprit militaire* to the drudgery of the desk, for his father, he often told us, was a colonel in the service, and one of some fame and distinction. One day we lads heard some voices pitched in a rather high key in the dining-room, and the words that were most often repeated were: "I tell you what, sir, only for your cloth I'd challenge you." I believe the social crime imputed to my reverend father was the neglect of not introducing him at once to Mrs. Morris Reade, who was a county beauty, she had been a Miss Maitland. Needless to say that after this episode, we lost the valuable services of Mr. S. C. Hall as our guide, philosopher, and friend.

I alluded just now to my father's large toleration of mind and breadth of view in matters of cult and creed. These qualifications—though part of Christianity itself

one would imagine, and inseparable from it—did not find favour in Ireland at that time, where Protestant ascendancy was the *raison d'être* of the authorities in Church and State, and the breath of life to the bishops on the bench, who, if liberal in their private capacities, could hardly be so officially or dogmatically; but my father's Liberalism was recognised by George Canning, who promised him preferment ("litera scripta manet"), but a premature death prevented the fulfilment of his wishes. I may state here parenthetically that in those days a parson of Liberal views was a very rare bird in Ireland, and rather looked on askancely by his cloth, whose rampant Protestantism was the burden and legend of their phylacteries, and led them, not to see the great good of Roman Catholicism, even if disfigured by blemishes and blots, but to inveigh against its errors like so many prophets of the Hebrew dispensation, fulminating against the votaries of Baal or Dagon.

I would here, too, record another trait of the manliness of mind and spirit of Mr. Wm. Morris Reade, of Rossenara. He, too, like my father, was most liberal in head, hand, and heart, but he was a Conservative of the Conservatives (no Orangeman, however), and was most outspoken in maintaining his views of the political *τὸ καλόν*. For some reason or another he was put under a ban (the word boycott was then unknown), and when his first-born baby died, he found it necessary to put the child in a coffin and ride with the remains on his saddle to the nearest cemetery where a peaceful interment was assured. This anecdote shows that the

comparatively recent "boycotters"—in their crusade against the dead as well as the living—were not absolutely original, though they systematised the fiendish and unhallowed vendetta.

It was in Kilkenny, too, that the following remarkable occurrence took place, and I believe at somewhere about the time to which these reminiscences refer, an obnoxious gentleman, by profession a land agent, was returning in the dark one evening, when the contents of a blunderbuss or shot gun whizzed by him, without inflicting any injury. The gentleman thus saluted by slugs and Thugs, pushed on to the nearest police station, and told his tale to the sergeant in charge, indicating the ambush of the unfortunate marksman so well that the constables hit it off directly, and then found that the gun or blunderbuss had burst near the breach and torn off the owner's finger. Picking up the divorced digit, they searched the district, and found *a* man who had just lost one. The assizes were near, and the man minus the digit was tried for the attempt to murder, but acquitted by a jury of his fellow-countrymen (unpacked presumably). "What's to be done with the finger?" (which it is to be hoped the constabulary had duly pickled and preserved), quoth the officer of the court to the learned judge, who sardonically replied: "Why, give it to the owner of it, of course!" thus showing his appreciation of the verdict.

CHAPTER II.

"And dear the school-boy spot
Which we remember well, tho' there we are forgot."
Byron.

"In Troy there lies the scene," says the immortal Shakespeare, we may parody him and tell the reader that in the King's County now lies our scene transferred thereto from Kilkenny. It is the boast of the latter county that no sign of bog is to be seen within its broad borders. In the King's County it is exactly the reverse, for bog, called generically "the Bog of Allen," is the *pièce de résistance*, sound land the *entrées* and *hors d'œuvres*. I am not sure that there is not something highly respectable in bog-land. We call a man with wealth, but without ancestry, a *parvenu* or *nouveau riche*, his place will probably, unless acquired by purchase, have no wealth of old timber in its park or woodland, and bog represents even a greater antiquity than the most venerable of oaks, elms, or beeches, while the huge skeletons of the Irish elk, found in its antiseptic embrace, tell of prehistoric faunæ and feræ, among which roamed the *Megaceros Hibernicus*, hunted and shot perhaps by Firlborgs, Tuatha da Danaans, and such early worthies, for we find no mention of this muckle beast in the table of Fin ma Coul's beasts of venerie. The move from the southern shire to these midland marches was, I believe, dictated by family

considerations, to which I must refer briefly in the way of explanation. "Faly" or Offaly once marked a district that stretched away and included part of Kildare, part of the Queen's County, together with a selvage of Westmeath. It was the historic home of the O'Connor Faly family, who for centuries offered a most stubborn and determined resistance to the English invaders and fought out the battle to the bitter end, latterly in alliance with that arch rebel (really a despoiled native chieftain) Rory O'More, till Lord Leonard Grey and one or two of Elizabeth's stoutest deputies adopted the famine forcing policy of setting fire to the crops year after year, and drove a dwindled but courageous clan into inaccessible bogs and morasses, and rewarded their ravenous retainers with the land of the subdued sept. It was a case of "Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!" for the proximity of "the Pale" made the O'Connors a much easier prey from the start than the O'Neill's and several other warlike Ulster septs, who though nominally subdued by de Courcy and Almeric St. Lawrence, and put under the titular sway of the Earls of Ulster—the de Burghs—really retained all their lands and power till a very late period, finding stout allies in the Scots, who really for several centuries were perfectly at home in most parts of Ulster. How the O'Connors retained any vestige of their old lands, tenements, and hereditaments I know not; perhaps intermarriage with some of the Pale people, such as the Fitzgeralds, aided them in saving something from the wreck. But at the beginning of the present century, my grandfather, Mr. Maurice

Nugent O'Connor, of Mount Pleasant or Gartnamona, in the King's County, had what was considered in those days a fair if small estate in the King's County, and a much better one in the Co. Roscommon. Lyon's admirable book about Westmeath and its grand juries names him as having filled the office of High Sheriff in the Co. Westmeath, but I never could ascertain that he had any property in that county. He had no sons, but four daughters, one of whom became Countess of Desart, and she was endowed as an eldest son. Julia and Mary were twins, and the latter married Hugh Morgan Tuite, of Sonna, long member for Westmeath (his election was about the most expensive ever fought out in Ireland by all accounts). Julia remained a spinster, while the youngest married my father, the Rev. Benjamin Morris, who thus acquired some share of the King's County property—a *damnosa hereditas* of rather poor land. He, by a family pact, I believe, gained the shares of the other daughters. There was a good substantial manor house on the property, built, I believe, on the foundations of *the*, or one of the, family fortalices—an undulating park—with a lake of about a mile in extent, and some sheltering woods; and as property involves, or ought to involve, in Ireland personal inspection and supervision, a migration was made *en masse* to this King's County home, where, at any rate, there was nothing to pay in the shape of rent.

I cannot say how long the house had been built, but in the days when it was raised and roofed, work was not scamped by clever contractors, but faithfully finished. Hence, when we entered it to take posses-

sion, there was not a vestige of damp perceptible, and the paper on the walls looked as fresh as if only a year on, and the gilding of the cornices was equally well preserved. I mention this to prove that the climate of Ireland is sometimes unduly vilified, for, so far as I can learn, fires were never kept up during the winter while the house was untenanted, nor were the walls even "studded."

"*Mea paupera regna!*" might my poor father have exclaimed when he surveyed his King's County domain and property, for, compared with the really rich districts of Ireland, perhaps the best pasture land in the world, there was not a good acre in the lot, that is to say, there was no "*finishing*" land in it, and that one word means everything, and marks the difference between England and Ireland: for the former country has hardly any finishing land or grass that without extraneous aid will fully fatten a bullock or heifer for the market. However, there was a vast field for improvements, and my father doted on *improving*. He had already made good land of some of Desart by the aid of Smith of Deanstone's processes, and he proceeded to improve Gartnamona, some of it very wisely, other portions with less success. For instance, all his attempts to annex the lake shore for osieries, &c., proved unavailing; but by employing hundreds of workmen he certainly managed to create some fair farms, though at considerable expense, which poor land does not always repay. Some idea of the tasks he set himself may be gained when I mention that besides his clerical functions (he was now a rector), he held the agency of

the Desart Estate, was a magistrate in three counties, and that he was not without zeal and earnestness in the cause of sacred charity is shown by the fact of his having been presented with the freedom of a town in a silver box, for his exertions among the inhabitants during an outbreak of cholera. Nor were many of these townsfolk of his own creed.

It was wearying work, the constant posting backwards and forwards, and in the end his health gave way. Nor was it without its anxieties, for, with a majority of good tenants, there were a few black sheep on the King's County property whose cue was to exhaust the land ere they could be evicted, scourging it by raising corn crops year after year, and burning the turf surface for manure if they wanted potatoes, and did not care about the trouble of collecting dung. Talk about *prairie value!* why, land returned in such condition was infinitely below any prairie value! My father's idea was to assist any tenant to emigrate who failed to do any good with his farm, and such a course is the true kindness under such circumstances; but it is not always quite appreciated at the time, and threatening letters with deaths' heads, coffins, and other *memento moris* were occasionally found on or under the hall door before breakfast time; but no attack was ever made upon him though he travelled over many thousand miles of lonely road. Long afterwards, when, in the course of events, the property fell into my sister's hands, an effort to intimidate her was tried by posting a clumsy picture of these emblems of mortality on one of the entrance gates; but my sister riposted (and she was a

clever draughtswoman) by hanging a companion picture of a knave swinging on a gallows; and I believe the ready wit of the reply disarmed the aggressor.

A pretty healthy park was that of Gartnamona or Mount Pleasant, a title given it by an ancestor who had, in his day, been seized of two of the three hills on which sit and hang the many hundreds of smart villas that comprise Tunbridge Wells. This was the ancestor who married Lady Mary Plunkett. On the opposite side of the lake I have alluded to, was the pleasant park of Pallas—at that time in possession of a cousin—Mrs. O'Connor Malone, of Baronston, in the neighbouring county of Western Meath; it had its mansion on a pleasant elevation above the lake, and this property my father leased from the proprietress by way of making the Mount Pleasant demesne complete.

To the westward was a huge field or sheepwalk called Ballygrannel, on which a horse might be trained for almost any engagement, so undulating was its contour, so springy its light turf, and, as a mere matter-of-fact, on this same area not a few of the best horses in Ireland of their day, such as "Bob Booty" (to whose loins many of our modern winners strain back), did their exercise gallops; for in my grandfather's time, Mr. Bowes Daly, uncle of the present Lord Dunsandle, and one of the Prince Regent's "pals," used to visit constantly at Gartnamona, and as racing was his favourite pastime, he was very glad of good galloping ground, such as this, to keep his horses in form, as they journeyed from Galway to the racing grounds of Kildare and the Queen's County.

The lake between Pallas and Gartnamona, full of fish, was also haunted by myriads of ducks, teal, widgeon, grebe, and such other migratory water-birds as winter brings in its train; but though often fired at, few, comparatively, were picked up, as though there were islands in which to ambush, after the first shot or two these wise birds soared high into the empyrean, and mocked our pop-gun play. In late August and September, however, the flappers rising out of a sedgy selvage were very numerous and indiscreet in their distance measuring, and in mid October and November, for a few weeks, these sedgy shores teemed with snipe, who always disappeared later in the winter. But the distant has always somehow attractions for boys, and we constantly (my brother and myself) made excursions to remote bogs, where we got lots of walking, a few shots at snipe or duck, and the tantalising prospect, occasionally, of wild geese, always apparently about fifty or sixty yards beyond green cartridge range. Some of these wild bog ranges had rather an evil *renommée*, and we were cautioned *not* to fire off second barrels, no matter how tempting the chance, when the "bog-bhoys" did us the honour of accompanying us. But as we never met anything in our travels but uniform kindness from the natives, peradventure their gun-hunger was exaggerated.

And what good fellows one met among the peasantry on every side. There was no assistance they would not give you free gratis for nothing, just to see a bit of sport; and how kind in their criticisms when miss succeeded miss, and how very prompt the decision that

the shot-whole bird "had got a grain." There were grouse galore on some of these bogs and morasses, but after a few days the packs became wild as hawks, though an old cock bird could be picked up occasionally on their edges, more especially if some flax pods were to be found there.

It was a curious, unneighbourly sort of life we led at Gartnamona. The nearest town, Tullamore, was some five miles distant, and only two or three families were within walking or driving distance. One of these families was that of General Dunne, of Brittas; they lived on the slopes of the Slieve Bloom Range, and had miles and miles of mountain, which, as fairly well preserved, was well stocked with game. The eldest son, Frank, long represented the Queen's County. He, too, became General Dunne in his turn, and was a cultured and agreeable man. The sons of the family generally ranged between six and seven feet, with corresponding breadth; indeed, the most muscular looking Christian, I think, I ever saw, was the Rev. Robert Dunne, the cleric of the family.

Mrs. O'Connor Malone left a considerable fortune to one of the brothers—Charles. All the brothers were remarkable for sporting proclivities—shooting and fishing in particular.

Latterly, in and around Gartnamona itself, partridges multiplied greatly, and twenty brace a day is no bad record for Ireland; but had the birds received adequate protection and preservation there might have been very fine shooting indeed in the district, for though corn did not greatly abound in the neighbourhood, it was fine

feeding and breeding ground, with plenty of sand and covert everywhere, and the prairie hens in America managed to live and thrive wonderfully before the settlers gave them a grain diet.

In one direction we had a sort of confidential guide, philosopher, and friend, who knew every yard of the country, and the habitat of most birds. This man we looked on as something of a hero, and so, perhaps, will our readers, when we have told his tale. He lived on the verge of a rough, wild country, peopled by lawless men, who, I fancy, were in many cases "Society" men, or members of those secret associations which their own Church denounces so strongly. How our friend had offended these *Vehmgericht* people I know not, but he *had* somehow, and he was visited with exemplary punishment.

One night a knock, a peculiar one, probably, came to his cabin door; he answered it himself, and saw that the apparitors had come. His wife, a woman of rather superior birth to his own, was in bed awaiting her confinement, so he simply went with the executioners, and submitted to his punishment, without noise, struggle, or cry; and this punishment was "carding," or driving one of the spiked and stiff-wired instruments used in carding or combing wool, into his back, with a mallet, and then forcing it down along the spine. The practice was resorted to occasionally during the decade or more of League ascendency—but, I believe, very rarely. The knout of the Tartar is hardly more terrible.

In all our walks abroad we were accompanied by red or red and white setters, of a breed which my grandfather

Mr. Maurice Nugent O'Connor had brought to such perfection, that "the O'Connor setters" had, in those days, a world-wide reputation. After his death the breed dwindled a bit from neglect, but to resuscitate it we managed to get a sire from the Minister at Copenhagen, who, a good sportsman, had inherited some of the O'Connor setters from his father, and taken them with him to Denmark. These dogs were famous for two things—pace and endurance. They were very high couraged, apt to be extremely wild, jealous, and sometimes indocile; but when you got a good one, well broken, he *was* a treasure, and capable of knocking up any number of ordinary dogs on mountain or moor.

They had strong idiosyncrasies, and one of their peculiarities was that if they found you the birds, and you missed them time after time, they were apt (after a few seasons) to get disgusted, and return home.

I see, every now and then, some highly decorated red setters, with fine shapes and furnishings, but I cannot think that many of them are quite of the same family as those friends of my youth.

I find, however, that I have considerably overrun the line, and the only thing to do is to hark back a bit to the school tide of life, from these holiday scenes. My school tide was spent in Worcestershire, whither I was sent, *ætat.* thirteen; governesses and governors, in the shape of private tutors, having been found inefficient instruments to convey the rudiments of learning (as laid down for ingenuous youth) into a thick head, and to subdue a somewhat stubborn will. I believe, the fact of the case was, that I felt I was rather heavily

handicapped in the race of learning, my brother and sister being much more wax-like to receive, and marmorean to retain, the elements of knowledge, and none of these Orbilii or Orbiliæ condescended to follow the example of Horace's tutor—

> "Ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi
> Doctores elementa velint ut discere prima."

I recollect a connection, Lord James Brown, took charge of me as far as Dublin or Liverpool, and thence I was escorted as far as Birmingham by my uncle, Mr. Hugh Morgan Tuite, who, if I mistake not, was on his way to the House of Commons.

Travelling in those days was not the A B C business that it is now. There was steam, such as it was, between some ports of England and Ireland, but trains were rather few and far between, and well I remember how, when we got to Birmingham on a Sunday afternoon, there was no steam conveyance to Bromsgrove, my destination, and as the distance was, I think, more than fifteen miles, my uncle, who, by the way, was also my godfather, packed me off in a fly to Bromsgrove—he, as a master of hounds, thinking nothing of the distance, nor of the Sabbatical sacrilege of the act. I cannot say that it weighed on my young conscience much either; but what was a burden far more grievous to be borne was the unpleasant consciousness that the pound or two of fly money (including the coachman and his refreshments *obiter*) must involve a considerable curtailment of my pocket-money for the coming half. I soon learnt, however, that such

an advent to the realms of learning was anything but acceptable to the powers in possession of the pedagogal Parnassus, and the wickedness of the arrangement was duly impressed on my young mind; but as I was a thrall in the hands of a Gallio-like uncle, my peace was soon made.

Bromsgrove Grammar School, a red-brick building with a few old elm trees about it was one of King Edward the Sixth's foundations; like the larger and more famous one at Birmingham, where the rise in rents, I presume, added considerably to the status of that educational mill.

I think that at Bromsgrove the boarders numbered about sixty or seventy at that time, while there were some couple of dozen day boys, who did not tread, like us, in Pierian paths, but picked up the three R's under the special care of a special master. So far as I know, the whole institution was planted and endowed for these local learners; but we had not digested the lessons in *meum* and *tuum*, which a subsequently appointed Charity Commission expounded to the nation and its universities; and "the middle wall of partition" that St. Paul speaks of as once separating Jews from Gentiles—circumcision from uncircumcision, fended off the boarders from the day boys; the classical catechumen from the mere arithmeticians. The headmaster, Mr. Jacob, was a most Saturnine looking man, of atrabilious complexion and swarthy hue, but with, I believe, a very kind, even tender heart; and as I experienced uniform kindness at his hands, I am bound to laud him accordingly. The vigour of his right arm,

in the swishing department, had been severely commented on in some local papers, just before my arrival, and I believe that, whether *post hoc* or *propter hoc*, a milder *régime* was instituted from that time forth. Many of the boys given to transgress frequently might have taken up their parable with the English statesman, and thanked heaven that they had a free Press, as he did for the existence of a House of Lords.

There was a Mrs. Jacob, whose ample form and handsome features were duly noted and admired by the seniors of the school, but this kind of idea had not entered into the imaginations of the lower forms. So far as I can recollect there was a master for writing and arithmetic, whom we awed into absolute neglect of his duties to-usward, a couple of minor classical masters, one of whom might have almost sat for Smike, and Mr. Jacob taught the upper school, sublimely severe in cap and gown. The upper boys, some of whom had all but reached man's estate, stayed on at the school, attracted by the chance of competing for some scholarships at Worcester College, Oxon, where, *cæteris paribus*, a Bromsgrove boy would get a preference; they took little notice of the lower lads save in the way of kicks and boxes on the ears. They spent their lives and literary leisure in "studies," and we only saw them in the school-hall or at cricket. The commissariat was not good—supplies of sugar in tins were given to us once or twice week, and by the end of the seventh day there was generally a residuum of molasses—slices of bread and butter were given out every two days, I think, and I have often seen a blue

mouldy sort of fungus spread over the ration which had to be toasted to be made eatable. I think our dinners were fair and wholesome, and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob presided at the long tables.

I am not judge enough to know whether Mr. Jacob was a very good scholar or not. I know he was accurate and painstaking, and had a good ear for rhythm. He was the author of a Latin Grammar, which I presume was derived from German sources ; there were forms, roots and crude-forms ; but I fancy the scheme was rather beyond school-boy form, and to this day I am in profound ignorance of its merits or demerits. He did not make it a *pièce de résistance*, but rather a *hors d'œuvre*. Mr. Jacob became, subsequently, master of Christ's Hospital, and how he got on among its "Grecians" I know not. But to show how even an exact scholar, which he certainly was, can occasionally blunder, I may mention that on one occasion he was invited to preach at, I think, St. Mary's, Oxon, when wishing to show how wrong hot-headed zealots may be in their fervour, he took as his text the passage in the Acts of the Apostles, "And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God," making the executioners of the proto-martyr the invokers of the Deity—whereas a reference to the Greek Testament shows that "calling upon God" refers to the stoned and saintly deacon.

We had a curious custom at Bromsgrove. A few weeks before the summer breaking up, the draughtsmen among the boys had free leave and licence to make any drawings they pleased in pencil or burnt wood

(carbon) upon the walls of the school-hall, or dining-room, and caricature of the authorities had the very freeest scope. One of the upper boys—Blaney Wright, clever in many ways—had a fine free hand in drawing, and he used to leave his work on all the walls—one of these canvases (only they were not canvases) represented Mr. Jacob flogging a boy to his heart's content, with the inscription above it—

"Nec torpere gravi passus sua regna veterno."

I suppose I was making progress, for in due time I was shoved into the fifth form, and came more immediately under the control of Mr. Jacob. Studies were then accessible to us who had long been left "outsiders," and I can certainly aver that we devoted them to multifarious studies and experiments, while their lockers were full of heterogeneous spoil, besides coal. If we wanted garments from the tailor of the place, we put the articles required down on a piece of paper or card, which the master duly signed, but he had no idea that "a jacket" meant a shooting jacket, with *hare pockets*, into which if hares were not stowed, other "fowls" were; for a walking-stick gun is easily stowed away, and all birds were game that could be got at without danger. A couple of crows were brought in one day, and I can only say that skinned and roasted in a Dutch oven with esurient sauce, they were not *too bad* (for boys). I think it was prior to getting into the fifth form that I was rigged out from home in a way that I think merits commemoration here. Drill trowsers and vest were our general wear in the summer

and autumn, and some flax had been grown at Gartnamona as an experiment. A certain quantity of this was forthwith scutched by hand and woven into capital trowser stuff by people about the place; while a local tailor built the continuations which were very effective. I don't think the same thing could be done in many parts of modern Ireland just now. As an illustration of the extraordinary ignorance of Ireland and the Irish that obtained a few decades ago in England, even among better class people, I may mention that very shortly after my arrival at Bromsgrove, a friendly youth, from Devonshire, asked me, *confidentially*, and in no captious or arrogant spirit, whether we Irish did not generally live with our pigs? Now the most grossly ignorant of the English would hardly stultify themselves by such a question. A Member of Parliament, and a man of very considerable culture, told me that when he went to Oxford there was an idea current that Irishmen, if tailless, had the germ of one at the end of their spines; proving Darwin's theory as to the Simian ancestry of men in advance, for it is needless to say Darwin's doctrines were then unknown and unread for the same reason that the Spanish fleet had NOT been seen, "because it was not in sight."

When Mr. Jacob was promoted to Christ's Hospital, his successor appeared in the Rev. J. D. Collis, a Fellow of Worcester College, (and a good looking fellow too). He at once made a great improvement in our rations—thereby, peradventure, robbing cook or tuck shop in the town kept by a good soul, Mrs. Cooke, of many a shilling. I think he introduced or strength-

ened the Monitorial system which invested the upper boys with almost despotic power. I recollect one of the lads, who was as big as a lifeguardsman (he went into the Life Guards afterwards, and served on the Staff in the Crimea) had to be hauled up before me for something or other; he could have eaten me without salt, but, so far as I can recollect, he respected authority and obeyed—not that I was particularly puny, for I recollect well that in running, jumping, and cricket, I could hold my own. I bowled for the school, and was the actual, if not the titular, captain at cricket. *A propos* of jumping, my habit of jumping gates brought me to signal grief once. The Provost of Worcester, and one or two Fellows were coming down, we heard, the next day to examine for a scholarship at Worcester College, on Sir Thomas Cookes' foundation. The Cookes family were a very ancient *gens* in Worcestershire. How they lost their lands I know not, whether in the wars of the Commonwealth, or by county extravagance, but they had done a good work in endowing Worcester, their county college, with a certain number of scholarships and fellowships, and naturally "founders kin" was always respected by the examiners, and so one of my predecessors at the school, Thomas Horace Cookes, now a grave and reverend rector, near Heythrop, was wearing a scholar's gown at Worcester then (his family and mine have since become connected by marriage). A great authority has told us that even Phœbus Apollo does not always keep his bow full strung, I and another boy thought that the opportunity of unbending our bows prior to this "exam." was not

to be lost, so we got horses from some livery stable in the town, and rode over to a village some eight or ten miles distant; dismounting at the inn, we ordered some light refreshments for the good of the house (and our own too), and while the repast was preparing we strolled out for a walk. A gate tempted me (as I think I jumped nearly all I met in my walks), but whether it was higher than usual, or that I funked in mid-air, which is highly probable, certain it is that I placed my foot on the top bar, which swung open, and putting out my wrist to save myself, I broke it. When we got back to Bromsgrove, the dons had arrived, I believe, but somebody had spirited away our medico, an old Galen who wore knee-breeches and gaiters, and had great faith in emetics, and for that night, I think, my wrist remained unset, of course. When he came in the morning the swelling baffled him, and I believe the right course to have adopted by-and-bye would have been to have had the wrist rebroken and properly set by an artist. This was not done, and my left arm has been rather weak and worthless ever since. I think it was the same boy with whom I made this ill-starred expedition that was taking a long country walk with me one day when we came on a crowd watching a prize fight. The boxers were exhausted, and pretty well punished; the sight seemed to us disgusting, and we put an end to it by clubbing what money we could muster. The combatants did NOT curse us. In the morning came the commencement of the "exam.," which lasted for a couple of days; paper work and *vivâ voce*. I believe my papers and answers were quite

as good as the successful candidates, but whether it was my youth that was inimical to me, or that there were some other extraneous circumstances that told in his favour, certain it is that *he* got the prize and *I* did *not;* but I was comforted by the assurance that an open scholarship at Worcester would probably be competed for within a few weeks or days, and that I might try my luck there. The sequel will show that I took the hint—and the prize too. At this first examination I recollect being asked by one of the Dons how Horace in his odes revealed his sense of a future life. I fancied I knew these odes fairly well. I recollected how wine and beauty, Lalage and liquor, had been sung over and over again by him. How he loved his farm and its frugalities; how he toadied his Mæcenas; but I could not, for the life of me, give a suitable reply till reminded by the querist of the two lines—

"Pars melior mei
Vitabit Libitinam."

A propos of prize fights, I recollect a tremendous combat at school between the English champion and the Irish; the latter was considerably older, I think, and perhaps, more gifted mentally than the former, but he was also pretty plucky. He had offended the upper school mortally, and showed a talent for organization against them worthy of a general. The English champion was a very harmless, good fellow, and an instrument in the hands of the seniors. They fought a few rounds behind the studies,—"Vulgi stante coronâ," to be classical—both were punished considerably, when

the authorities came on the scene, and terminated the bloody battle—a *combat de géants.* Both are now, I believe, divines, and one has preached eloquent sermons—perhaps both have—but the Irishman had an organising faculty that would have made him a great leader of party or faction.

There were a few rather smart scholars among our upper ten. Robert Peel Yates, was of the great Premier's family; a very good-looking young fellow, but, unfortunately epileptic in habit, and one of these fits was, it is thought, the cause of his death, when he was rowing on a loch in Ireland, after leaving school. He was rather imperious but was not disliked in consequence. I think he could turn out a very fair copy of hexameters, and one which he read out on speech day when the prizes were distributed, and the bishop of the diocese and other big wigs attended, still lingers imperfectly in my memory. The subject was Darius of Persia; it commences thus,—"Copia nummorum vel aviti gloria regni." Smith (of Yorkshire) was another good scholar; but a very delicate boy, George Hastings—erst a shining light in the social science galaxy—could give pounds, if not stones, to all the rest of the competitors for Parnassian wreaths—at any rate he could in the matter of English verses. One of his prize compositions, on the subject of the S.S. "President," that foundered at sea, with all hands and passengers, was a really graceful poem, full of good taste and pathos. One of the theories about this ill-starred

* George Woodyatt Hastings has had a grievous fall since these paragraphs were penned.

vessel was that it had got imbedded somehow among floes of floating ice, to which he thus alluded (I am quoting from memory and perhaps incorrectly):—

> "More dread, perchance, more terrible their doom!
> Cased like the insect in a self-made tomb!
> Frozen to statue forms, whilst round them grows
> A hoary mantle of perennial snows."

I recollect I won one of these prizes in my turn, but I am sufficiently sane and free from vanity to know that there was not one single touch of true poetic feeling in the lot of verses that were mere tinkling cymbals and sounding brass. How little poetry is there in reams of what goes by that name!

I forget entirely how time flew, or crawled, between the examination at Bromsgrove, for the scholarship on Sir Thomas Cookes' foundation, and my departure for Oxford, to try for the more open prize. I think the journey was done by coach, but I have a distinct recollection of being met by my brother, who was then a scholar of Oriel, and who showed fraternal hospitality by inviting me to a supper party in somebody's rooms at Oriel; where I dined, or whether I dined at all I forget entirely. My arm was still slung up, and my first impression of scholastic Oxford was a room full of clouds of tobacco smoke, and good fellows, and of great silver tankards circulating about freely, full of curious concoctions, that had a winning fragrance about them. The conversation might have been carried on in Greek, Hebrew, or Arabic, so utterly unintelligible was it to me. A tangle of names, places, and things I had never heard of, so I listened and imbibed conversation and

cider-cup, and the latter seemed to me to be the best of the two by far. Cider cup! One had drunk cider galore and eke perry in one's peregrinations through Worcestershire; and "cup" one understood to be tempered with water. If it was, I fancy curaçoa was even a mightier and more liberal leaven. But I got to my lodgings somehow, and must have slept the sleep of the just and healthy, for in the morning there was very little curaçoa or cider cup on the brain or tongue, and the chief thirst was the thirst for knowledge and distinction! Two days' examination passed by busily, and on the third, of the two vacancies I recollect that I filled one.

"At Oxford a freshman so modest."

Who does not know the ditty? So here I was in the Groves of Academe *ætat. circiter* 16. So far as I can remember, part of the rest of that day of rapture and triumph was spent in subscribing to the Thirty-nine Articles (like Theodore Hook, I hardly think that forty would have stopped me), and abjuring Pretenders *et hoc genus omne*, who might upset the constitution of Church and State (of course, that constitution seemed to me just then perfect!) Then across the water to Paddy-land and its pleasures—no heed, whatever, being given to the sage counsels of my late master, Mr. Collis, to come and read with him at Bromsgrove, prior to going into residence—one had done something, and passed *per saltum* (or *per* exam.) from the *status pupillaris* to man's estate. My father and mother were very pleased, but far too indulgent, and as Scott wrote "'twas idlesse all," just when one should have been learning, or, at

any rate, keeping up habits of discipline and reading. It was always in my father's head that I should follow in his steps and surplice. He bought me the reversion to a living, or the advowson, to speak more correctly; but I never looked upon orders as a form of office—a department in the State routine—but something far higher and holier, for which I knew and felt myself unfit and unworthy. Boys are often far better and purer minded in these sort of questions than at a later period of their lives, when worldly wisdom has inoculated them, and deadened their sensibilities. I forget my *entrée* into the arms of my *alma mater*, but I think that the city of spires was approached by coach from Cheltenham, as there was no rail direct to it, I think, from any point on the North Western system; at any rate, I got into residence in the newer buildings of Worcester College, not in those quainter ones of the ancient Gloucester Hall; nor, so far as my memory carries me, had I the onus of selecting pictures and furniture for my rooms at that time thrown upon me, as I was lodged temporarily in some other man's rooms, or for the term, till I could get permanent quarters. Worcester College, though out of the way, inspiring the common Joe Millerish platitudes about guides and post-horses, has some very good bits about it, especially the gardens, which are beautiful, a pond, too, gave one an early swim in spring, and skating in winter occasionally. The sense of being an ignorant freshman, inexcult boyish and boobyish, is a useful one, and makes one observant and reticent, especially at those solemnly foolish farces yclept "wines," when the seniors do "the

talkee talkee," and the freshmen sip in silence the *vins très capiteux* for which they have paid, or promised to pay, extravagant prices. I think my intentions as to life and study were at that time honourable and good. I may have been a little lax in morning chapels, but, at any rate, at first, there was no great cause of complaint. Lectures? yes! I attended a certain number, but I do not think I carried away many ideas therefrom. To get good from a lecture, it must be well prepared at home first, and, sooth to say, the lectures were neither very invigorating pabulum, or even edifying. Philosophy! Of course, it sounds grand to be a philosopher or a lover of knowledge, but Aristotle was the philosopher *par excellence* of Oxford, and at Worcester Mr. Greswell was his expounder and interpreter—a good, simple man, and very learned withal (his brother was better known than he was as the author of the "Harmony of the Gospels," a work, I believe, indicating much learning and ability), he was utterly unfit to lecture men or perhaps mannikins! He had a strong Yorkshire burr, looked like an ideal Vicar of Wakefield, and had as much knowledge of men and the world as a poodle dog, probably less. I recollect *we* (*nous autres*) read novels, or something of the sort, during the painful hour of philosophic culture and exposition, and once when desired to "go on," I had to cut the pages of my maiden Greek volume ere the place could be found, an offence and indignity combined for which the good man ordered my name to be "crossed at the buttery" for some time; this means simple starvation if carried out literally, but practically no

one starves. Of course, we went to lectures in caps and gowns, but one genius for practical jokes would bring in a Gibus hat, which, when espied by the lecturer, irritated him to a degree, and once, it is said, made him actually shed tears, more especially when a touch made it collapse, almost miraculously to one who did not know the secret springs of action.

This good man Greswell, though a Don, was married, and I fancy to a lady of some means, but how he wound himself up to propose was inexplicable to the common intellect, till we learned that being desperately enamoured of a certain lady, a widow, I think (and let me assure the "gentle reader" that even widows often want wooing, and will not always make the running when most wanted), he confided his hopes and fears to a brother Don, the wise and witty Bursar of the College, Mr. Bullock, of whom no one will, I fancy, say an unkind word, or think an unkind thought. The Rev. Bullock was neither shy, nor deficient in stratagem or powers of persuasion, and he arranged a meeting with the widow to talk on a matter of supreme importance, having previously ambushed the *soupirant* behind a big screen, the situation being the converse of the Charles Surface and "the little milliner" scene. The widow kept tryst, and Mr. Bullock began to expatiate upon the many merits of his client, how devoted he was to her, how faithful and domestic a husband he would make, when suddenly the screen fell, and out rushed the undefeated aspirant, exclaiming, "Yes! Jemimah Dorothea, I wull, I wull." Earnestness is irresistible, and he won the lady, and, so far as I

know, "they were ever after happy." It is one of a Don's duties to give a breakfast to his lecturees at the commencement of term, when these young gentlemen are fed like the old prophets by fifties in a cave or room. The repast is not usually exhilarating physically or mentally. Eggs form the staple of food, the allowance one apiece. On one occasion, the boiler of eggs had not counted mouths accurately, and the last egg was politely passed by ingenuous youths who did violence to their appetites, rather than clear the dish. At last, it was handed to an irreverent but sensible youth, who did not understand either politeness or diplomacy on such an emergency, so when *the* egg was pushed to him, and a hospitable voice requested him to take *an* egg, he at once replied, "Thank you, sir, I will take *the* egg, and, if you will allow me, I'll ring for some more." Few such instances of nerve are preserved in the social archives of Dondom.

Ere parting with Bursar Bullock, dearest of Dons, let me record an illustrative anecdote of a man who in repartee and ready wit was almost as keen as the late Archbishop Whately of Dublin. An undergraduate had gone away, leaving some milk or cream bill, unconnected, I suppose, with his "Battels," unpaid, the man applied to the Bursar, who promised to write to the defaulter. His epistle, poetical, wound up with this couplet—

> "Lo, lacteal drops from milkman's eyes distil!
> Dry up the tears—but liquidate the bill."

As for the other lecturers, the Dean (Brown) and his

dogmatic divinity were hardly interesting. Mr. Thomas, for Thucydides, was good, if his manner was somewhat cynical; while Mucklestone would have been emphatic and useful, had not his pained manner, the result of *malaise* and illness, made it evident that the whole thing was a tremendous bore to *him*, as it was to *us* generally. No! the Worcester curriculum was far from an improving one. I think in my first or second term I was *forced, bon gré mal gré*, into the college "fours." We tugged and pulled, and blistered our 'prentice hands, chafed under the bad language of coxswains and coaches, but our "four" won a prize of pewter tankards, which perhaps now adorn the side-board of my scout's son, or grandson! Then followed a course in "the Torpids" (I quite forget whether we did any good as a crew), and the following year I was installed as stroke of our college eight, my predecessor, a Morris likewise, having gone away from Oxford. I hated the office, but, with a good crew behind me, we worked up to somewhere near the head of the river from a low grade. I was ill when pulling the second year, and that did not make things pleasanter.

Rowing has this merit, that it is a very cheap form of amusement and pastime, and takes ingenuous youth away from many temptations to spend money that might otherwise prove irresistible. Merely to mention one thing, cricket was completely laid aside, nor do I think I played a single game while at the University. I wish I could say as much for riding; in the last few years at Gartnamona, where there were young horses knocking about, I had learned to sit securely on a

horse, having made friends with the breaker who came to educate these young quadrupeds; but the King's County was hardly a school for equitation, as though "the Ormonde and King's County hounds" ranged over a portion of it, they were many miles from us; and Mr. Longworth's family pack rarely came within ten or twelve miles of our dwelling. My brother had, however, one or two very good horses, and I recollect well getting the loan of a clever cob, who had I trusted him could have crossed the county well, and seeing from the road my brother leading the van in a very quick thing from some covert or other on the western side of the country! But I had done a little hunting on one or two of Mr. Tuite's well-trained hunters with his hounds in Westmeath, a very perfectly turned out pack, with an immense area to hunt over, for in those days Westmeath had no subscription or county pack of foxhounds.

My brother was an invalid nearly all the time he was at Oriel, but he made me come out with him a few times, and I recollect getting on much better than I expected, and even attaining the distinction of being objurgated by that champion "Barger" Mr. Morell, the brewer, who then kept the old Berkshire pack. However, setting aside these little excursions, I did not blossom into a hunting man or even "a riding gent," till a few of the old hands at Worcester (and not a few of them hunted) graciously took me up, and, contrary to all my resolves, I went out under their auspices, getting hack hunters from George Symmonds, a brother of the greater Charlie, whose praise was in all the

colleges, as well as at Court, but George, a rough diamond, was a capital fellow. I have known him come to supper parties and stay till all hours, to give fellows the chance to pull back the money he had won from them earlier. I did not myself join much in these orgies, but the fact is indisputable. Well, coming home across country from the chase, one afternoon, I pounded one of our gentlemen commoners, who had his stud of hunters up—or he pounded me, for I have no clear recollection of the matter—at any rate, the topic was good enough for "wines," and it ended in the horses being matched one against the other, three or four miles parallel to the Kiddington-road, neither to come outside the turnpike road to the right, though you might pick your path as far to the left of the road as you pleased, a permission not likely to be much availed of by either rider, as the turnpike road was the straight path, and the nearer you could keep in a parallel line to it the better. A gallant little man, who went by the name of "Forty (Fortescue) Thursby," was umpire. He dressed the groom to great perfection, and rode admirably, or rather had ridden a few years previously, for he was only vegetating on at a hall, and had long abandoned caps and gowns, and such insignia of a University career. At the end of the ride there was a wrangle, I suppose on the part of backers, for we principals had no complaints against each other, and the oracle decided that the race must be ridden over again in a week's time. Then we had indeed a large gallery, and George Symmonds' hireling hack had no trouble in defeating the proud hunter. After this very Pyrrhic victory I

was launched as "a riding man." Horses were plentifully forthcoming (on tick), and all previous good resolutions vanished like the morning dew before the bright sunshine. An untoward accident precipitated a downward career; it was an accident, and arose from entire ignorance of the college rules and regulations, though we learn at the Temple that "ignoratio legis neminem excusat." I had gone out to dine or supper the evening before the Easter vacation, and where I supped I slept, getting back to college in the morning for my bath and breakfast. I may state that I had announced my intention of remaining "up" during this Easter, not thinking it worth while to cross the Channel, but I felt sure that *vacation* was *vacation*, and that college discipline was not to be enforced then. Vain idea! The scout had reported me to the Dean, the Dean to the Provost, and when I was summoned to that august presence, I found that I was considered to have committed an offence of the gravest character and the deepest dye, indeed, the Provost said that it was so serious that he must take time to consider and pass sentence. Meantime, I was commanded peremptorily to leave the college, and the University. In vain I told my true tale, referred to my hospitable friend who had given me a shake down in his rooms, and spoke with the eloquence of injured innocence. I had to "go down," and *down* meant in this case a drive to Woodstock, to put up at the "Bear," or some other hostelry! The place was full of undergraduates, and I recollect under the influence of song, smoke, and spirits, purchasing that very evening a grey mare, of whom I knew

nothing. She certainly was a very good little weed, could jump like a flea, and when next day a steeplechase was arranged, this little mare took the lead and kept it. From that day to this I have not seen the sweepstakes, which might have gone some way in paying for her purchase. On my return to Oxford I had the misfortune to kill this gallant little grey in a flat race at Bullingdon, which I fancy she must have won. She nearly severed one of her fore fetlocks with the hind one, in going over some rutty ground. I shot her then and there, though a farmer wanted her badly for a brood mare.

I pass over the three or four weeks of that memorable vacation, when I was first introduced to the fast side of London life. We spent more than was good for us, drank more than was good for us, and made a triumphant return to Oxford in a tandem from the Great Western Railway Station, Didcot to wit, which was, I think, thirteen or fourteen miles distant. Once term began I was summoned to an interview with the Provost, who, out of his clemency, sentenced me to analyse some of Bishop Butler's sermons, which, hard enough to understand, are proportionately hard to analyse. There were means of getting these things done for you, I believe, at a certain price; but I did not avail myself of them, and did the job myself, probably very badly, but I heard nothing more on the subject.

The Oxford hack hunters merit most honourable mention here. Their condition was simply admirable, but some of them had nasty peculiarities. I recollect a very smart little mare that I hired cheap for a term,

and who, simply perfection with hounds, had a very nasty fashion of commencing a course of rears, pretty straight ones, too, whenever she came to a bridge on her outward journey (she seemed to have lost her dread of or repugnance to them when returning); after one or two of these aerial ascents on her hind legs, she would occasionally plant her forefeet on the parapet of the bridge; but if you were not disheartened by this very menacing manœuvre, she generally abandoned her playful ways, and settled to her work charmingly. The worst of the neighbourhood of Oxford is the abundance of rivers and rivulets that encompass it, on two sides at any rate, making the temptation to abridge (pardon the pun) her day's work overwhelming! How many hunters has one met, or heard of, that have curious idiosyncrasies, such as the determination not to go to a meet by themselves, whereas in company they are very well behaved. I take it there is a page of horse history not revealed to us owners in every case of the kind. Weakness, or perhaps cruelty, on the part of the rider. Some few animals inherit these peculiarities (such as bucking when first saddled), these likes and dislikes and caprices of character, from their dam's udder.

Having said my little say about education at Worcester College, its dons, tutors, and lecturers, let me add a word or two about the Provost, Dr. Cotton, who is numbered by the late Dean Burgon among his especial worthies. We saw very little of him, and I am not sure that that little left a favourable impression. A small ascetic-looking man, with some defect in his

palate that rendered his utterance most inarticulate and indistinct—such a person is hardly the ideal head of a college of young men in the prime of life and vigour, whose object should be, we submit, to maintain the "mens sana in corpore sano," and to administer the collegiate discipline with the greatest mildness compatible with efficiency, unless he has great gifts to compensate for these defects of nature, and I never heard that Dr. Cotton was so gifted. At that time the High Church movement had commenced to stir the University mind greatly. I was at Oxford and heard Dr. Pusey, who had been suspended for a couple of years for his heterodoxical opinions, preach the first sermon of his restoration, so to speak, in Christ Church, and numbers of undergraduates used to walk every Sunday to Littlemore Church to hear Mr. (now, alas! the late Cardinal) Newman preach there. Dr. Cotton represented the opposite pole of religious thought, and, without expressing an opinion either way, I fancy that not a few sycophants tried to curry favour with the Provost by a simulated sanctity of demeanour, and the abjuration of many things, in public at least, that were natural to youth and high spirits. Worcester certainly did not take its proper place in the University during his reign, either in the schools or in the *palæstra* of pastime. Burgon gave it a lift by winning the Newdigate (English Prize Poem of the year), on the theme of Petra, "that rose-red city half as old as time," to use his own happy conceit; but my memory recalls very few first class scholars or mathematical men in the college. Perhaps it may be argued that Worcester was

not fed by any of the great public schools, but the reply to this is that several other colleges laboured under similar disadvantages, and yet made good figures in the class lists and in athletics; a few men of mark very soon give a tone to a college, but we had not, I think, these exemplars in our midst. As to the *palæstra* I referred to just now, there were but few avenues open then for distinction, as scientific athleticism was not then recognised or rewarded, so that we might have had the greatest distance runner, sprinter, and walker of the kingdom among us without our knowing it; the *vates sacer* was absent. We had, I believe, the fastest bowler of England at Worcester in Marcon, who came from Eton, and who was also a good oarsman. We had half a dozen fair riders, but Brazenose, with little Jemmy Allgood for champion Jock, was streets in front of us. Moreover, we had but one pianist, who, because he had refined tastes in many ways and did not ride, row, or play cricket, we styled "Miss ——." Probably now there are many pianos in college.

Looking back on my sojourn at Oxford, I am filled with vast regrets at the wasted opportunities and the time thus miserably misspent—even the colleges I never thoroughly investigated till I paid Oxford a visit a short time ago. Then, though by age and proclivity a "laudator temporis acti," I saw the immense progress the place had made since my time, and the quickening spell that seemed to inform it. Whether it is always judicious for parents to send their sons to English schools and universities, when the lots of such sons are likely to be cast in Ireland, is to my mind a very de-

batable point. Eton and Oxford have proved snares to thousands. Granting that the tone of both is or was far better than anything of the sort in Ireland, there is no earthly reason why there should not be an Irish Eton, to which the best and richest men in Ireland might send their sons, and receive as good an education as in any part of the world, at rather, nay much, less cost. If Irishmen and Scotchmen were as rich as those of England, well and good, but they are not, and in after life they are generally *qud* money on a lower level, and this fact alone prevents any great intimacy, as pursuits and tastes differ with disparity in means. If men are to continue their careers in after life in the same country, then, of course, there is nothing like Eton or Harrow, Winchester or Westminster; if they are not, *cui bono?* When pocket boroughs made a career, or gave a clever young man, such as Canning or Gladstone, the chance of making a career in life, then the great public schools were very useful, and worth all the expense, while they made a glorious *gradus ad episcopatum*. likewise. Now the argument does not hold good

With the most profound veneration for many of our old foundations, the *religio loci*, and all that sort of thing, I am not sure that their disadvantages in many cases do not almost balance their advantages for certain classes at any rate. It must be recollected, too, that Trinity College, Dublin, has not stood still, or remained "a silent sister." On the contrary, it has made great strides in every way.

The third year of university life ought and generally does bring a train of what may be called sobering, if

not actually gloomy reflections! Then the seed sown ought to be bursting into ear, or yellowing for the harvest; but what if wild oats is the only sowing you have made? Then the budget question forces itself into prominency. You have not perhaps committed great extravagances, but for the most part you have been living beyond your means, spending your ready money with a liberal hand, and having everything put down to your account; now, this very word "account" implies liability, and a day of reckoning at last. In Ireland things were black, too, the potato blight had come, and created a fiscal revolution throughout the land, while in the worst districts it had decimated the population.

In our neighbourhood things were not nearly so bad as in many others, the well-to-do, and especially the country gentlemen, banded themselves together to co-operate against the tide of distress. The Government supplies came in apace, and were distributed as fairly as could be done in the exigency, the people were employed in cutting down hills in roads, and so the crisis was tided over; but there was a financial crisis coming fast. Rents were imperfectly paid, the interest of encumbrances accumulated, and the necessities of the times forced the Government to create a revolutionary tribunal, called the Encumbered Estates Court, which transferred much of the fee simple of the soil to new men, far more grasping and business-like in their ideas about the percentage of capital than the old proprietors, many of whom were "raal gintlemen," easy going in their habits, and the perpetual prey to petty peculations which they overlooked in consideration of homage, obe-

dience, and deference on the part of their retainers. In the meantime my father had died at his brother's place, Rossenara, and as his habit was to carry much of his business transactions in his busy brain, making memoranda intelligible to himself but to no one else, the consequence was that things got into a terrible tangle, which my elder brother, who had left Oxford *pro tem.*, was trying hard to make straight. My father had been dosed with morphia considerably before his end came, and so he could throw little light on current matters, even if any one had been minded to interrogate him on the subject, nor do I think many realised how ill he was, though my uncle did, as I recollect that in a walk we took together, he pointed to some buildings he was putting up and quoted the lines—

"Et sepulchri
Immemor, struis domos."

Poor dear man, he did not survive his quotation very many months; but to return to my poor father, I recollect well how one Sunday evening my brother and self were finishing our wine at Gartnamona after dinner. My mother and sister were at Rossenara, which I should think was fully seventy English miles distant, when the impulse suddenly seized me to start off *on foot* for the latter place, to see my father. I did not tell my brother I was going, and I did not even put on a pair of shooting shoes or boots, but went off as I was. The stages were, I think, Clonaslee, Rosenalles, Maryborough, Ballyragget, Kilkenny, and Rossenara, and I have an idea that from Kilkenny city to Rossenara, on

the verge of the Co. Waterford, is ten or twelve miles, one had traversed part of the King's County, much of the Queen's, and a large section of Kilkenny in this tramp, but I was quite fresh, and joined the party at dinner on the next evening, Monday. My father was languishing *in statu quo*, but certainly not better. I stayed a few days at Rossenara, making, *inter alia*, the ascent of Slievenamon from it, and the carriage brought some of us back with the aid of relays. I think I returned to Oxford for the next term, but once back in Ireland, like the hero Moore sings of—

"I returned to Kinkora no more."

Things had not improved in Ireland, at least, for the landlord class. I had not passed my examination, much less gone up for honours as a scholar would be expected to do. The shadow of a few hundred pounds due to livery stable keepers, haberdashers, &c., &c., at Oxford loomed very large, when the *de quoi* to pay them was not available, and meantime I had the run of a good house, a horse or two to ride, rabbits, snipe, duck, and a few cock to shoot, so why go from Ireland to the land of ire—Oxford. I knew no great harm could befall me, for I was ever so much under legal age, but I had not attained to the stoicism of the famous spendthrift who, when someone asked him how he could sleep when he owed so many people so much money, replied, "I can sleep well eno' of course, but I wonder how *they* can!"

One day having nothing to do I got down my grandfather's case of pistols (flint and steel of course), told

the keeper to clean them, and prepared to make some practice at a mark. I always fancied a bit of tow had been left in one of them, for when loaded and primed it did not go off. After several attempts, I was seeking the cause with the ramrod, when fiz, fiz, fiz! it was sent clean through the forefinger of my right hand, and it grazed my forehead. The situation was not pleasant, five or six miles from a surgeon, and the hand bleeding profusely. There was a very good horse in the stable of my brother's, rather a handful in the ordinary way, and a little beyond me, but he was saddled, I was thrown on to him, and he did not seem to pull me an ounce. There was a capital fellow in command of a company of the 68th Regiment at Tullamore then, Major Leckonby Phipps, whom I had shot with a few times; he came to my succour, but unfortunately the surgeons were away on duty. When they came, one said he fancied the finger might be saved, both counselled delay, but fearing mortification, I had the distressed digit off there and then; my condition must have been fair when I was able to ride a flat race, or rather match, within two or three weeks. This match showed my profound ignorance of horses and horse-racing. I had broken a colt, out of a good, useful, half-bred mare by Dan O'Connell. I think he was four years old, and had, with a little doggedness of temper, a good share of substance, and any amount of jumping power. His weak point was pace, and it generally happens that when horses have not got "the gift," the further they go the worse they go. Now we had a very astute neighbour, a Mr. Frank Biddulph, a great friend of Henry, Lord Waterford (the wild Mar-

quis), who knew as much as most men about horses of all sorts, hounds, hunting, racing, &c., in fact, he was an encyclopædia of sport, and could ride to perfection himself. He fancied this colt, and suggested a little match on Ballygrannel Course, say about three-quarters of a mile. If I beat him he was to give so much more for the horse than the *prix fixe* in the contrary alternative. I took it into my foolish head that the distance was too short for my flyer and stayer, little heeding that youth don't care for long journeys. My antagonist, whose mount was a very useful sort of "ride-and-drive hunter," who would not be much out of his place at any trade—cheerfully consented to the elongation—and when the "trial heat" came I was allowed to make all the running to be badly beaten at the finish. So much for bad judgment: for we have Shakespeare's authority that "Match well made is half won." I regret that Mr. Biddulph had a bad bargain in the horse, his temper turned out atrocious, and resisted the efforts of regimental riding masters and all the talent available. To show how horses could be occasionally picked up then for a song in Ireland, I recollect a certain bay horse of the regular old Irish cut—lean, small head, full eye, good rein, wide hips, and powerful quarters, withal snaffle-bridled, which one of my poor father's tenants begged me to buy one day. His cause for selling being that the horse was always getting him into trouble with his neighbours, as no fence could keep him in. I paid a five pound note for him, and beyond his having rather flat feet, could find no fault with physique or *morale*. He long drew the family car after my departure.

Here I am again forced to hark back. I hated the prospects of a return to Oxford. Home was unfitting one for a career (thus I reasoned, or fancied I reasoned), so I persuaded my dear mother to try to exert any influence she might have in my favour. She tried her cousin, Lord Clanricarde, who was just then in the Ministry, with the portfolio of Postmaster-General. Lord Clanricarde was the kindest of men, and he proved one of the best of Irishmen, for no man exerted himself more for his countrymen. His reply to my mother was that the only good thing at his disposal—a writership in India—he had just given to a relation, and that nothing remained but an extra clerkship in his own department (the secretary's) of the General Post Office. I jumped at it; my mother acquiesced. Lady Desart gave me a room for a time in her house in May Fair, till I could settle myself, and so there I was, embarked on a new career, little recking that Oxford was far nearer to London than the midlands of Ireland, and that I was turning my back on all the prospects of a future fellowship at Worcester College, with a college living not too remote! My best excuse for such infatuation is youth—extreme ignorance of the world in general, and its ways—and perhaps a growing sense of my extreme unfitness for a clerical life and vocation. All this added to the craving for excitement and "the larger life." I do not think it would be easy to figure out or conceive a much worse preparation for London official life than three years of listless lounging at Oxford, and some months of uncontrolled liberty in

Ireland, where within a very narrow sphere you could do so very much as you liked, that it created a fictitious sense of self-importance. Since I have dived into Irish records I think that this exaggerated estimate of themselves was at the bottom of half the wars and troubles that desolated the island for centuries. Every one was a "dynast" in his own domain, be the same great or small, and the vanity of mankind is not proof against the temptations of such a situation, more particularly when the controlling power was a long way off, or distracted by difficulties and dissensions.

If I recollect right the pay of an extra clerk was some £80 per annum, and absence cut off income. To be sure there was overtime work at tenpence per hour, that could bring in a few pounds per quarter, and I did some of this drudgery; we in the secretary's department were supposed to be the brains of the great machine, and never saw anything of sorting or stamping, and our duty was to deal with the enormous correspondence that arose on many topics. I recollect being terribly taken aback on my first introduction to the department, where I was assigned the duty of acknowledging in terms of profound politeness the letters that came. The clerks were not a prepossessing lot in manner or deportment. H's were elided constantly, and chucked in where they had no right to intrude. Drink seemed to have marked some of the seniors for its own, while *the* senior clerk who had the discipline to deal with, was often hardly *compos linguæ*. This is a world of appearances, and the cue at St. Martin's was to be very

punctual - a virtue I had never cultivated—and occasionally, when the eye of authority was on you, to display a fervour of zeal in the dispatch of business that very few in that building felt. The worst of London is the strong temptation to follow Tommy Moore's precept "to lengthen your days by stealing hours from the night." Most of us did it; many, like myself, grew unpunctual thereby; but promotion to a regular clerkship came in a few months, and one's lot was ameliorated by some ten golden sovereigns a year. I think I was drafted off to help one of the senior clerks in doing what are termed "rural posts." This was a Mr. Boyd, whom I found a capital chief, very considerate if his work was properly done, *but* he was *mal-vu* by the powers. He was supposed to lack *enthusiasm*, and perhaps *capacity*, but I think he was very superior to the ordinary run. He did not toady the rising suns, dressed well; kept to himself and his club; and was altogether a most respectable official. I liked him and his ways much. By degrees one ascertained that the work was not heavy, though unequally distributed; that a few men were almost omnipotent; and that if appearances were kept up, infinite shirking and a masterly inactivity might be maintained. I well recollect one clerk, who received fair promotion by and bye, who devoted the major part of his six office hours, excluding, of course, the study of the "Times," and the due degustation of luncheon, to innocent forms of gambling, in which he was a proficient, but he was a very sharp, clever fellow, and knew *the* world, and *his* world too. I believe a good deal of composition and

newspaper work was done in the intervals of business, but into these secrets I was never initiated.

Colonel Maberly was the secretary to the Postmaster-General. I found him very pleasant, considerate, and kind; others did not; and, poor man, he was constantly being plotted and caballed against, for Rowland Hill and his following, with the outside public voice in their favour, were trying to create berths for themselves, and among the leading lights an Ishmaelitish state of things obtained, every man's hand and pen being against his neighbour. The cream of the work was in the private secretary's department, where patronage was managed. One of the assistant private secretaries, John Hall, a nice, pleasant person, grew sick of his work and position in the office, and went out to New Zealand, where in the course of time he became plutocrat and Premier. He was not of the sort who ascend to high places in such Government departments as the secretary's office of the General Post Office. But John Hall (or "Sir John," to give him due emphasis) was but one satellite that revolved round the gentle radiancy of *the* private secretary, Gustavus Cornwall, who in one sense of the word was a very great man, and had a very great voice, and delighted dowager duchesses, and mediæval marchionesses, and thereby made the Post Office popular. A club or hall porter who receives visitors, and from whom they derive first impressions, should be physically great; and judged by that standard Gustavus Cornwall was a far greater humanity or personality than the tall, worn-looking man (who nevertheless wore the *cachet* and simplicity of true nobility),

who used to drive up periodically in a T cart to the private or Postmaster-General's entrance of St. Martin's-le-Grand. Cornwall was very soon transplanted to be Secretary to the Post Office in Dublin, where his parties were sumptuously splendid. I regret to say that after several years of easy service here, in which he certainly exercised the virtue of hospitality freely, he fell into discredit, and had to resign his office, though I am not aware that suspicion was ever confirmed by positive proof.

After Cornwall's transfer Lord Clanricarde showed his hearty kindness and consideration by selecting his successor, not from the ranks of smart, clever clerks, who might have been supposed to be more potentially useful, as knowing the ways of departments and the routine of official business, but from the list of his own county grand jurors and magistrates, giving the appointment to Mr. Andrew Blake, of Furbough, a place by the sea, on the way to Connemara, knowing that like many squires Mr. Blake, who by the way was a connection of his own, had felt the pinch of the bad times severely, and would be the better for a little rate in aid such as this. Mr. Blake justified Lord Clanricarde's choice completely. He was methodical and business-like, wrote a fine, flowing hand, was as "close" as the Nepomucene himself, and was in fact a model private secretary. To myself his arrival was very welcome, as I had nearly always a pleasant companion for my daily walk westwards. Scott was another very good specimen of the P.S., and generally liked in the office.

Mr. Anthony Trollope was not in London during my short term there, having been sent off to Ireland by Colonel Maberly, who I believe did not like his very brusque manner. There he achieved renown with his pen, and hunted and shot, and led a pleasant vagrom life in the Surveyor's Department of the Service, a branch which, in its more liberal scale of pay and allowances, has great attractions for the aspirants to promotion, while it was something of a privilege to be sent to the country to "assist the surveyor," what time London began to pall on the spirits, and there were other reasons extant why country air and change of scene should prove desirable. On such an excursion I was sent on one occasion, and after an absence of a few weeks returned to town much invigorated and refreshed in mind and body, but I could hardly say I fulfilled the object of my mission, for I did little towards "assisting" the surveyor, beyond writing a few letters and filling up some forms. Indeed I could not make out that he wanted any assistance, though it would have been rank heresy to have admitted as much. Of course there are occasions when the surveyor and his staff may be terribly overtasked; say, for instance, that two or three Postmasters have made default in their district; then their duty is to suspend the suspect forthwith, and undertake the duties of his office themselves.

I do not think that many of our secretarial corps would have proved quite *au fait* at the work, which, if simple enough in itself, requires some little methodical training, and of that we had had practically none. In the era I am writing about appointments were the appanage of

influence, whether in the House of Commons, the House of Lords, or in the electorate. There was no standard of education required, or examination *de rigueur*, hence sometimes curious mistakes were made! One young gentleman, whose father was a high dignitary of the Church, was told to fill in a form stating whether his securities (for we had to give security) were "bankrupt or insolvent." Now this high and well-born young man had heard much of "solvent circumstances," and the names of his sponsors or guarantors were generally associated with wealth; so what was the general surprise when it was found that they had been returned as "*insolvent*." Of course the mistake was easily rectified. We had a famous pool and billiard player, as well as cricketer, in the Honourable Denis Bingham, who has subsequently blossomed into an author of repute, and a feuilletonist of some smartness and experience. But the man who gave promise even then of the conspicuous literary ability that he has subsequently displayed was Mr. Edmund Yates, who may or may not have been a pillar of the Post Office (not pillar box) even then; but who certainly added much to our distractions during the official hours, between ten and four, by his wit, versatility, and vividly pictorial descriptions.

How long my unprofitable service at St. Martin's-le-Grand lasted I cannot now distinctly recollect, for I am not vain enough to imagine that my Queen and country benefited much by my literary labours then, and my own individual benefit was not great either in any sense; but I think it was about two years old when our chief

was invested with a piece of patronage, which he was good enough to bestow on me. This was the office of Deputy Postmaster-General of Jamaica, of which the salary had just been cut down from £3,000 per annum to £1,000.* Did I accept the offer? Of course I did, joyfully. The secretary's office (a not too pleasant medium) conveyed no future prospects of promotion or vistas of hope. There remained some Oxford scores still unsettled, though most of their proprietors had been appeased by the *as in præsenti*, and promises in another tense. And now that I look back upon that time, I think it highly probable that London had some claims upon me too as "a distributer of money," to quote Lord Bacon. Lord Clanricarde sensibly put the considerable "cons" against the "pros," but no argument could alter my determination, and as soon as I could get the necessary securities for £10,000, and arrange my affairs, I determined to be off. Two relations, Mr. Tuite and Lord Desart, most kindly became securities, and, indeed, one or two others most generously volunteered to vouch for me. Some of my patrimony had, of course, been anticipated, part of the remainder went to aid in building up the fortunes of "the house." I quite forgot to mention in this fragmentary bit of autobiography that I had succeeded in passing my bachelor's examination (though I did not put on my gown) at Oxford, and it was on this wise. It seemed a pity to have wasted time and money without even a degree to show for it, so I got a few days' leave from

* Allowances brought the appointment up to about £1,200 per annum.

my mill, and went down to face the schools. I think I had armed myself with a fairly large sum of money, so as to meet casualties. This was stowed into a large portmanteau I took with me, together with some jewellery by which I set much store. For once in my life I was at Paddington station a few minutes before starting time, and I saw the big portmanteau taken by a porter towards the van, and meanwhile I lost sight of him while I was settling with the cabby. Knowing the treasure enshrined in the valise, I went to the guard and asked him to show me where he had placed it; he looked, but could not find it, and said, "it must be in another van, and that it would be all right at Oxford." However, from that day to this I have never seen it. Next day I had to try and pick out my particular porter amongst the corduroyed corps; I could not do it. The authorities told me they would be sure to find the missing link for me, and meantime gave me an ivory bone to pass me over the line *à volonté;* so I forebore law, fearing the expense and uncertainty thereof, and bore a heavy loss with as much equanimity as I could muster.

It was expensive work going out to Jamaica. Experts recommended most unnecessary things by way of outfit, and I was silly enough to get them. In reality, every colony of the sort is amply supplied with the things necessary for its climate and temperature, and experience has taught the shopkeepers (I beg their pardon, there are no *shops* in Jamaica, only *stores*) what to get for the needs, and even caprices, of their customers; so that beyond a stock of saddlery, in which London is

supreme, I should never recommend any friend of mine to encumber himself as I did. Then there was a "delegation" to get, a sort of commission to act, with a stamp of £75 impressed upon it, and some other formality that involved another high priced stamp, not to speak of passage money. After the Bay of Biscay and its tumults, the voyage out was delightful. The Azores we passed by within a bow-shot or two, the Sargasso sea did not detain us, and we were both glad and sorry when Alta Vela or Sombrero warned us of the proximity of St. Thomas, the great depôt of the Royal Mail Company's fleet. It is a Danish island with a fine land-locked harbour, and from here we were transferred to what are known as inter-colonial steamers, and after touching at one or two places, such as Port-au-Prince, the Blue Mountains of Jamaica, with the comparatively new cantonment of New Castle, its houses looking like so many white dots on the green slopes, arrested our faculties of observation, while almost within hail was the long sandy Dune, that with Port Royal fort and batteries at its extremity, forms the harbour of Kingston. The track for ships is marked within it by huge piles, on each of which sat a meditative pelican like a Stylite, digesting its fishy food. Beyond Kingston, and trending upward towards the spurs of the mountain range, was the Plain of Liguanea, about which a tale is told that may be reproduced here. A Jamaica planter, who was also a magnate in the militia of the island (whose uniform was nearly identical with that of some regiments of our line), went to England, and while there paid his devoir to Her

Majesty at St. James's or Buckingham Palace. He was a fine, soldierly looking man, bronzed by the sun and wind of his native island, and he might easily be taken for a veteran of long service, and so in the crowd an officer of distinction touched his arm and said, "How are you ——, I think we've seen some service together in the East." The militiaman, much flattered but quite equal to the occasion, replied "Yes, I've seen some hot work on the Plains of Liguanea," mystifying his interrogator completely.

While we were at St. Thomas's, to whose highest point I walked or ran to win some "tuppeny-hapeny" bet, we heard that cholera was fearfully rife in Jamaica, and was actually decimating the population. When we arrived we learnt that it was considerably on the decrease, which was comforting; but even then cholera filled men's minds and mouths with the remedies in vogue, such as "Battley's Sedative," &c. I had a few hours of very much mitigated cholera a few months afterwards, and did not enjoy it at all.

The arrival of the bi-monthly mail is of course an event in the town of Kingston; the mails have to be sorted with alacrity, and then distributed throughout the *counties* of the island, known locally as "parishes." The Post Office whither I was taken from the wharf was a ramshackle wooden building of fair size, with a large verandah surrounding it; inside and outside were mules posted, some with saddle bags, and some with saddles. The former were filled presently with letters, the latter were tenanted by the black or coloured

couriers, who cantered along at the rate of six or seven miles an hour over the native roads, which were only here and there good, and having rivers and rivulets to cross frequently. One post office is not very unlike another, save as regards size, and the interior of that of Kingston had no very peculiar features. "Saftly, saftly" is a negro phrase that means "take your time, don't hurry yourself," and I think the clerks had adopted it; but in any case I was not equal to the task of showing them "a more excellent way," nor were, I think, many of the leading lights in the Secretary's Department. *The* leading light, there, to whom I was sent for official counsel, told me to go to Liverpool (at my own expense of course), and get coached by Mr. Banning, the then able postmaster of Liverpool, an office of much importance, whose chief received, if I remember rightly, several thousands a year. Mr. Banning received me with great kindness, and when I told him my mission and by whom I was accredited, he said, "I'll show you what I can, and, as suggested, will give you a literal leaf out of each of my books; but it's no earthly use; you will swing into your routine in a short time, and if you will take my advice you will go out straight to the races at Aintree," introducing me at the same time to a friend who had a coach starting for that place, on which he gave me a seat. So much for the *practical* lore of St. Martin's-le-Grand! Next day I found Mr. Banning in some trouble; a large quantity of stamps had been extracted from the office safe or drawer. There was no clue whatever, no one to suspect in particular; and what do you think Mr. B. did in

this emergency? Why, he sent for a clairvoyante! but, as I left Liverpool soon afterwards, I never heard whether the wise woman helped him to recover his losses.

I know that one ought here to do a bit of word-painting and try thus to convey one's impressions of Kingston and its surroundings, of Port Royal, made famous by its earthquake in the last century, when some of the engulphed were disgorged by another severe shock, and restored to the land of the living. I hope many will troop out to the coming exhibition at Kingston, Jamaica, and see these scenes for themselves, they will be rewarded. Let me add that whatever people say about the vanished glories of Kingston, "incredulus odi." Ingots of gold and silver may have been common in Port Royal or Harbour Street. Prize money may have been lavishly spent in her streets and stores, but nothing, I fancy, could ever have redeemed the town itself from its endemic ugliness. The streets are or were little better than sandy gullies. The wooden houses with their shingled roofs and seedy looking verandahs, could never have worn an air of smartness, and it is not till you reach the upper part of the town, where the sand is not quite so pervasive, and fountains of water play among the leaves of plantains and bananas, that you find any pretty bits to relieve the sand-sated eye, nor do the negroes and coloured folk add lustre to the landscape, nor yet the busy busses driven by ragged negro boys, who have to ply the lash, and supplement its effects by much shouting and imprecating, to get their well-bred but ill-fed weeds through the Sahara-like streets.

In eight or ten miles in a northernly direction from Kingston beauty reveals itself all around. The island (Xamaica in the vernacular, a land of springs, hence Jamaica) is fretted by pellucid brooks. Wood is the natural vesture of the land, whether on mountain or plain, and where wood, *alias* "bush," has disappeared, human industry and the negro machette have been the clearers. Above is the clear, blue, everlasting empyrean, and with every new zone there is new vegetation. A ride right across the island, undertaken a few days after my arrival, amazed, entranced, and "attonied" me. One gets used to have a few thousand feet of precipice to your right or left, with the murmur of rivers continually present to the ear, while your mount follows the precipitous path, of not more than two or three feet in width, with an unerring precision that soon reconciles you to the situation and allays your rising fears. Somewhere about half way we halted at the "pen," or farm of a couple of worthy Danes, of whom the father was, we heard, a hundred and something; the son, the youth, some seventy or eighty years old; so that the climate is evidently not fatal to all human life. They gave us home-made mead for our tiffin. It seemed to me a most intoxicating beverage, but its effects were happily not long lived. If I recollect right, we passed by some beautiful sugar estates of Mr. Washington Hibbert's, who had asked me to send him a report about his property, but I had only one reply in all such cases, namely this, "Send me out a power of attorney or some such authority to investigate the condition of your estate, so far as I can do so; but it seems to me some-

what treacherous to accept a planter's hospitality, always freely proffered, and then write, perhaps very disparagingly, behind his back of what you saw or heard." At any rate, the report of an inexperienced person like myself had little or no value, and might be very misleading.

Of course woods suggest to the bold Briton preserves and *ferœ* of one kind or another. They certainly did so to me; and very soon after our arrival in the island, I sallied out after breakfast from the "pen" where I was staying, gun in hand, on the principle that dominates the British breast, according to French and Italian observers of our manners and customs, "It's a fine day, let us go out and kill something." There may be, as Byron sings,—

"A pleasure in the pathless woods,"

but in these woods there was nothing gamier than an odd ground dove or pigeon; but I plodded on till some barrier or other forced me to make a spring, and that spring landed me among some Yucca spines. I did not get fever after it, but I almost wonder I did not, for these spines are little bayonets. After that no more promiscuous gunning expeditions! The *Yucca gloriosa*, that flowers freely and splendidly out there, in a white corona, is very common, and is used on account of its bayonet-like spines for making fences, just as the cactus is employed to protect a newly made bank.

CHAPTER III.

"I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor!"
Shakspeare.

IN the fifties and sixties Jamaica rejoiced but in one short line of railway, that connected the port of Kingston with the court and camp of Spanish Town, where the Governor of the island, who was also Lord High Admiral of certain seas and coasts, and duly decked himself out in naval uniform on certain functional occasions, dwelt, surrounded by a large official staff, judges, chief justices, members of council, speakers, island secretaries, *et hoc genus omne;* for the Council or House of Lords, all "honourable" men (titularly), and the polychrome parliament sat in Spanish Town, and held often high and fierce debate there almost within hearing of Her Majesty's representative. It was my duty of course to go over at once to King's House, and pay my respects to His Excellency the Governor, then Sir Charles Grey, K.C.B., who had been a judge and member of council in India, where "authority" had not, at that time, been undermined by high officials, and where a magnificent bureaucracy exercised a paternal despotism *pro bono publico*, and the vast and silent increment of many distinguished Scotch families, who found the pagoda tree far pleasanter in its shaking and shade than even the native heaths of Caledonia stern and wild. It was

hardly a good school for the Governor of a colony, the vast majority of whose inhabitants had been but very recently manumitted, and who required to be considerably levelled up, ere they could be considered fit for the constitutional charter suddenly accorded to them by the Queen and her Parliament.

This constitutional question may possibly crop up hereafter; so we must proceed forthwith, and without further preamble, to King's House, a fine, large, white stone building, that occupied one side of a sort of quadrilateral, in which red tape ruled supreme. There were, of course, the usual black sentries supplied by the West India Regiment quartered at Spanish Town, keeping watch and ward in front. Within, the thick walls and the cultivated obscurity produced a pleasant sense of coolness, and when we had been duly *viséd* by A.D.C.'s and ushers, his Excellency notified his being "at home," and we were forthwith shown into his official study upstairs.

I cannot say that I had ever before *envisagèd* an "Excellency," the representative of the Majesty of England, who was armed with very great powers, and who was for the time being your actual Sovereign. Three minutes, nay one minute, quite sufficed to make the shyest stranger perfectly at home in the presence and society of one of the most genial and agreeable men I have ever come across in my travels; stout, short, and grizzled, and dressed *more Indico*, in white nankeen from top to toe, Sir Charles Grey made you thoroughly at home at once. "Luncheon! Of course you'll stay for luncheon." And then came any amount of wise

and witty anecdotes and reminiscences from a magazine apparently inexhaustible. My father had been at Winchester and Christchurch, Oxon, he could not recall him, he said, but my uncle, Mr. Morris Reade, had been at Eton and Christchurch, and they had apparently been friends and "pals" at the former place, so here was a link in the social chain ready forged and made. "Have you read 'Bleak House,'" he asked us? Of course we had read the volume, for who would be in arrear with any production of Charles Dickens's? "Then, you recollect Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce and the chancery suit, and so on. Now, I'm Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce," and I believe the Governor was at the time having very unpleasantly strained relations with the High Court of Chancery in England. His son, Captain Grey, R.A., was his Military Secretary, he, too, was a very pleasant, agreeable person; and *au reste*, it was a bachelor's house at the vice-regal mansion, as Lady Grey was in England with her family. Let me add here that Sir Charles Grey occupied the usual cool perch in the Spanish Town hills, where he received his friends *en petit comité*, and made everything as agreeable as a well-bred, genial host could do. As I know nothing or next to nothing on the subject, I will not pretend to criticise his administration, but I should think that such a good judge of human nature as he was, and of the motives that animate mortal breasts, whether in London or Spanish Town, must have taken a leaf from the open book of his great predecessor Sir Charles, afterwards Lord Metcalfe, who accepted the Government of Jamaica in a time of great emergency; and this leaf

made it clear that *the table* is even a more powerful factor in Government *than the desk*. That the lean and hungry Cassius is apt to turn a conspirator against the existing *régime*, that champagne is the very best solvent of political asperities, and that Lafitte is sometimes more efficacious than logic.

The Governor of the island of Jamaica had absolutely no control whatever over the department of the Post Office which was entirely subject to the sway of the Postmaster-General, whom I had the honour of representing; but, curiously enough, he had the nomination to the clerkships in the Kingston Office, clerkships which I may add were very liberally endowed.

I recollect well how on the occasion of a vacancy in my staff, through the resignation of a very able officer who had gone on leave to England, and did not wish to return, on account of his health, I rather think, I went over at once to Spanish Town to consult Sir Charles on the subject, and ask him how he wished the patronage to be given—and how, when I broached the subject, he replied very characteristically, "Look here, my dear fellow, it's your interest to fill your office with as good men as you can find out here, so dispose of the vacancy yourself. I did fill it up, and may add that my appointee, now high in office in Jamaica, Mr. Livingstone, proved a most admirable selection—high-minded, zealous, and honourable—qualities rare enough in the Antilles, as I found out afterwards to my cost. I have not often been tempted by bribes or *douceurs*. I was very liberally tempted on the occasion of this vacant berth.

Having presented Governor Grey in his most genial aspect, it is only fair to give the reverse of the medal. India had made him something of an autocrat, and his experiences as a judge and (I think) a Member of Council there, had somewhat accentuated his tendencies in that direction; he was a good classical scholar, and no doubt imbibed with his cultivation of Horatian poetry something of that satirist's undisguised contempt for merely *popular* judgments. "Odi profanum vulgus et arceo" is often recollected when other monitions by the same authority are forgotten, and his lashings of that many headed beast the multitude, "Bellua multorum es capitum," hangs in the memory for many years.

Sir Charles could not absolutely govern through his Council, for the House of Assembly had, and held tightly, the power of the purse, and this House of Assembly returned not a few blatant orators who, in their coloured and dusky physiognomies and in some cases fine castes of countenance, where the Semitic cross was visible, showed that they were the chosen leaders of the race that had been held in bondage so long, and denied the benefit of free institutions. In the same house were Jews, representing the commerce of the country, and planters who posed as territorial magnates, either owning sugar estates themselves or representing proprietors in England. It was a sort of political salad or olio in which the opposing elements did not blend very kindly together; the coloured section suspecting the planters, and the planters retaining something, even involuntarily, of the ancient

arrogance of unlimited power and pride of racial purity, and, in their estimation, superiority. The English Government, having granted emancipation, was extremely anxious to raise the status of their *emancipados*, and lost no opportunity of appointing to office such coloured men as education and natural capacity had fitted for such positions; thus the Solicitor-General, Mr. Heslop, a man who had distinguished himself greatly at Oxford, was called up from the Bar of the Island to work for the Government; several of the stipendiary magistrates, of whom Mr. Hill, the naturalist, was a bright ornament, had black rather than blue blood in their veins; and, if I mistake not, one or two Members of Council were of the popular mixture.

The old bottles had, in many cases, been put aside as having served their generation—"marines," in fact, who had done their duty—and certainly the new wine of liberty had been put freely into new bottles. But the great majority of the higher officials were of the old bottle class still, and it required much tact and discretion to steer the constitutional coach with such fiery and explosive elements for its freight. The explosion came when the House of Assembly took upon itself to send a very disrespectful message to Sir Charles Grey, to which he replied somewhat laconically and very severely, and the upshot of the matter was that the Lower House refused to transact business with a Governor who did not appreciate their readings of the constitution, and told them his mind and opinion very plainly, using no circumlocution in his estimate of

these unruly members. The *impasse* was solved by Sir Charles's resignation of the Government and departure from the island to America. I will not attempt to pronounce an opinion as to whether a little *suaviter in modo, alias* soft sawder, might not have soothed semi-savage breasts, and averted this constitutional crisis. Sir Charles, after some considerable time, returned to Jamaica for a few months, most of which he spent at the Milk River Bath, in the parish or county of Vere, on the southern coast of the island. This Milk River Bath is an admirable institution of the island, founded in the old days of slavery, and endowed with a certain revenue, and it is said to be a sovereign specific for maladies of the blood that take the shape of gout or rheumatism, according to the constitution of the sufferer or that of his forbears; very fine stone baths have been cut out close to the medicinal springs that flow eventually into the Milk River—a wide, sluggish stream, that forms at its estuary a big lagoon, where alligators take their pastime and prey, and from whose mangrove-tree branches you can pick as many small oysters as you care to eat.

The Bath is open to all sufferers of whatever degree or condition. There is a large caravanserai attached to it, where free lodgings are at the patients' service, a limited amount of attendance, and beds and bedding *à discrétion*. Moreover, the black Styx, on the western shore of which the Bath is situated, has its Charon and ferry-boat, and, so far as I know, he can claim no *obolus* for his services, in bringing visitors to and fro,

being part of the institution, and a very necessary part too. I recollect very clearly through a vista of many years (would I could make their burden less!) how the present General R. Hay, of the Academy, Woolwich, then a captain of Gunners at Port Royal, gave me the pleasure of his society in a drive to this Bath to pay a visit of a day or two, according to promise, to Sir Charles. So far as I can recollect we did the first stage from Kingston to Spanish Town in the very early morning, ere the sun had done much of his survey of the firmament. At Spanish Town we enjoyed rest and second breakfast, with, perchance, cigars and a siesta; then we drove to Vere village (the county capital) where we halted, and, sending the nigger, who took care of the spare horses, up some cocoanut trees, we regaled ourselves with the water of the fruit, which, properly blended and tempered, is delicious. While at Vere a planter introduced himself to us and made us promise that we would not pass by his gate, on our way to the Bath, but come in and refresh ourselves. When we came to his gate, of which he had given us the bearings very accurately, we drove up the avenue and saw our host in the distance very busy discharging his gun at what we conceived must be chickens, which, made into cutlets or "spatched," are the impromptu food of all strangers in the extreme country, on days when butchers' meat is not conveniently accessible, banyan days in fact. We gathered that he was going to give us a sumptuous repast of many cocks and hens judging by his energy, and already we began to fear that we should arrive very late at the Bath, which was a good

many miles, of indifferent roads, distant. When we got near the gunner we saw him pick up a peacock that he had shot, and he informed us that it was meant as a present for the late Governor, so there was no variation played on the eternal chicken theme, and no delay to fear in the cooking; that was comforting, but we had already lost precious time in this diversion, and though our host refreshed us royally, we should never have made the promise of coming to his place. Leagues get no shorter after one has put thirty-five or forty dull miles behind one; and so it fortuned that our last few miles were done very slowly in the dark; and when we were directed to leave the road and grope our way as best we could through a forest of cashaw trees till we reached the ferry by the banks of the black stream that, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, is styled the Milk River, we obeyed orders and found ourselves on the wrong bank of the darkling river, while neither ferry-boat nor Charon was available; in vain we roared and shouted, echo mocked us, but no ferryman responded to our cries; and the situation became extremely unpleasant. To make things worse we had seen our first alligator that day occupying a shallow in a lagoon close to the King's or Queen's highway; the cayman retreated into adjacent weeds and rushes when we threw stones at him 'tis true, but if he had chosen to initiate the attack where should we have been? and I mind that the saurian looked a very large and uncanny beast. We had heard or read that the alligator gave forth an odour of musk, and sure enough from the water below us emanated a regular incense of

that perfume. We held a council of war as to the best way of getting out of our dilemma, and it was decided that we should request our dusky attendant to swim across the stream to the opposite bank, for we argued that Charon could not carry off the ferry-boat to his cottage, and that our darkey deliverer could row it back for us; this proposal, however, proved abortive, for Quashie averred that he could not swim—probably a terrible tarradiddle on his part, for every blackman is almost a born swimmer, and takes to the water like a duck. "Bob" Hay declared he would rather run the risk (almost a certainty) of fever, by camping out in the wood all night; so there was nothing for it but to take off my clothes and plunge in; a few strong strokes brought me across, the alligators proved wholly innocuous, if there were any there at all, and I rowed back having been successfully venturesome for once. Quashie held on to the horses and trap till we could send assistance, and in a few minutes Sir Charles Grey, to whom we told our doleful tale, sent his servants to aid ours, while he made us thoroughly comfortable and snug in his apartments.

This was my first and last alligator scare. I never saw a big one caught, though I believe Captain St. John, R.E., who had left Jamaica before my advent, used to have some sport in hooking these monsters. The first step, I've been told, for the gunner to take is to get a young pig, and tie him to a tree near the bank of the river; his incessant squeaks prove a magnet to the alligators of the district who troop towards the noise, when the ambushed gunner can shoot them, or fire at

them. I never saw a practical proof of this cruel device. Whenever I was in an alligator country I heard curious tales of their recurring raids, and of their positively carrying off laundresses at work in river or lagoon, but I can't say I ever met any one who was an actual eye-witness of these alligator atrocities.

I quite forget how many judges there were in Jamaica. Two personalties, however, have left indelible impressions on my memory. The Chief Justice, Sir Joshua Rowe, and his wife, Lady Rowe, were pillars of the social state in my time. Sir Joshua was a tall, distinguished looking man, somewhat slow of speech, as became a dignitary whose utterances are important, but with a very fine presence, and an air of natural command, he well maintained the status of the Bench by his grave deportment and dignified manners. He had been sent out—a young barrister, perhaps not overwhelmed with briefs or business—from England by the Lord Chancellor of the day—I think, Lord Brougham—and the House of Assembly, who knew nothing of Mr. Rowe, and who probably had a favourite of their own, whose nomination they would have much preferred, showed their resentment at the appointment by declining to vote him any salary. Meantime, Mr. and Mrs. Rowe lived very quietly, and made many friends. Mr. Rowe did the work of a chief justice without its emoluments for a couple of years or three, and with such efficiency, dignity, and straightforward honesty that he was generally felt to be the right man in the right place, and the Parliamentary recusants turned round, and voted his salary for the future and the past,

by which means Sir Joshua and Lady Rowe (when knighted I know not) came into possession of a nice round sum to commence their housekeeping on, and, without waste or profusion, they lived handsomely and most hospitably, and were institutions in Jamaica, commanding an immense deal of esteem and respect there. Sir Joshua Rowe was almost the only official that I can recollect who, at the end of a long and honourable career, left the island with a handsome amount of money, the savings of his official life.

The other wearer of the judicial ermine who was eminently social was Judge Macdougal, the kindest and most considerate of men, especially to the young ladies of Spanish Town, who could always prevail on "the Judge" to give them a ball or dance at his house, whenever official functions were going on at Spanish Town, and soldiers and sailors filled its houses and streets. On one occasion this extreme good nature brought Mr. Macdougal into some little temporary trouble, for it would appear there had been a conviction for a capital crime, and the unfortunate malefactor or malefactress was to be hanged in Spanish town on the very day after the ball, in the early morning, probably, when the gay revellers would be seeking their homes, "The Judge" had forgotten this in granting the favour which beauty had besought of him, but not so the Chief Justice, who sent him a letter commenting rather sharply on the indecency of judicial festivities on such an awful occasion! It was too late to put off the guests—*le vin est tiré, il faut le boire*—so the unfortunate host had to retire penitentially to his own room all night long, and

get somebody else to "receive" for him. The Chief Justice, it will thus be seen, laid down the law in all matters, and being an admitted authority, no one would dispute the correctness of his decisions, which, by the way, were generally just and fair. Most men would have been spoilt by such extreme deference to a rather arbitrary will. He was not, nor yet by the hodiernal homage of his wife, who, herself a social queen, yet worshipped her husband. He was generally spoken of as "the chief," and on one occasion, when a black boys' and girls' Sunday School class was being examined by some august visitors, this query was put by one of them to an intelligent looking boy, namely, "Who was styled the Chief of Sinners in the Scriptures?" "Why, *Sir Jashua*," exclaimed the ebony youth; "him de chief." On another occasion, when an infant school was being put through its facings by a cockney schoolmistress (who was notorious for her transposition and displacement of the unfortunate letter H), for the benefit of the visitors the examiner said, "Tell me, Seraphina, what does the letter L" (she called it hell) "stand for?" "Why, for Lady Rowe, to be sure," said the intelligent young innocent, to the general consternation. Sir Joshua was, I believe, only cornered and "coralled" once in his own court in Jamaica, and that was on this wise. The Attorney-General of the island was the very antithesis of the grave, reverend, and somewhat solemn Sir Joshua. He was short, slight, and wiry of build, not very *soigné* in his dress, and, though a man of old Celtic family, was not too particular sometimes in observing all the *bienséances* of life. He had been a fellow

worker with the great Daniel O'Connell, "the Liberator," and probably the Lichfield Pact enabled him to send out Mr. Dowell O'Reilly as Attorney-General to Jamaica. His brother was afterwards made a judge in Jamaica, but he had little of the strong individuality of the attorney. Well the Court at Kingston was sitting late on the Wednesday in Passion Week, and Sir Joshua from the bench proposed to adjourn it till the following *Friday*, when the Mr. Attorney, twitching up his gown, rose and said: "Certainly, your Honour, you may adjourn the Court till Friday next, if you please to do so, but I can tell you that no judge has ever ventured to hold his Court on that awful anniversary since Pontius Pilate!"

There was another judge, Mr. Charles Farquharson, who, a creole of Jamaica, and a scion of one of its first families, like those of Virginia and Maryland in the States, was a very clever, witty man, and universally popular. He realised the old apophthegm, that it is better to be born lucky than rich, for his good fortune was almost proverbial. Once, travelling in Scotland, he made himself very agreeable to a stray acquaintance, a laird, whose destination was identical with his own. They were no traceable relations, but both rejoiced in the name of Farquharson. Some time afterwards the laird died, and left the judge the bulk of his estate. I used the word "creole" just now. It has nothing whatever to do with race, class, or colour; it simply means "born in the country"—a native—and applies to quadrupeds as well as bipeds.

So much about Spanish Town and its official aristocracy, but ere we leave its low and lethargic latitudes, another

figure and family should be presented, namely, that of Mr. Walter George Stewart, the Island, or rather the Deputy Island Secretary, for the patentee of the office was Mr. Greville, Clerk of the Privy Council during two reigns, who combined a love of reading and writing (and how well he could write and how interestingly his memoirs tell us), with much horse racing, into which he seems to have gained as much insight as most men of his day. Mr. Stewart was Irish by family, and had married in the island. He was a widower at the time I refer to, but his two daughters were among the smartest spinsters of the period, and the eldest even then showed signs of the talent which she has manifested conspicuously in after life. She married, *en première noce*, Captain, afterwards created Sir William. Barker, R.A., who was on the Governor's staff in Jamaica, and who was conspicuous, not only for his gallantry in the Crimea, but also for his humanity, as his battery horses were generally supposed to have been the best cared for in our Army. She afterwards married an Australian, saw many parts of the globe, and then took to literature and lecturing. The second married Mr. Austin, the Governor's secretary. Mr. Stewart's house was among the pleasantest going. The Stewarts had some cousins of the name of Bernard, who emigrated to Canada, where they did well—one sister marrying the Patent Premier, Sir John Macdonald, who seemed to be indispensable to "the Dominion," while her brother made his activity and energy felt in organizing the Militia.

Kingston was then the commercial centre of the

island, the home of its banks and business, while its harbour invited commerce, and was the depôt for steamers from several quarters, amongst others from the States. Hence, as may be imagined, there was more busy life in Kingston than in the sleepy solitudes of Spanish town, where red tape was as conspicuous as the Union Jack (only more so). I believe Kingston was fairly healthy, considering how slightly the science of sanitation was understood or even investigated there. The two currents, the sea breeze and the land breeze, alternated almost as regularly as the tides of ocean, tempering the heat, and giving us varied ventilation; and the town itself, sloping down seawards, had capital natural drainage. Of course, like all ports, it took its early plagues with its early news, but I am not sure that yellow fever, the *bête noire* of these zones, that paid its recurring visits every two or three years, was a bit more deadly in Kingston than anywhere else, though, of course, it was more talked of and in evidence from the numbers and the publicity of a city. The mountain zones were, I believe, so far as I could ascertain, entirely free from the visitant scourge, but any denizen of the peaks and passes who came down to the lowlands and caught it there, would gain nothing by a return to the hills. There was nothing infectious in its nature, we were told by the men of science, nothing contagious; it was a quasi-decimating destiny; if you were to have it, you got it; if not, not. No care, precision, or temperance averted it apparently. Of course, every European who came out to Jamaica had, more or less, yellow jack on the

brain. I recollect well how a young army surgeon who was attached to the cantonment of "the white regiment" at New Castle, Sir William Gomm's celebrated sanitorium, and who had not made either his head or his stomach sufficiently well for his sundry soldierly symposia, used to believe firmly that he had suffered from the dread *vomito* more than once; the fact being that in the tropics you are generally awoke at an extremely early hour by having a cup of coffee brought to your bedside, and as milk was scarce in those high latitudes, even the milk of the gentle goat, he probably got *café noir*, which seems not to have assimilated with everything else, hence the *vomito* which he ascribed to a mitigated form of the fever! Among the curiosities of yellow fever, I may mention one instance which is perfectly true, and could be vouched for by hundreds if necessary. A young lady had come out from Northern Britain to join her relations in Jamaica who were extensive merchants, and lived in the higher part of the town of Kingston. She caught this fever, was duly doctored and nursed, and apparently died. Interment succeeds death very promptly in the Antilles, and the inhabitants are as solicitous for a fine funeral as are the natives of another island in a more temperate latitude called Ireland. Hence invitations to funerals are promptly printed off, with the usual notice, "Please let your carriage attend." In this lady's case, the notices were printed off, and, I believe, despatched, when A nurse, THE nurse, I suppose, seeing a bottle of champagne on a table, with a good deal remaining in it, poured it down the defunct damosel's throat. After

a time, there was a stir among the dry bones, life and animation returned ultimately, and who will say after this experience that the American phrase, a "corpse reviver" is altogether a misnomer? Even Milton talked about strains of music potent to "create a soul under the ribs of death." The lady afterwards married, and, I make no doubt, was ever after happy. Here is another true tale of this terrible fever. Henry Houston Shirley, whose family owned fine rich sugar estates on the north side of the island, that in the good old days yielded splendid revenues, came out and settled on his property, and lived the life of a planter and a country gentleman. He was a charming fellow, well educated, accomplished, and good-looking, a lover of sport, and a good sportsman, shooting much on his side of the island where the practice is not dangerous. Fearing that "the new democracy" might swamp the planting interest in the House of Assembly, he got returned as a member, took his seat, and for distraction went out duck shooting on the Caymanas Estate, between Kingston and Spanish town, Lord Howard de Walden's property. Here he caught a fever, which turned out of the yellow type. I did not hear of it for several hours, and when I did, as there was no train available, I drove over, and I went to see my poor dear friend. He did not look ill, but his articulation seemed to be slightly affected, and pulling me towards him in the bed, he strove to say something in my ear, which I could not quite realise. His strength seemed so good, and so little sign of serious illness was there about him, that in the evening I left him, and went to dine somewhere

at "the chief's," I think. Next morning, rising about five, I went to his lodgings; 'twas too late, for he had died during the night. I did not know then that the stoppage of speech was a very bad sign of the malady. Poor Henry Houston Shirley! A few more men of his stamp living in the island continuously during the past thirty years might have, in some measure, arrested its downward tendency.

This yellow fever digression has taken me away from Kingston, to which I must go back a bit. Since the days of Penn and Venables' conquest and Rodney's victories, the Port Royal harbour has been a *statio benefida carinis* of H.M. service, and often visited in the course of cruises. In the Plains of Liguanea there was an Admiral's "pen" or park, laid out on a fine scale, and on one of the spurs of the Blue Mountain ranges there was a home for the Commodore of the station, and a sort of sanatorium for invalids.

Our Army, too, was not forgotten, for Headquarter House, towards the upper part of Kingston, was a fine well-built mansion, with very thick walls, and a certain coolness caused by fending off the sun's excessive brilliancy. It was meant to be a home of hospitality, especially for soldiers, for, if I recollect right, the table money allowance was no less than £1,800 a year. At this time it was occupied by a remarkable and certainly a very great man (in one sense), who had had perhaps more extended experiences than any man in the service, having tried almost every variety of the life military in his turn. He was full of anecdotes himself, but was the subject or hero of infinitely more, some of which

were peculiar and need not be dwelt on. I made his acquaintance a day or two after my arrival, as he had some departmental complaint to make, and as this man mountain could not come to the Mahomet of redress upstairs in his office (myself), Mahomet, of course, went down to interview him in his carriage outside, and hear his literary grievances. The next time I saw him was I think, at Headquarter House, when he was having a rather early dinner in which he begged me to join him. I had lunched late, or was not hungry, or was going to dine elsewhere, when he almost insisted, adding "I tell you what, young man, if you had gone through life as I have, you would never refuse the offer of a dinner, for I never knew when I might get the next, and my rule through my career has been never to refuse a feed, even if I had eaten several before, in the course of the day." He had a wonderful share of mental activity, in spite of the too too solid flesh that encumbered his frame, and made his weight considerably more than twenty stone (I think twenty-seven was about the thing). He was a good card-player, and if he did not teach his A.D.C.'s or military secretary much strategy, he kept them well up to their whist. *A propos* of his card playing, a story is told of him when he commanded a battalion of the 60th Rifles (if I remember rightly). I am writing of General Bunbury.

The corps was inspected with the usual result of considerable commendation for its smartness, efficiency, and soldierly bearing, but the General of the District in a semi-private conversation with the Commanding Officer told him he had been distressed to hear that

gambling prevailed to a lamentable extent among his officers, and hoped the rumour lacked foundation. "Indeed it does, General," said the clever Colonel, "I never allow gambling in my regiment *except for ready money*, and there has been very little of that in the corps for some time, *as I won it all.*"

Soon after his arrival in Jamaica, as it was perfectly impossible that General Bunbury could be taken up the corkscrewy steeps that lead for several miles to the cantonment at New Castle, where the white regiment bides its time of masterly inaction till the order for embarkation for "England, Home, and beauty" arrives in due course, General Bunbury drove in his carriage as far as the foot of the mountains, and had the men paraded for inspection as best he could and they could. He had sent up a charger he meant to ride on the occasion to the same little bit of level ground, but when he mounted him, the patient animal felt he was wholly unequal to the big burden and subsided bodily, so that the carriage had to be resorted to. He used it as a rostrum, telling the men how thankful they should be for this mountain Hygeia, and that a live jackass was far more important than a dead lion. This was not General Bunbury's first experience of command in the West Indies; he had had a minor one previously, and had a great card duel (piquet or écarté, probably) with a native on the day previous to his going on leave for a few months. Luck was against him, so he paid his opponent the greater part of his debt in current coin of the realm, but added something about pecuniary pressure at the moment, and said that he would send

him a handsome equivalent. This came by-and-bye in a piece of domestic furniture which is more useful than ornamental, or even valuable as an article of sale or exchange. Colonel Bunbury in the course of the months returned, and in the course of cards won a small stake from his old friend who said nothing at the time, but sent him back next day the missing link in the furniture of his house. General Bunbury was faithfully nursed in an illness by "Mother Seacole," so honourably conspicuous a figure in the Crimea! I believe she accompanied him to England when his term had expired. As no cabin companion-ladder could possibly admit this great General, a deck house had to be built for him. His son started originally on his staff, but as he desired to marry a very charming lady, he gave him his *congé* at once. This son was a favourite pupil of the great Lablache.

The other Generals who commanded in Jamaica, during my decade, were not such remarkable personalties as General Bunbury, though General Bell was much liked there, so we need not refer to them. Among the Deputy Assistant Adjutant-Generals who were on the staff during those years, two were rather remarkable: for Colonel Tidy was eminently a staff man, and a smart one too. He was not a plutocrat, but did everything well; rode well, played billiards well, sang a little—and not out of tune—and was very agreeable generally, being well read and having seen a good deal of the world, especially that part of it under British influence. Colonel Tidy was a general favourite, and his tact prevented any rows in this peppery com-

mand, and kept the military machine comparatively free from friction. A man such as this is, or ought to be, pretty sure of employment at the Horse Guards at home, and he found it. He had married a very charming young lady connected with Jamaica, and I dined with them once or twice at their house, a good long way to the northward of the Horse Guards. In those days, officers did not very often avail themselves of the humble and homely 'bus, at least staff officers did not; but Colonel Tidy, like a sensible man, availed himself of his opportunities, among which he counted the business 'bus. He said his chief used to poke much fun at him for his adoption of this popular means of travelling. *He* had never been in one, and professed to be inquisitive *as to which end you got in at.* Things are changed somewhat now, and common sense has come more to the front, for I heard a smart cavalry soldier say the other day that he intended to avail himself largely of 'buses, and their aid in making his inspections (he inspected infantry).

Another Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General on the Jamaica staff was Colonel Reynolds, who was the hero or victim of the blackbottle affair in the 11th Hussars, at the time they were commanded by Lord Cardigan. He was out of harness for a long time on account of this little *esclandre*, but latterly got reinstated, and sent out to Jamaica to fill this berth. A most cheery pleasant companion, full of conversation, and withal kind and hospitable, I can well understand that the fiery soul that informed his tenement of clay only wanted occasion to arouse it to its old pitches. He

took a mountain perch rather less steep than many, for his hill had a bit of plateau on its top. He had consulted me about the nigger idiosyncrasies, and I had told him that if the *fortiter in re* were absolutely necessary and unavoidable, no time should be lost, and that attack was better than defence in such cases.

Soon after this he asked me to come to his mountain retreat and dine and sleep there. I accepted the suggestion, and his black butler, a respectable youth, who had had leave for some hours only returned in time to lay the cloth, &c., for our dinner. Colonel Reynolds was new comparatively to the ways of the island, and had, of course, laid in a stock of those most essential fowls that lay eggs for you, and give you broth, cutlets, *poulet à la Marengo*, &c. Now, fowls knew how to take very good care of themselves, and though there are no fox foes in the colony to kill them, rarely wander very far from their billets, and keep fairly regular hours. In the course of dinner, Colonel Reynolds told his servant that he could not see his birds when he returned, and asked where he thought they had strayed to. "Spose, massa, dem out *walking*," was the reply. Now "walking" is the purely technical word to apply to such an occasion; but the gallant colonel conceived that the man was laughing at him, and was with difficulty restrained from annihilating him then and there! Reason at last, however, triumphed! He was unfortunate in putting the Colonel of the 41st, Julius Goodwyn, C.B., one of the survivors of Inkerman, where his corps had fought valiantly, under arrest, just as the Welsh regiment was embarking for England.

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What the precise merits of the case were I have forgotten, but Goodwyn was fully justified, I believe, on his return home. Colonel Reynolds would have led a forlorn hope, charged guns, or ridden at a square, I feel assured, and wrested victory if possible by courage and devotion. But after all no soldier in our service *fights* for more than a few days or weeks, as a rule, during his career, hence courage is only one of his great qualities.

Another conspicuous figure on the cotemporary canvas was Colonel, afterwards General, Whitfield, who commanded the 2nd West India Regiment, a splendid set of Zouaves, who looked upon their colonel as their father and chief. They were mostly, if not entirely, Africans, and would have followed him through the tempest of battle or anywhere. Colonel Whitfield was justly proud of them, and their discipline, and his great ambition was to be allowed to bring them out of their routine track of service in Caribbean seas, and on the coasts of Africa, to Europe or India, and their possible battle-fields—the aspiration was never gratified. These black troops were very quiet and inoffensive for the most part; but let civilians wound them in a susceptible point, and they swept them away like so much chaff with their belts. Their band, which I think had the honor of playing at one of the Kensingtonneries, was a very effective one, and the men in some cases could whistle like *la belle siffleuse* herself. Colonel Whitfield was a thorough soldier, and I believe there was nothing in the soldier's domain that he did not try to master and succeeded too. His motto

might have been a paraphrase of the famous line of Terence—

"Miles sum—nihil militare a me alienum puto."

He got a command in China that tore him from his beloved blacks.

I think it was of Colonel Whitfield that they told the story which, if it sound somewhat strong, and even bordering on the profane according to our educated intellects, yet was pitched in a key which these barbarians understood. The men of his regiment somewhere or other got terribly depressed, and an epidemic of suicide seemed on the point of breaking out generally, when the colonel had his men paraded promptly, and told them, in language comprehensible to their understandings, that suicide would not release them from flogging, drills, or any military *corvées*, for that though they might fancy he could not follow them to the depths below, he had that power, and would have every man who had cut his throat severely flogged. The harangue, if not defensible on the common grounds of morality, had a capital effect on the men's minds, and checked the evil.

Most of the Kingston merchants and professional men lived in "pens" or park-like villas, either at the top of the town, where fountains constantly played among the huge green foliage of plantains and bananas, cooling the atmosphere and refreshing the eye, or else, more or less, under the spurs of the Blue Mountains. The post office, unfortunately, was very near the sea-board, admirably situated to be sure for its distributory

functions, but incommodiously for the enjoyment of life. There was a very fine suite of rooms in the building at the service of the Deputy Postmaster-General of the island, and I was informed that my predecessors, Lord and Lady Sussex Lennox, had occupied them, while they lived in Jamaica; if so, I must respect their "salamandric" and "salawomandric" gifts, for no hotter spot can be devised than the corner of Port Royal and Harbour Street. The sun's rays fastened on it with a vehemence that recall some of Ovid's myths as to the erotic ardour of Phœbus Apollo; and, to show my faith in the concentration of light and heat on the roof of shingles, I may mention that having once foolishly invested in a large quantity of that potent Madeira known by the Blackburn brand, that, admirable when matured, takes several years in the process, I put it immediately under this roof, and after ten years found it had much mellowed; but it was not only the heat that you had to fight against, but the pervasive dust that permeated all your verandahs and jalousies; for I need not say glass would be far too fiery and flagrant a reflector of rays to employ in the tropics! This dust top-dressed your ebony black or brown floors polished like marble, and slippery as glass, and occasionally made your best furniture look small semi-Saharas. I had the rooms done up and furnished for habitation, and dwelt there for a term, being full, not only of debts but of the most honourable intentions of discharging them, and a rent free roof with sundry other advantages naturally commended themselves to one's calculating instincts.

Whether it was weariness of the flesh and spirit that weighed on me while I dwelt in this desert, or that the hygienic question was put to me in an extra strong light, but very soon after taking up my quarters in Kingston, I was persuaded to annex a charming mountain villa called Creighton,* which had been occupied by Lord Elgin during his government of Jamaica, contrary to the ordinary routine that fixes Governors in the hills above Spanish Town.

I have nothing to say against Creighton; the views from it could not be matched in England or Ireland; the climate was simply delicious, if a little bit enervating, and if you were gifted with extraordinary powers of walking, you had a few directions where the precipices of descent were avoidable, as well as the acclivities of ascent: for instance in the direction of Dallas Pen, where the ancestors of the Duchess of Portland retired from the lowland heats and the labours of the session. There was a church close by, but railways and markets, post offices, &c., were thirteen or fourteen miles distant. New Castle, the white man's salvation or sanatorium, looked through the clear ether, about two or three miles distant, whereas your pony and yourself found it a climb of several fagging hours. Your fences were made of blue and white daturas, from which busy bees were ever wooing, and ever winning the saccharine treasures. The house was pleasant, airy, and many-roomed; just the place to enjoy,

"With one fair spirit for your minister."

* It is now the residence of Sir Henry and Lady Blake.

But to be perched up on top of a hill, with little to do but admire the scenery, or try a little mild gardening or agricultural improvement, was not satisfactory by any means, particularly when the sable ladies of the establishment—none of my selection I must premise—were amazons in disguise, and fought during my absence with a pertinacity, dash, and courage worthy of Zulus. The amenities of the place were great, no doubt, but so were the drawbacks. My butler, a young man of colour, well-intentioned, I confess, but without much experience, discretion, or reliable judgment, was my market man and caterer, and he had to ride to the Kingston market, twelve miles distant, with a basket carried somehow on the saddle, which returned full of eatables, *plus* ice and such luxuries. This young man had no doubt many friends of both sexes at Kingston, and the retailing of gossip is a semi-sacred duty in Jamaica, so who could wonder if divers mischances befell him by the way occasionally, and my stomach suffered severely in consequence.

A few weeks after I had settled at Creighton, this young man, who could not up to this time have accumulated vast wealth in my service, asked my permission to be absent from the premises for a night, as he said he was desirous of giving a ball. "Giving a ball," I said, "why that would cost you a large sum, and I did not know you were a rich man!" "Oh, no, massa," quoth the man of whiting and plate powder, "me make much money by it." "Very well, then," I said, "tell me all about it to-morrow," and so he did next day. The speculation, he said, had been most successful; he

gave the ball, found the fiddles and refreshments, but charged so much a head for entrance, or "gate money," so much for dancing privileges, and so much for visits to his bar. I ought to have gone to see the humours of the "shay shay" for half an hour, but perhaps it was as well not to *spoil sport*, and I have no doubt there was a good deal of it at this "dignity" or "divarshion." I commend the idea to a small section of necessitous hostesses amongst ourselves. The negro village, rather of the *Darkest* (mind the D is a big one, Mr. Printer, please) continent type, was just outside the wattled fence that bounded my little lordship, or mountain manor, and this fence I had had repaired, and made up with scrupulous strength and neatness; what then was my disgust to see hog after hog coming into my grounds one day, and it may be rubbing their hides against the fragrant frangipani trees. The law of the country, "lex scripta et administrata," permitted you, without warning or notice, to shoot every one of these hogs; they were caught *en flagrant délit*, and the owner had no appeal or redress. However, these pigs were fine fat fellows, and had I not come from a country where the pig was held in a certain amount of respect as the rentpayer (what an unclean and accursed beast he would be counted now, if he did anything of the sort), and why should I commence my Creighton career by injuring the property of men my black brethren? So I warned the pigowners to restrain the vagaries of their sporting swine, and had the holes they had bored in my fence stopped. In vain; it seemed a case of "root hog or die." The negroes did not seem to care a doit, so after

much misgiving I went out and shot several of the intruders. I suppose there was high feasting in the camp of Ham for the next few days. I never heard or saw more of the other delinquents and their owners, and my grounds were subsequently left intact. A few years afterwards, when for a short transition period I took a place near Kingston, where I maintained a few thoroughbred horses, with a little accompanying army of lads and grooms, I found the lawn of the "pen" was simply overrun with vagrom goats, &c. Now the goat is a gregarious animal, and when not restrained near home, he will try to join the largest society of peripatetic, nomad goats going, and the rendezvous seemed to be universally my lawn. The law allowed you to shoot and spare not, but in spite of my inhumanity to pigs, I felt tender towards these goats, so I had a *corral* made, and I told my head man to let the lads drive the goats as best they could into it, and if they exacted a silver "quatty" or so from each owner, I need know nothing about it, while the proprietor ought to rejoice in getting his domestic animals released on such terms.

I believe this levy, though *equitable* enough, was hardly legal; however, it was far better than a battue, and the law was never invoked in the case. It will be said that a law that gave individuals such power was an outrage on the natural rights of man, and that it was a survival of the plantocracy ascendency, where the doctrine obtained that *man* was made for *produce* (*i.e.*, sugar, rum, coffee, pimento, and such like staples), and not *produce for man*. Perhaps so. I will not try to

argue the question, merely remarking that there is much to be said on both sides, and that a flock of these gregarious goats in cultivated ground would not be a much more improving influence than a flight of locusts, and that, moreover, there is a certain responsibility involved in the keeping and breeding of all domestic animals that the owners should take care they do not injure the lives, grounds, or properties of others. And here I will mention another planter-made law, that, sounding most arbitrary, one-sided, and imperious at first, soon commends itself to any rational thinker. This law enacts that any sire horse under a prescribed standard, caught roaming about in grass lands or "ruinate," may be summarily seized and prevented from peopling the island with little "runts" of hardly any commercial value, whereas the Legislature has made it one of its aims to raise the standard of horseflesh, and improve it so far as it was possible.

The King of Dahomey might have thanked me if I could have sent him a few of the valiant virgins that did me the honour of managing my house at Creighton, but I was not then aware of his royal existence, and I was weary of hearing at every return home of these wars and rumours of wars during my absence; so I fancied the better plan was to flit bodily, "down with the nests and the rooks will fly." So by returning to hot, dusty Kingston, I got rid of my "Amazonian army," and looked out once more for some pleasant *penates*, with less bellicose belongings; but I must, in justice to my establishment, here declare that more decorous manners I never saw than when I was there among

them; in my absence the ructions were, I hear, internecine.

I cannot think who led my wandering steps to stray by the banks of the Rio Cobre, near Spanish Town, till they reached a rather pretentious pen with a fair brick house on it, good new stabling and offices, a nice lawn and guinea-grass pieces, and sundry other things that help to create a look, if not a feeling, of *bien-être*. I wandered into one grass piece, which the encroaching "bush" had rather choked. Peacocks kept flashing in front of me out of the guinea-grass till even H.M. of Sheba would have felt dazzled by the gorgeousness of their rainbow hues and towering tails as they soared upwards and onwards. In another, the magpie-tinted guinea-fowl seemed equally at home. I thought of early gunnings and of grilled gallenies; and finding that the property was to be let, "worth the money," as they say, I took it, and went through the usual formulæ.

Up to this time I had found Jamaica a very temple of Hygeia; of course the heat was trying at times, and mosquitoes are not the pleasantest of trumpeters in "the stilly night ere slumber's chains have bound us." The chiego or jigger, which, if neglected, is quite capable of shortening your stock of toes, without the means and appliances adopted by that cruel Canaanite, Adonibezek, who seemed to dislike other rival kings having as many digits as himself, is harmless if you will only put on your boots before going out in the morning instead of loafing about in slippered ease; and a little touch of cholera had done me no permanent

harm! A *fico* for climatic fears! so I reasoned; but in a few hours gossip had bruited it about that I had actually taken this pen, and medical science informed me it was deadly, and that it was probably owing to that cause that so nice-seeming a place was empty. However, I turned into it and took possession. The peacock shooting did not survive a few effective shots, as the birds were uncommonly careful of their splendid plumage, and never would rise in reasonable range; the guinea-birds, having miles upon miles of similar ground to feed over, like wary capitalists, preferred lands where gun outrages were unknown, or very rare, to my paddocks; and in fine, when some rainy weather (not "the seasons," I think) set in, I got laid up with what they call out there "a bilious remittent fever." All fevers are prostrating enough, but this left me a good deal of vitality, and I went about as usual very soon, and thought I was fever proof for some time; however, a few weeks after this illness I had driven into Kingston and back—about thirty miles or rather less (a tandem with a good leader such as I had picked up making the drive generally a pleasure)—when I felt my head go completely. I went to bed and desired all cutlery to be removed from my reach, as no one can say how far delirium may extend. In the morning I felt wonderfully better, and drove into Kingston, to my office, but after a few hours I was put to bed as an invalid, though never given any idea that yellow fever was the malady. Extreme unremitting care and extreme kindness enabled me to weather the storm, which shipwrecked not a few of my contemporaries,

being especially hard on "soldier officers," I believe. Some time after that I bought a very prettily-situated pen or park near Up Park Camp, where the West India Regiment had its headquarters, and where there was a swimming bath of great extent, fed by the freshest of water (Jamaica or *Xamaica* is the land of springs). It was situated under what they called "the Long Mountain"—a desert of "bush," I believe, and it had nearly a mile gallop round it; where from your own porch, amongst orange and lemon blooms, you could see your thoroughbreds do their canters, while from your dining-room windows at the back you could see them duly dressed and valeted, *secundum nigram artem*, or to the best of a nigger's power. Nor do I think that in the world (a big word) horses are much better "done" (I mean racehorses) than in Jamaica, where the strappers, who would not exert themselves a bit for meaner beasts, throw all their energy, strength, and science into this labour of love; while fore legs and hind legs are hand-rubbed in a way impossible in England from the expense of the labour that would be involved.

A propos of the pen, to which I got rather attached and which I improved not a little, I may state here that once, and once only, have I had an opportunity of forming a faint conception of what the delirious delights and wild excitement of pigsticking—the elixir of Indian saddle sport—must be, or, as I should add, *may* be. I suppose from the long mountain range the clearing that formed my park looked pleasant and grateful to the hosts of hogs that ranged the summit and sides. I had enclosed the circuit with a bank,

fortified by long shoots of the cactus, which, placed on (not in) the dry clay under the bank, germinate quickly and produce other cacti; they carry an armour of sharp spines that protect you from the inroads of most animals.

This ring fence that I prided myself upon as an insuperable barrier and wall of circumvallation, proved a very weak and slender defence against a colony of migratory wild pigs who swooped down on my little pleasaunce from the heights above, intent, perhaps, on some wild roots or beans there. I had never seen any of their sort before, and hoped to extract some fun out of them. So the carpenter or "handyman" was set to make light spears or lances, and I sent over to a major in the West Indian Regiment hard by at Up Park Camp, who had come from the "Land of the East and the clime of the Sun," with the reputation of being a good shikarri. He was to bring over his likeliest friends and their best horses. I had some few nags that I fancied might prove useful at the game, and when our meet was effected very quietly, we sent to reconnoitre our quarry. There they were, not having shifted their quarters since morning. "Boot and saddle" was sounded in muffled tones, and we went forth to our spearing. What apprenticeship and coaching pigsticking requires I know not, but should fancy a good deal; at any rate, I think our spears made more acquaintance with the turf of the park than any porker's hide. How they dodged through the trees that shaded the open space, turning the corners like acrobats! In fine, we did not succeed

in bringing one of them to bay, much less to hand; and after some ineffectual skirmishing of this sort, the scattered herd seemed bent on "packing" once more, when they charged the cactus hedge, and making a big hole in it, vanished into bushland, nor did they ever return again, so far as I could learn.

CHAPTER IV.

"Alas! the love of women, it is known
To be a lovely, but a fearful thing."

SUBSTITUTE horse for woman, and occasionally the apothegm will run nearly as truly. I cannot say that in me the love of horses was hereditary: for though my mother was devoted to riding and very fond of her horses, my father preferred wheels to the saddle, so that one family influence or current might be thought likely to neutralise the other. My brother was reared a centaur, and competed successfully in several hunting grounds, but he never was the least what could be called "horsey" nor devoted to the noble animal, and at Oxford and after it he ceased to care much for riding, and had little or nothing to do with horses for many years. My sister rode well and rode much, but horsiness in ladies had not developed itself then, as it has since, and the Dianas of Ireland might be almost counted on one's fingers.* To me the love of horses came late; and there was little in our neighbourhood in the King's County to quicken the flame or give it an active practical turn. For instance, I think it was in the Long Vacation, while still an undergraduate at Oxford, that I managed with a little assistance to break and train a fine, well-bred, weight-carrying mare, that

* Mrs. Wodehouse and Mrs. Arthur, its best known representatives perhaps.

fenced to as great perfection as almost any animal I ever saw, and had good looks, mouth, temper, and manners in her favour. This animal, a five-year-old at the time, I think would certainly get into the class styled "useful," now-a-days. I had no idea of her value, and took her down to sell at Ballinasloe, when after she had gone through the usual ordeals of trial by veterinary surgeon, galloping, and wall-jumping, I realised, if I recollect right, £40 or £50 for her. Up to a point I fancied I had done fairly well, and was rather pleased, though regretting the parting with a friendly mare, but when the purchaser, after payment was made, and all the other ceremonies were gone through, asked me privately if the animal had any very bad faults or characteristics, and I replied "none," tossed his hat in the air, and declared that he could not have believed that any man would be green eno' to sell a good young animal at such a figure, I understood that I was really little better than our friend Moses in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and as little able to fight my way at a horse fair.

I think in these confessions I have stated that my intentions in the matter of economy, retrenchment, and such like a programme, were what I may call "strictly honourable;" they lacked backbone, however, as will be soon seen. I think the race meeting at St. Ann's, a parish or county on the north side of the island, where Nature is steeped in even greater loveliness than on the southern side, takes place in autumn. Here the air seems fresher and more buoyant, the plains less parched and arid, and the whole landscape infinitely more "parky" than at

the Kingston end. Moreover there the common "bush" of the woodlands is very largely leavened with the all-spice shrub, or pimento tree (not unlike our bay), and at the fruit season the air is laden with the powerful pimento perfume, for it is one of the staples of the country, and exported to a large extent. I may add that the pimento is a *largesse* of boon Nature to man, for it is neither sown nor planted, but propagated by the birds, nor does it give any trouble in cultivation whatever.

To this race meeting a number of our southern "sports" decided to go, and the hospitable natives aided our enterprise in every way within their power. We were all bestowed in comfortable country houses, and treated like princes of the blood royal. I had the good luck to be billeted on the horse king of the island, John Wilson Davis, whose name was partly reproduced on the English turf in "John Davis," a gallant son of "Jamaica's," just as was the eponymous patriarch and Nestor of the turf within its borders. A beautiful spot, too, he lived in, near Ocho Rios, commanding an expanse of cobalt ocean rarely fretted by storm or tempest, and tideless in comparison with our plangent shores. You went to his antique, comfortable house, built, like "old-time" houses here, to resist and oppose that arch-enemy the sun, and shut out his influence as much as possible, through woods rich in valuable trees, such as the fustic, and amidst endless brooks clear as crystal. I think Mr. Davis when I made his acquaintance was considerably past eighty, while I was very little over two and twenty; but I know full well who was the more wearied

and done up, and altogether good for nothing at the end of a day's riding over Mr. Davis's very extensive grass farms or pens, which he kept in the most perfect order, and of which he was very proud.

I do not think the old gentleman had an acre of sugar-cane cultivation; grass farming, cattle, and horse raising was his occupation and delight, and it was a treat to go with him and look over his troops of horses, and herds of horned stock, all, wherever I saw them, in splendid health and condition, the only drawback was that you were called at an hour when your sybarite instincts would suggest another sleep, and that, after a breakfast rather substantial for the time of day, you would be hurried on to your horse—a good mover you may be certain, and with much of the cut of a high class, fourteen stone hunter, the chances were strongly in favour of his being as thoroughbred as Eclipse. Now your horse probably was a fair walker, four miles an hour perhaps, and a trifle more occasionally, but Mr. Davis would have his huge saddle and sheepskin on something that could amble and shamble and "rack" along at more than six miles per hour, and hence in your efforts to be civil and sociable, and cheek by jowlish with your host, you were continually oscillating between a walk and a choppy trot, and your inner man suffered accordingly, perhaps the outer man as well after a few hours. Of course the attempt was futile, and the only way in a case of the kind, when horses are so unequally paced is to walk as far as you wish, and then canter or trot the interval. Mr. Davis always nominally walked and came home in the evening as fresh as a

four-year-old. He always had in his house a liqueur which might be commended to Justerini and Brooks, for neither peach nor apricot brandy are comparable to it. This was what they called cashew wine, made from the nut of that name, with, I imagine, brandy; it was strong, sustaining, and delicious.

Mr. Davis was a very tall, thin, wiry man, with most marked features. He said himself he had inherited some of the old Carib blood of the *indigenes* found there by the Spaniards, and supposed to have been Indian, though I am conscious of the elasticity of this word, but I mean it in opposition to negro or black blood.

I never knew, perhaps very few did, how Mr. Davis acquired his large "pen" properly, whether by inheritance from his forbears or by purchase, but it certainly covered a grand area, and his lines were in pleasant places. There was no Mrs. Davis in my time, but daughters and granddaughters galore, and the old man was more like a horsey patriarch than any other symbol or similitude I can think of. After all *Esau*, though not often classed in that company, *was* a patriarch. I forget most of his daughters, but to one of them who married an English settler, who was either the son or grandson of a real live "Bart." in the English Stud Book, Mr. Davis had given a beautiful place adjacent to his own, through which brawled a brook known as the roaring river. This gentleman was *not* in Mr. Davis's good graces. No doubt the old gentleman had a profound respect for the "Stud Book," but his son-in-law, we heard, insisted so strongly on the blueness of

his blood, that he broke out one day with "Hang your pedigree, show me your performance!" and so dismissed "the claims of high descent," which asserted themselves financially and with too great frequency. Mr. Davis was an extremely shrewd man, most devoted to ladies, and capable of entertaining them admirably, though he did talk occasionally in Smollett style, and was never careful to disguise his meaning even to *les plus grandes dames de part le monde.* Hence many curious stories which have set hundreds of tables in a roar or succession of roars, but their flavour was occasionally strong. Horses had always been his study and delight, and he could not be said exactly to be a horse dealer, as the usual way was to have a lot of colts or aged horses driven together into a *corral,* where the buyer made his own selection, and the seller put on his price. Mr. Davis always made it a stiff one. On one occasion Sir Joshua and Lady Rowe, wanting a pair of large blood carriage horses, went to stay at Mr. Davis's, where, of course, they were welcomed and well treated. Next day Sir Joshua was shown a pair of young horses, just such as he wanted, and got *fond.* He had made up his mind to have the pair, but turned round to Mr. Davis to ask the precise figure; it was staggering, but the chief was not easily daunted, and replied, "I like your horses, Mr. Davis, much, but the price is *very* high!" "That's just what the taxpayers say about your salary, Sir Joshua," was the rejoinder, for you could hardly beat this grand old man at ready repartee.

A few years previous to this St. Ann's meeting, to which I hope to turn by-and-bye after these Davisiana,

Mr. Davis had picked up a sire which he valued greatly and who certainly left his mark on his race in Jamaica. This was Pammon, by Priam, from I forget what dam. He had been imported by the commanding officer of a West India regiment, Colonel Cobbe, (who also brought out a number of the famed Knowsley bred game cocks); the horse was something of a roarer when he reached Jamaica, and was not good enough to win there, so he lost his value in his owner's eyes, and being a symmetrical, shapely horse with much of the Priam power, he was a treasure in Mr. Davis's, who, nevertheless, I feel sure, bought him "for the value." He told me that after some months in the island, with the change of food and regimen, he got completely cured of his noisy respiration, or expiration. His stock proved stout and fast, but though quite free from any sibillant sounds, were in my judgment less clear or free winded than some other strains. Gross, strong, constitutioned horses, they wanted a lot of work. They had good legs and could stand it even on the hard, hot ground; but I never ventured to give them half enough.

The course of St. Ann's is beautifully situated near the little seaport of the same name, and is all turf, but for the most part of the consistency of a well-baked brick, so that you shudder for the horses while racing, and equally so in their exercise. However, they seem to stand it; and a genuine breakdown is a most exceptional circumstance. The races occupied two days—while there was a great display of galloping every morning before the races, between 5.30 and 7 A.M.

There were festive evenings before, after, and during the race week or fortnight, and picnics by the banks of rushing rivers where negroes, or maroons, caught any number of mountain mullet, which they cooked, wrapped up in plantain leaves, in the wood ashes of the fire they had kindled by the banks of the river. Mountain mullet and iced champagne form a happy mixture, and a *jour maigre* under such circumstances was very welcome. I must say we were then—as always—most splendidly entertained by the "high estates" of St. Ann's, and none of us, I think, will ever forget its kind and hospitable inhabitants wherever we may be located or quartered.

But if ever le Grand Monarque really said, "L'État c'est moi;" one family in St. Ann's had some right to say that the parish owed them much and willingly acknowledged the obligation; that family rejoiced in the name of Bravo, which by all accounts they, or their ancestors rather, had brought from the Iberian peninsula, a fact of which they were very proud, esteeming the old Hebrew families of Spain and Portugal far before the most powerful Plutocracies of their race scattered throughout Europe—three brothers had been left without capital, but with brains, education, and racial energy, at their father's death, in Kingston. A capitalist furnished them with something to start with, and suggested the potentialities of St. Ann's. The three brothers went there, developed the resources of this rich country by banking, shipping, and trading, and in a decade or two were rich men. One brother was drowned at sea. The survivors were brothers in

mind, hand, heart, and purse. Joseph, the more cautious, perhaps, and sagacious. Charles, quick, fiery, and speculative; perfectly devoted to horseflesh in all its branches, but more especially to the racing members of the family. The meeting was due in a great measure to their enterprise. Its success owed some of its pleasantest features to their social geniality and kindness. Business was not exactly suspended during its entire term, but it was not allowed to interfere with boundless hospitality to the visitors and the paramount purpose to make St. Ann's a paradise of pleasure for the time being. Racing and gambling are more or less connected, though betting, I must say, never made great progress in Jamaica, and cards, not horses, were the instruments of speculation. Lansquenet was a very popular game. When men got cleared out of paper, and yet hung on to the game, and the company punted with silver instead of gold, a number of small silver coins (quatties, 1½*d.*, and fippances, 3*d.*) would find their way on to the floor, for there was no *copper* in the island; and with what a rush would the little niggers pack into the room to claim their little Argentine argosies—sturdy mono-metallists that they were in practice if not in theory—when the sun warned us to go.

At one nocturnal meeting there was some little unpleasantness, among the very few instances I can recollect in this perfervid, frizzling country—for one of the gay "gamboliers," an officer in a West India regiment, became a little excited from his great good fortune (for he had won not only the ready money of the room, but horses and live stock), and perhaps a

little, too, from his iced soda water, and a challenge to some one who dissented from him was the result of a few hasty words. The challenge was declined on the spot by the challengee, and all would have been smooth enough after this, I believe, but for the officious and exuberant courage of a guest who wanted a shot at the challenger, but in the twilight cold and grey of the dawn, the officer who had cooled somewhat as to "swords and pistols," the programme of few hours back, turned on his aggravator and rent him. By-the-bye, this same aggravator had, *on dit*, had his courage considerably cooled in this very place just prior to these events. A certain centurion was seized by inheritance, or otherwise, of a property not very far off from these scenes of riot and revelry. Our aggravating friend had challenged him to the arbitrament of pistols, and he accepted the invitation. The day came, and, 'tis said, a large party had met together at the mansion of Seville to witness the bloody debate. While preliminaries were being discussed a report came up to the house that Captain A., the challengee, who was escorted by a lady, presumably his wife, had taken shelter from the rays of the sun, in a grove of oranges, and by way of passing the time congenially, was throwing up the fruit into the air with one hand, and with the other held the pistol, whose balls seemed to have an unerring knack of piercing the pulpy heart of each orange. I do not think such a narrative, if only duly dressed up, would have a strengthening or reassuring effect upon the bravest nerves. In this instance it opened the door to negotiations and satisfactory

arrangements, and thus was the gallery baulked of its single combat and consequences. It was said that prior to the famous duel between D'Esterre and Daniel O'Connell, something of this sort happened, but the tale has never been authenticated.

We sportsmen from the southern shores of Jamaica took our mournful leave of St. Ann's—its grand grass farms, its comfortable homes, its hospitable hosts, and its multiplied *agrémens*, with the impression that we had never fared better, and that when in our power we were bound to make what return we could for the kindness of its inhabitants. The opportunity came in a short time. Kingston races had at one time held a high position in our little world of sport, but the epidemic of cholera, and other causes, had held them in abeyance for some time. Should not they be renewed, and, if possible, *aucto splendore?* Here was an opportunity of doing St. Ann's a good turn; for St. Ann's was the great horsebreeding "parish" of the island (it had rivals in the midlands and south-west, however), and an occasion of this kind not only gave the St. Annites a fair field for exhibiting the excellence of their animals, but created a market for their thoroughbred stock, in the event of a new Tom Tiddler's ground being established to attract sportsmen. The turf in Jamaica, at this time, was a very close corporation, and a *lex non scripta*, or, at any rate, precedent and practice had assigned nearly all the prizes of the turf to horses bred and reared in St. Ann's, where the brothers Davis may be said to have divided the spoils. Mr. John Wilson Davis's brother Henry being, like him, a

breeder of thoroughbred stock, and a painstaking trainer besides. There were a few more minor breeding establishments in St. Ann's, owned by Mr. Smallwood and one or two others, and a squire there, a Mr. Rose, of sporting proclivities, bred game cocks and thoroughbred horses, some of the latter of which he trained and raced, but the popular verdict had for some time laid down the proposition that Mr. Rose's cocks *would run and fast too*, whereas his horses would not; *fast* women and *slow* horses are fatal to fortunes.

Well! a great effort was made to resuscitate the faded glories of Kingston races by holding a meeting there at Christmastide, or a little later on in the young year. Naturally, I was appealed to for assistance, and for a few weeks (or was it days?) I was firm in refusing more active assistance than what was conveyed in a subscription. Then, after a bit, I relaxed so far as to consent to be a steward. But, own racehorses! Perish the thought! The Roman poet tells us how the drop of water falling at frequent intervals from a height wears a hole in the rock below—

"Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi sed sæpe cadendo."

And we know how Inquisitors found the terrible torture of the drop of water ultimately irresistible. I yielded, but too late for any effective purpose, and found myself with a stud of thoroughbreds to manage and control a few weeks before the meeting, without a proper service of grooms, jockeys, or riding lads! To no purpose did the one man in the colony who knew how to ride on the flat, and who was built and cut out

for the purpose, beg of me to buy such and such horses adding that he would do nearly all the exercising and riding. I refused to buy, and rejected his proffered aid, and then, when it was too late, for he had been secured in a partnership by a sporting soldier in one of the West India regiments, I bought and entered a string on my own account. I suffered for this hesitation and vacillation and subsequent "rushing." The sporting soldier referred to bought, a few weeks before me, the best or second best three-year old in the island, "Antæus," a very level, strong, black horse; while I rushed in and bought the smartest filly of that age, hight "Canezou," after Lord Derby's mare. For three years these two horses fought out a duel *à l'outrance*, meeting in Queen's Plates (three-mile heats) and lots of other races of the more moderate proportion of two-mile heats! On one memorable occasion, "Canezou" defeated "Antæus" on the Black River race course after five heats, or ten miles! but I think, on the whole, "Antæus" had the best of the deal, and won most races. "*Souvent femme varie*" is true of the mare as well as of the matron and the maid. Perhaps on her best day she was in front of the horse, but then the best day was not always the day of the race, and the horse was more uniform and consistent in his quality of running, constitution, and temper. When I said just now that I got my horses too late, far too late for the meeting they were to run at, let me state here that the life of a racehorse in Jamaica is not mostly spent, as in our temperate zones, in boxes, stalls, or stables, but in the open air, and in the guinea-grass piece or paddock.

Experts there say that horses will not stand "training" for more than eight or nine weeks, after which they must be once more relegated to a state of nature and wild life. After some experience, I came to the conclusion that with fair stable management and variations of food, horses might do very well for three or four months in their boxes, and in some cases even improve. But St. Ann's was all in favour of the short-service system, and one of the traditions of the country maintained that John Wilson Davis had taken a colt from his native pastures, corraled him, broken him, trained him, and won with him in a little more than six weeks! This seems incomprehensible to our English ideas, but something like that in kind, if not in degree, happens out there constantly. My three-year-old "Canezou" came straight to my stable in Kingston from the guinea-grass piece, with a long, rough coat on her, and, I think, unshod, and everything had to be done under seven weeks! I could not myself clip a horse, nor were the implements forthcoming if I had been able to do so; so I had a lamp for singeing fashioned after my ideas and recollections, and if I got off some of the superfluous coat, I made the poor mare look very ridiculous among her fellows, in fact, like the singed cat of the proverb; I did not know then that elbow grease and stable habits will very soon lighten any coat in such a country. I fancy the natives must have been highly amused at my notions of training; I could not believe in galloping gross, grassy horses over courses either sandy as the Sahara or hard as adamant! I was afraid to do so; and to cut a long and lengthening

story short, I may say at once that the great "Canezou," being brought to the post wholly unfit, bolted with her jockey when hard pressed; that everything else of mine ran badly, and that my solitary success at the meeting was in a hurdle race when the opposition was of the weakest order. Hurdle races, once great favourites with the soldiers in Jamaica, had been for some time abandoned, as, after a series of accidents, the General of the district issued an order prohibiting officers riding in them.

The situation was hardly pleasant or profitable. To be encumbered with a lot of thoroughbreds, and thus tied to the turf and its stake, was not a pleasant vista or one likely to improve the financial position. There was no Tattersall's wherein to plunge and get rid of the lengthening chain at any sacrifice; and the most feasible extrication seemed to lie in taking better care of your animals, bringing them out fitter, and having competent steerers. For the failures at Kingston, one was very much to blame in one's own weakness and vacillation, and then, as many times subsequently, the *coup* came from what might, and ought to have been, your own armoury!

> "Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
> He'd nursed the pinion that impelled the steel."

The jock of the place, Charles (afterwards Sir Charles) Cuyler, had ridden "Antæus" in the race when "Canezou" bolted, and probably had riders been reversed the win would have been mine. However, there was a meeting coming off soon at a place called Mandeville, high

plateau land in the interior, and here the tables might be turned, and so they were; for "Canezou," fit and well, was quite equal to the task of staying with "Antæus" through a strong-run race, and beating him home on speed. Here, too, if I recollect right, I had a few minor slices of luck.

On the whole, racing in Jamaica is a very poor game for the outsider, unless he has special circumstances in his favour. The men you race against are breeders of thoroughbred stock to whom winning is not only a pleasure, but a great source of profit, for it gets up the reputation of their brands or "pens;" as the reader must be informed that every horsebreeding ranche in the island has its special brand, and you can guess pretty nearly how every horse you see is bred at least on the sire's side; for, besides "Pammon," there were two or three other sires serving in the country of good repute: such as "Black Doctor" and "Javelin" by "Jereed." The latter got some very smart, speedy runners; add to all this the important circumstance that these breeders and their belongings are permanent inhabitants and employers of labour, whereas you are a casual who take up racing for a pastime or excitement for a year or two, and then drop it as suddenly as you took it up, leaving all your lads and stablemen in the lurch, while the soldier who may dabble a bit among thoroughbred horses is liable to be ordered off the island at very short notice. These circumstances militate greatly against your prospects. Even if your negro grooms prove loyal to their salt and stable (and it is often too much to expect) you are working a

limited stud against practically unlimited numbers, who can be taken up by relays, and pitted against your stale stable. For these reasons, it will be seen that racing under such circumstances is like knocking your head against a wall—a game in which you may ding a hole in the wall, but the head will be the chief sufferer in the end.

In our salad days, however, we don't quite see these things in the same light as in maturer years, and we delight in buying our experience at the highest possible rate of exchange; a few sporadic triumphs, too, sometimes make you fancy that you are on the royal road to success. Such a triumph I recollect gaining once at a place called Mandeville, with its cock-pit of a course, but with delicious temperature and pleasant surroundings. A Jew had bought an extremely smart colt, a son of "Javelin's," who wherever he went showed such fine form that he was beginning to be considered invincible. With a certain amount of irreverence and bad taste this sportsman called his colt "Caiaphas," presumably after the notorious High Priest of Jerusalem. I determined to tackle him with a big brown colt I had recently annexed from a rather out of the way place, and from a strain not very fashionable at the time; but the colt's symmetry was good, and his pedigree went back to one or two of the old families, such as that of "Emilius," that made one hope for stoutness. He was a fifteen stone blood like hunter, and could hunch up his back in a way fatal to the ordinary negro lad's loose seat. I recollect being sent for by my groom, who had ridden into the place where I was staying at the time,

to tell me that "Mulatto" had "flung all dem nigga boys." There was rather a deep field near his stable, and into this I had the proud-backed animal led, when I mounted him myself, being a welter weight; and a three year old set going in a swamp with a steadying weight on his back soon caves in. So did Mr. "Mulatto;" but I let him have enough of it to weary him thoroughly, and he never, though a very high-couraged horse, showed temper after that. This race at Mandeville (two miles) was a maiden effort on his part, and when he won there with all the ease in the world, he certainly stamped himself a fair horse, for those parts at any rate. Next day the course was very slippery after rain, and the gradients were fearful; rounding a turn he fell heavily, and he never ran again in my colours. Another incident is recalled by the mention of Mandeville. I had bought a very strong, useful, thoroughbred bay horse, whom I think we made out to be a cousin of Lord Zetland's "Voltigeur." He would have been conspicuous at any meet of hounds or covert side, as he was very good looking and full of power. There was a welter race at Mandeville, heats of a mile and a half, and here I fancied was a chance to win, owner up; but the problem was to turn thirteen stone walking weight into twelve stone, and the moment I got to Mandeville I began a series of walks, which I fancied were taking me down several pounds per diem; so I ate and drank as usual, indeed, appetite was much sharpened by the exercise in brisk fresh air, and when the night before the race I weighed, feeling sure I was very near the mark, the thirteen stone remained obstinate as ever!

On this, not to be baulked of my ride, though the night was far advanced, I piled on clothes and took a long walk. Then I took another, similarly rigged, in the sun next day, and twelve stone *only* was the result. In the first heat, getting much the worst of the start, I had to content myself with very moderate second honours, in the next I got well off, and was only collared at the final hill; but here any attempt at riding home became futile from sheer weakness, and a race was perhaps lost. I say "perhaps" because the winning horse was smart at this distance, and his rider was a much better performer than I was.

Another time that I had a gleam of good fortune was at Kingston, when I had two animals engaged in the Queen's Plate, three mile heats, one was "Canezou," the other a plodding little hollow-backed mare, with an eye knocked out, called "Miami." I had a quasi trial of the pair on the public course of Kingston—the only available trial ground within reach—two miles run strong. There is a sort of etiquette about trials, but I heard that luncheon parties were given with a view to watch this trial, and the result was, as everyone expected, "Canezou" won it easily; for once I kept my counsel, and, going to the stable at night, told my trainer to muzzle both mares as I was not decided which I should start, possibly both, but both were to be brought on to the course next day. Just before the start I saddled "Miami," and, as she had very high withers, put a cambric handkerchief under the pommel of her light saddle—three-mile heats, recollect, on a course very hard in some places, deep in sand in others;

then, telling a waif, whom the grooms had picked up in their travels, with hardly a rag to his back, and whom they called "Man of business," as a joke, making him clean steel and other stable chores, with an odd exercise ride as a great treat, to get a jacket and cap, had him put on "Miami," telling him not to attempt to hurry her or strike her, but simply to sit on her back and let her "gang her own gait," which was painfully slow for the first mile, better in the second, best in the third, when the stoutest of her opponents had begun to falter and fail. The child, for he really was nothing more, did exactly as he had been told, and in the last half mile, when the field was what is called "stone cold," put his whip in his mouth and cantered in alone, casting back rather derisive looks at those who were struggling home. Meanwhile, if I recollect right, I had for once improved the occasion by backing the laggard in the first two miles, and had some doubloons to the good. A doubloon is the fine Spanish gold coin equivalent to £3 4*s*. In the second heat "Miami" won even more decisively, and I recollect that after the six miles the cambric kerchief was not even stained or moist. I had had such a splendid succession of failures in attempting to train horses—a science of which I was profoundly ignorant—that it is hardly a matter of surprise that at last I realised a success, and a rather signal one too; it was on this wise: a "Javelin" filly had shown a fine turn of speed at home, but had only run once as a two-year old, when she mastered the light lad who rode her and bolted out of the course; for this misdemeanour, in which the lad's hands had perhaps some

share, as well as bad bridling, the filly was sold off for a song, and fell into the hands of an officer, who intended to make a dogcart trapper of her, but instead of thriving she took to pining, became a miserable anatomy (teeth probably very sore), but after a week or two's watching I saw her coat show an inclination to turn the right way, and I bought her from the centurion, simply by way of experiment, suspecting that *mal au dents* was her malady. I put her in a large box, gave her lots of soft food mixed up with mangoes, that horses are extremely fond of, and which I think are rather better for them than even Eno's fruit salt for ourselves. On this diet in a couple of weeks the mare throve marvellously well, seeming to have regained her spirits and pluck, and, as it was part of my system to take "the fleet," as King William the Fourth of happy memory styled his stud, once or twice a week down to the sea, two or three miles off, for a swim in the early morning, I had the new mare saddled and swum about for some time, and coming home there was a bit in a green lane where we generally cantered. She came along with the string moving well and freely. I liked her style so much that I gave her another short spin when she came home; and in fact, after a morning or two, I made up my mind that she should be got ready for Kingston races, only two or three weeks distant; giving her hardly any work beyond cantering and swimming. A mile and a distance (heats) was the shortest thing I could get her into at the meeting, and putting a good lad up, I told him she was only starting for an experiment, and not to bully her. She won

as she pleased, in fair company too; in the second heat my only anxiety was lest the lad should show up his mare too much, for she could play with anything I saw out. Now, I was not able to "personally conduct" my horses, except at Kingston, and its course, but latterly I had a sable groom who knew a hundred times more about horses than the majority of his fellows—a man I could trust too—yet, though this mare remained sound and well, she never even ran forward after this, because I think he always brought her fagged and jaded to the post, working her with the string.

A propos of the strongly marked idiosyncrasies of horses, and perhaps more especially of thoroughbred horses, I may mention here that the big bay horse that I rode in the welter race at Mandeville took such a dislike to courses and racing generally, that he never after this could be prevailed on even to start for one. He would train on up to the day but the moment he caught sight of the stand, the crowds, and, above all, of the colours, he made his protest, and so vigorously that he always prevailed; another of his peculiarities was his aversion to single harness; in double you could not tire him or give him too large a share of the pull, in single he was not only uncertain but pretty sure to let you know his ideas on the subject before he got home, whether with a gig or without one. Here is another peculiarity in animals that is not generally known. At nearly every race meeting in Jamaica there was a mule race added, as mules do most of the road work of the island, and are particularly sharp and good in that colony. Mandeville did not depart from the usual practice, and when Lord

Howard de Walden (then Fred Ellis) started his particular post mule for the event he managed to get a grey horse to gallop in front of her till the run in—mules having a particular regard for grey horses—at any rate *his* mule had, and he pocketed more than her value, I believe, in doubloons won by this wily ruse. On one occasion in Jamaica I was taught a lesson in training that upset a good many of my old ideas. "Canezou" was a large, gross mare, who was seldom off her oats or Indian corn, our staple there, well ribbed up, and with a short back as strong as any boar's, she kept her condition under all circumstances, and was, I think, from her excessive jollity, a hard animal to bring out properly, and at her best; some fifty or sixty hours before an important race, the wise men of the stable came to tell me she was quite off colour, and no good at all; they hinted that she had been got at somehow or other, and as the insertion of either gum or grease in her mouth would effectually stop her feeding, we concluded that an enemy had done us this disservice. She was taken out of course, with an asafœtida steeped rag round the bridle, said to be a wonderful tonic, but the mare, while looking blooming, would not feed, and just picked over her hay. She was so fit to the eye that I started her, though not without misgivings; and then and there she ran her best race, to the astonishment and confusion of the stable. My impression is they had been over-doing her with corn, and that the abstinence was a stomach suggestion—a remedial impulse of nature.

In my last year or so I got hold of a very smart,

sharp horse, somewhat unfashionably bred, that, if I recollect right, never knew defeat as a three-year-old. He was a quick, active horse and a good starter (hardly a very high class one), winning every engagement very easily. There was a larger and more powerful three-year-old in the same year even more unfashionably bred than mine, who had had quite as successful a career as my colt "Red Jacket"; the two horses had never met, and wishing to take the better of the pair (that I fancied was *not* my own) to England, I proposed a match for a nominal sum over the Kingston course as a test affair. Mr. Solomon, the owner of the colt, declined, to my surprise, for he was full of sporting enterprise; not thinking my colt good enough for the homeward voyage I turned him out to grass, and he died a few months afterwards under an operation. Mr. Solomon in any case would have had the best three-year-old in the island, so perhaps a brilliant career in England was marred, in any event the experiment would have been interesting. His horse remained a couple of years more in Jamaica, having run long heat races over adamantine ground, which one would think fatal to everything in the race horse's composition. Then he sent him to England, where he ran forward in a flat race, was then turned to chasing—and became a Liverpool favourite. I said he was doubtfully bred, and so he was, his dam was thoroughbred, but all we knew of his sire was this, that he was wrecked from an American steamer, swam to Nassau, where he became the colonel commandant's charger, and accompanying him to Jamaica, was bought by a breeder, on chance.

He was reported from America to be a son of the great "Priam's," who, like "Glencoe," migrated to the States, but I believe no reliable pedigree was ever obtained for him.

In the days I speak of and write of, the Goodwood Cup was a coveted trophy by most sportsmen, and colonial horses had a splendid allowance in starting for it. A nobleman in England, who could hold his own with most men on the turf, always saw the opening there was for a Jamaica horse, and we were in treaty for one or more, or, rather, in correspondence on the subject. My view was to send home three of the best class public performers, as the chances were that two out of the trio might disappoint, owing to change of climate, accidents, or length of voyage, and one string would never be enough. He always insisted on the single string, on the grounds of economy, and so the plan was never carried out—a pity, I thought then, and still think so. After some time I had gathered together four or five horses that pleased me very much in the matter of looks, and had proved themselves good. I kept them in boxes, giving them soil, and on one occasion, a Saturday evening, I thought it would do them good to wander about the park for a few hours to stretch their legs. Now, all over the south side of the island there is a hard-wood tree called "the Cashaw," whose fruit, a little bean in a pod, is very much liked by horses when fresh and dry. After it has lain on the ground and got soured by the dew or damp, it is decidedly dangerous, breeds noxious gases in the stomach, and swells horses out portentously, very

often killing them if no relief be near. I went up that evening to New Castle. The servants went down to Kingston, forgetting to put back the horses in their boxes, nor did they return, I believe, till daylight on Sunday, when they had the gruesome sight of these five horses all swelled up enormously, and apparently in a very bad way. A new veterinary surgeon had just come to Jamaica, with a splendid array of literary decorations behind his name. He brought up his instruments and treated the horses as if they were cattle afflicted with hove.

Now the real remedy for this cashaw swelling is an alkali, generally given in the shape of a drench of wood ashes, which rarely fails, if given even within a few hours of the poisoning. My groom knew this, naturally, but he got frightened by the consciousness that if he had put back the horses into their boxes nothing could have happened, and bethought him of the man with the magic letters. I, too, was summoned by a special messenger from New Castle, but only arrived in time to see most of these beautiful animals stark and dead. One, a handsome black horse, whose racing name was "Ethiopian," lingered for ten days and ten nights, and died from the inflammation caused by the puncture of the trochar. I was so chagrined at this terrible blow that I made up my mind to sell off everything, including the real estate. Within ten days or so I was relieved of everything but a remnant of bad horses that I could not get rid of, and again I had to invest in another pen or park. My next mansion, though very pretty to the eye, never really pleased me. It was

built by an architect for his own use, but he found he had not given his dining room underneath sufficient height, so he excavated some feet of earth for the purpose. I recollect in the wet term, "the seasons," dining twice running in that room by myself, in a pair of Turkish slippers, and each time I was stung in the heel by a scorpion—my only acquaintance with these plagues, who would not probably have been seen in a room above the ground floor.

Another horse experience which I had in Jamaica may be narrated, because the treatment adopted might possibly prove useful under similar circumstances. Horses were an article of first necessity in that island, for in the days I write of the short line of railway between Kingston and Spanish Town was the sole public conveyance I can recall in the entire island, and every one had to rely upon his own equipage for getting from one place to another. Moreover, the contracts for the road repairing were so fearfully jobbed that, instead of metal, earth was constantly put over them, and, as may be imagined, when "the seasons" deluged the country for ten days or a fortnight, the highways became beds of sludge, and it was no uncommon sight to witness a number of deserted carriages, abandoned *pro tem.*, till the sun once more hardened the superficies. If you drove any journeys in Jamaica you were generally followed by servants with relays of horses, and if you rode, relays were also necessary, together with a sumpter mule or two, laden with the saddle bags.

There were hostelries of a kind throughout the island where you could get entertainment of not too luxurious

a character for men and horses, but the general aim of every traveller was to reach some pen or great house, whose hospitable proprietor or occupant invariably made the wayfarer welcome, with no matter how large a cavalcade he travelled. For there was always plenty of provisions of one kind or another—yams, plantains, eggs, salt fish, chickens, and, if circumstances favoured, fresh meat, while, if the tenant of the house were in comfortable circumstances, he had his tap of madeira, with brandy galore, and always rum, and he never made the slightest fuss or ceremony with these improvised guests, nor yet with their retinues or horses, for the negroes of the establishment took care of the attendants, and the horses were turned out into the nearest grass piece, with the prospect of getting a feed of maize in the morning, if there were any on the premises.

Having said so much about the importance of horse kind in the island, I may state that there was a sale of horses in my neighbourhood, to which I went in due course, probably arriving hot and thirsty on the scene, for, as an Irishman in describing the island remarked, "it was a great counthry intirely," you were always thirsty, and the means for quenching that thirst were always at hand.

The means adopted by the vendor of the very non-descript horses for the relief of the sempiternal drouth were relays of jugs and jars of milk punch, which is a very insidious fluid, though in this country its strength is rarely tested, seeing that a wineglass after turtle or other soup is the amount taken at ordinary dinners. The concoctor of these cooling cups had made them

extra strong, and their success was stupendous. The sale was a perfect clearance, and my share of the spoil was, if I recollect right, sixteen nondescript—very nondescript animals. Among them was a young grey mare that seemed an extraordinary good trotter, and I selected her for my tandem, with which I used to get over a good many miles every month. She was green, and in no condition whatever, and no doubt it was unfair to put her in with an animal in good fettle and used to work. One evening, after returning from my office at Kingston to the pen near Spanish Town (the drive was in and out, I think, some twenty-nine miles), I noticed the grey mare's jaw stiffen in an ominous manner the moment the bit was out of her mouth, while the tail also became rigid. I had read and heard of locked jaw but never seen an instance of it, but here it was before me in all its horror! *Que faire?* There was no veterinary surgeon nearer than Kingston, and no one could say much about him, whether he was a man of science or not, but so far as I could gather he was about the only representative of the horse-hakim class in the island of Jamaica, where the horse population amounts to many thousands and tens of thousands.

Sending for the man of science would have involved hours of delay, and some treatment must be adopted forthwith, so the mare was put into a stall. A nearly fresh sheepskin was spread over her back and loins, and for thirty or forty hours—possibly more—kettles of hot water were poured over the sheepskin, while, as doors and windows were as hermetically closed as we could manage to close them, a constant sort of vapour bath

filled the building. In this course we persevered without intermission, day and night, till the nerves and muscles seemed to relax suddenly (the process was probably gradual), and the mare was able to use her molars in masticating a little food. She became fearfully thin, but after grazing some few weeks, I quite forget how many, somebody bought her, and I was glad to get rid of an animal that might present the same problem again. Let me add that no morphia whatever was administered, either internally or hypodermically, no chloroform or any other drug whatever. I think the hot water and the vapour from it assisted Nature, and this points to a Turkish bath as a potentially valuable instrument or appliance.*

In another case, in which I had the folly to go against the custom of the country and its *praxis*, I fared very badly, though common sense and the books rather favoured me. I have mentioned "Mulatto" as a good horse, and of a family of good performers. I bought a brother of his, who at four years old showed much promise in every way, and had a perfect mouth, temper, and manners, which are not always the accomplishments of a running horse. Now every road in the island is partially metalled with long shingle nails, for the roofs are made of shingles fastened on to rafters by these nails, and when the roof requires re-shingling the nails are freely scattered about in bouquets. On one of these nails, at an unfortunate angle, my colt "Sambo"

* There is a famous stock instance of a "flesh" horse having been cured of lockjaw by a crack on his skull intended to kill him, but *kill* was *cure*.

put his frog, and "the iron entered into his sole" in earnest. Now the panacea for this very common misadventure is to extract the nail, burn the hole made with a hot iron, and then put into it a pledget of tow and turpentine, which seems to succeed invariably. "Sambo's" foot was poulticed with every soothing and emollient substance we could lay hands on, but all in vain, inflammation set in, he shed his hoof, and I think I had to shoot him, as the new growth was useless.

I have dwelt long and lovingly on the horses of Jamaica, for they were certainly among her natural treasures, and they lately received some attention in England when the remount question was under Government consideration. From what I have seen and known, I believe that in no part of the world could a better or hardier thoroughbred trooper be produced, at small cost, than in Jamaica. I use the word "thoroughbred" advisedly, as if you get nearly equal substance, the thoroughbred is the superior, *me judice*, of his half-bred brother for work and endurance. The area for breeding them, even with all the waste lands of the island to call upon, is not enormous; as experience has shown that only in a few districts, under certain conditions of soil and climate, can the colt be bred and reared so as to attain his best development, and these districts are mainly in St. Ann's, Manchester, and St. Elizabeth. The cost of transit to England would counterbalance much of the economy of rearing; but I have no hesitation in saying that if any other great Power had such a field for the production of first-class cavalry horses, the field would be used and cultivated. Half-bred horses

have been tried in Jamaica, but they were failures, as the *sun* wore them out. As for the endurance of the Jamaica horse under wretched conditions of life, it almost passes belief. The Spaniards must have introduced a lot of Barb blood into the island after their occupation, for even the commonest ponies are capable of exertions that we should never think of expecting from similar English animals. Speed is not everything in a horse; but even in the matter of speed, Jamaica horses very easily disposed of such second and third-rate animals of English origin as they were pitted against from time to time, and Lord Mulgrave, when Governor, found his importations very expensive and very ineffective in the way of race winning.

The Creole (or native) stock wants constant renewing with English blood, as otherwise it will very quickly degenerate in shapes, if in no more material characteristics, the hind quarters losing their roundness and becoming quite droopy.

To show how good some of the commoner animals proved, I may mention that I owned a pony fourteen hands high, of no pedigree that I ever ascertained, who won every pony race for which I started him, and was equally successful in matches against an imported American horse at three miles, and a mile and a-half catch weight. He was a fair hack, and, I'm sure, in a light trap would have thought very little of fifty or sixty miles, but I never put him in leather.

I may add that Jamaica horses are exported to the other islands, where they win nearly all the races.

I said in a paragraph lately that perhaps in no part

of the world were racehorses better valeted than in Jamaica, and so they ought to have been, for each runner had his strapper, an athletic darkie to whom the grooming of a horse of such great possibilities was a labour of love, and into which he flung himself with might and main; and a rider besides, to whom was assigned the task of hand-rubbing each limb fore and aft, for two periods of about forty minutes each in the twenty-four hours. This hand-rubbing—a sort of massage—is infinitely better than the bandaging that obtains in our stables, and seemed to be thoroughly appreciated by the recipients of such attentions. In some stables the boys were instructed to wet their hands with a sort of gently stimulating embrocation chiefly composed of oil of origanum (or oil of thyme) and camphor; but whether there was virtue in "the bottle" or not—certain it is that if hands smeared with this unguent were thoroughly dry in thirty or forty minutes, one might feel sure that every limb had had justice done to it. Directly after the boys had done rubbing, you saw them roll up leaves of tobacco into cigars of portentous size, which no matter how young they were, they seemed to smoke with much relish. 'Twere needless to say that running horses in Jamaica could neither be railed nor vanned. I doubt if the bit of railway in existence had a horse box among its rolling stock, nor do I think the oldest inhabitant had ever seen a road van, such as those which Lord George Bentinck made so popular in England. The horses walked all their journeys, and it was an amusing sight to watch the departure of a racing train. The boys

riding their animals, the men in a large cart that carried clothing, saddlery, some corn, and a little hay; while each race horse had a collar of hay wound round his neck, much as you may see a soldier carrying his great coat. Bringing up the rear guard on his back, with all the dignity and importance of a field marshal, was the headman or trainer, truly described (in too many cases) in negro language as "the strainer." And how many of the guild—even in Europe—have been simple strainers?

It is always a good sign to see your racing folk start in good spirits. If they are depressed and cast down I imagine that they think that some spell has been cast upon them, and that they cannot fight against such odds. Among your stable people you will sometimes find great ingenuity; one groom I had insisted on making the boys' racing clothes and plating the horses ere they ran, for fear of an accident. This man had wonderful insight into horse nature! I need hardly say that the watch was largely used out in this colony in ascertaining the speed of our animals, and that a good stop-watch was an indispensable adjunct to a stable. On one occasion I had to time a three-year-old that if looks and pedigree availed should have been very fast. She was not wound up, but I thought her mile would be done in tolerable time; on the contrary, it was slow enough for a very moderate hunter, and of course unusual. This groom was a long way off, standing by himself, and when I asked him what he thought the time had been, he told me within a second or two! I asked him how he made the calculation, he

said by the beats of his pulse!—the coincidence, at any rate, was curious.

I pointed out—and in this case I may say to the readers *experto credite*—just now some of the great drawbacks to outsiders taking up racing either for profit or pastime in Jamaica. You have to contend with the breeders who know their business and have practised and permanent staffs, while the outsiders have to trust to casuals who may or not be faithful to them; but in addition to this, you have an element of the grossest superstition to contend against, and if Obi and his prophets are arrayed against you, there is not nerve enough in the natives to oppose such influences. They all profess to disbelieve in this serpent or devil worship, but there are very few indeed who are not secretly terrorised by it, and there is constant mining and countermining going on. The trainers are especially under the spell, and the tendency is, as you cannot oppose the universal credulity, to array the strongest Obiites on your own side. Just as the noble lord who, when asked what he did when another noble peer was working the *sauter le coup* trick, and to *his* knowledge, replied boldly, why backed him to be sure.

Into the mystery of iniquity of the Obi cult I do not propose to enter; hardly any European has a chance of learning its *arcana*—or would like to do so if he could. In its worst form it means poisoning, and by means of herbs, when detection is nearly impossible; in its milder forms it means charms and counter-charms, philtres, and so on. Even the ignorant little riding boys believe that if your rivals have, by means of arts and

incantations, managed to capture the shadows of your horses, your labour is in vain; they hold you. Some of the Obiana are creepy and gruesome in the extreme, and sometimes you are staggered by the hold it has upon people whom you would imagine to be above such grovelling and debasing superstitions! But is Europe free from all taint of credulous superstition? To those who affirm this proposition, I would refer to an enlightened clever man of business such as the Postmaster of Liverpool consulting a *clairvoyante* to recover stamps stolen from his office, as I chronicled before. A friend of mine in Jamaica offended the susceptibilities of his butler; in a few days noticing that the water from his drip stone looked greenish, he investigated the stone and found it full of deadly night-shade. This, however, was hardly Obiism—it was far too clumsy.

I referred to shooting in Jamaica. There was a great deal of game in the island. Deer had been common once, one heard; but I certainly never saw one. Pigeons of several kinds abounded; and I brought home a rare specimen to the Zoological Gardens, in London, though at this moment I am unable to recall his orthodox title.

Wild pigs were to be found in some districts, and wild goats in others. Guinea fowl were like Brown's cows, all over the island, but hard to find, and harder still to kill, as they would carry off any quantity of shot. The proud pea-fowl that beguiled me into taking a miasmatic mansion, where I nearly parted with life and breath, were I rather think strays from some park or other that had become wild. There were the wood

hens, big birds that laid eggs nearly as large as those of a barn-door pullet, but I never heard of a bag of them being realised by any one. Ducks, and all that tribe, were to be found on the edges of swamps, and in this case the game was hardly worth the candle it cost, for that candle might be the breath of life. "Out, out brief candle" says Lady Macbeth, if my memory serves me right, and a swamp will extinguish the brief candle very quickly.

The staple shooting of the island is the Virginia quail, which affords very pretty practice, and if the country were only more open, might be worth following. On the Price estate, of Worthy Park, known by the Spaniards as Luidas Vale,* from the splendour of the swarms of fire flies that lit it up with almost noontide radiance, there were numbers of birds; but in the multitude of covert, these birds found safety everywhere.

Devil fishing off Port Royal Harbour, and indeed in other places, is said to be a sport for kings. I never tried it; but a run of six or seven miles in a boat at great pace must have no little excitement about it. Shark catching had its followers at Port Royal.

My notice about Jamaica in the fifties or sixties would be incomplete without some record of John Wilson Davis, the father of the turf, as well as the father and grandfather, perhaps great grandfather, of a number of the inhabitants of that beautiful island, so I will not apologise for the space I have given him. I wish that considerations of space allowed me to add a few more Davisiana. One I must insert, because it

* Valley of Light.

is pregnant with common sense, and I think it was his own entirely, namely, his last orders to his jocks, which are simple and intelligible to the meanest comprehension: "Always wait in front." This seems to me the acme of common sense, specially when we recollect that the riders to whom it was addressed did not know the refinements of the art of race riding. Another of his common sayings about any one who came to financial grief from going the pace too hard was "I think Mr. —— ran his first heat too fast." Mr. Davis's colts were generally caught in the *corral* with a lasso. I think I named Sir Charles Cuyler as the only really capable race rider in the colony. I am wrong. There was another very good one, but I believe he was more than seventy, the old man of the mountains, Mr. Coppard, who had learned in a good school in England. He had a coffee plantation near the Blue Mountain peak, and if the produce was not large, it was very good, and fetched 2*s.* 6*d.* per pound. He did not ride for everybody, and very properly stuck to the best and best trained horses.

Patriotism is a far more deeply engrained feeling in the Scotch nature than in the Irish—*ecce signum!* I well recollect an enthusiastic Scotch lawyer in Jamaica of the McPherson Clan, whose chief is "Cluny," who went all the way to Caledonia stern and wild, to get some heather from the chief's domains, and whenever he went abroad he put a sprig or two in his boots or shoes, so that he might feel that, even in a colony, he never was off his native heath.

A propos of Scotchmen, a regular Gael of ancient

lineage and lingo, who had some property in Jamaica, got into the House of Assembly in that island, and had not been long there when the spirit moved him to make a speech, which, no doubt, was forcible and Ossianic, but which was so Erse-like in sound and contained such extraordinary lacunes from the effort of the orator to translate his fiery Gaelic thoughts into Sassenach speech that it was wholly unintelligible. A witty proprietor of a paper in "the land of springs" attempted to give a phonetic rendering of the oration, and amused his readers greatly for a time, but retribution came ere long, when the son of the Gael, having seen the rendering of his oration, swooped down on the editorial sanctum, and, cutting out the offensive passage, compelled the editor and proprietor to swallow *his* words, standing over him the while with a stout cudgel till every letter had been degustated.

In England and Ireland, too, we are very apt to sneer at the racing efforts of colonists and colonial horses, but racing men who have visited Australia, for instance, come home with less contracted and insular ideas and views. In my day or decade there were, I think, twelve or fourteen quite first-class horses bred in Jamaica, and as a matter of fact some of the sweepstakes competed for there were far higher than anything in Ireland, for at Kingston every year there was a £50 sweepstake, weight for age, 2 miles, *without any added money.*

One of the great drawbacks to racing in Jamaica (and there were many) was the unparalleled deduction made from every stake of "a winning bowl" for the

stewards and their friends. This convivial winning bowl was a pleasant concoction of champagne, cherry brandy, nutmeg, and ice—a champagne sangaree in fact—handed about in a huge silver loving cup. The lowest price ever paid for one, so far as my memory goes, was a doubloon, or £3 4*s.*, but I think it generally reached to two doubloons, and I can recollect one monster of some sixteen doubloons sent in to me from one booth alone, but a filly of mine had picked up a rather rich two-year-old stake, and they thought the stake could stand it.

This doubloon drawback or duty reminds me of a famous election bill sent in to Sir Mark Somerville after a contested election, which, well known in Ireland, may not be so familiar to English readers, and for that reason I venture to reproduce it here. I may add here that my uncle Mr. Tuite's election for the county of West Meath was supposed to have cost between sixty and seventy thousand pounds.

He was gazetted to a baronetcy without being consulted on the subject, *post hoc*, though it may possibly have been *propter hoc*, by the Government of the day; but as there was an old one in the family he declined the honour. My grandfather, too, I believe, declined a peerage, on the ground that he had no male heir, and also because he might have claimed one with some prospect of success had he been so minded.

A Model Electioneering Bill.

During the time of a contested Election in Meath, some forty years ago, SIR MARK SOMERVILLE sent orders

to the Proprietor of the Hotel in Trim, to Board and Lodge all that should vote for him, for which he received the following bill, which he got framed, and it still hangs in SOMERVILLE HOUSE, County Meath. The copy from which this is taken was from amongst the papers of the late VERY REVD. ARCHDEACON O'CONNELL, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Meath.

APRIL 16TH, 1826.

MY BILL.

	£	s.	d.
To Tenting 16 Freeholders above stairs for Sir Mark, at 3/3 a head, is to me ..	2	12	0
To Eating 15 more below stairs, and two Priests after Supper, is to me.. ..	2	15	9
To 18 Horses and 5 Mules about my yard all night at 13/- every one of them, and for a man which was lost on the head of watching them all night, is to me..	5	5	0
To 6 Beds in one Room, and 4 in another, at 2 Guineas every Bed, and not more than 4 in any Bed, at any time, cheap enough, God knows, is to me.. ..	22	15	0
For Breakfast on Tay in the morning, for every one of them, and as many more of them as they brought in, as near as I can guess, is to me	4	12	
To Raw Whiskey and Punch, without talking of Pipes and Tobacco, as well as for breaking a pot above stairs, and other Glasses and Delph for the first day and			

	£	s.	d.
night, I am not very sure, but for the 3 days and a half of the Election, as little as I can call it, and to be very exact, it is in all or thereabouts as near as I can guess, and not to be two particular, is to me at least	79	15	9
For Shaving and Cropping off the heads of 49 Freeholders for Sir Mark, at 13*d.* for every head of them, by my brother, who has a vote, is to me	2	13	1
For a Womit and Nurse for poor Tom Kernan in the middle of the night, when he was not expected, is to me ten hogs, I don't talk of the piper for keeping him sober as long as he was sober, is to me			
	£110	18	7

Signed in the place of Jemmy Cars wife, his Mark ×
Bryan & Geraghty's Mark ×

You may say £111, so your honour Sir Mark, send me this Eleven Hundred by Bryan himself, who and I prays for your success always in Trim, so no more at present.

CHAPTER V.

" A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie closest to his feet;
It is the distant and the dim,
We go so far to meet."

Moncton Milnes.

ENGLISH men and women have a sublime indifference to their own colonies, and go to Florida for a winter's change, whereas Jamaica is in many respects its superior, especially in the absence of frost. To *poitrinaires*, Jamaica especially commends itself, and works wonderful cures to impaired lungs. Sugar is hardly an advisable venture in these times save to those who understand the manufacturing and agricultural processes thoroughly; but small capitalists, if they cannot make a fortune in the island, can make a fair living with little money. If a few home comforts and luxuries are denied, there are great compensations. In my day turtle cost 3*d.* per lb., and Avocado pears and Ripley pines might be had for a song. Then the calipeva is a delicious fish, and as for land crabs they cannot be rivalled, and of mountain mullet I have already written.

Perhaps, here, I may be permitted to make an ethnological remark or two in reference to Jamaica, that we have often heard called "the Queen of the Antilles," and the "brightest gem in the crown of England!" It is a lovely island, as many who propose to visit it next

February for its exhibition* will fully realise, if they can tear themselves from the social and other attractions of the southern shores, and make excursions round it, and through its interior, excursions that can be completed in eighteen or nineteen days easily. But then Jamaica has, during the two hundred years or so in which we have been interested in its fortunes, changed inhabitants more than once. There are no Spaniards, or hardly any, to be found there now, though the *nominis umbra* exists in such town titles as Savannah La Mar. The Maroons and Caribs are all but extinct, and as a race quite extinct. The Negroes that own and occupy most of it are exotics from Africa, the descendants of slaves introduced by the planters when sugar and coffee cultivation made slave labour a necessity, as the word necessity was then understood. The coloured population is, of course, hybrid, and not very prolific, while the white population is certainly waning rapidly, though recruited by a few Americans, who have proved very good neighbours to the Creoles, and introduced a fair share of capital among them. The Indian coolies imported have left little trace on the population, but if the Chinese could have been introduced in numbers, I think they would have changed the face of the land. For the few that were brought in from Panama, by a legislative job of the grossest description, made money in a very short time, and ousted the lazy, loafing niggers from some of their strongholds, becoming *par excellence the* fishermen of Kingston harbour, and *the* gardeners in its vicinity. The job was in this wise, a Member of

* A thing of the past now, and a declared success.

Assembly got a contract to bring to Kingston so many hundred of the Chinese labourers who had been at work at the Panama railway, and got their discharge. For this he was to receive a large sum, and, I fancy, he got most of it paid in advance. Now, very few men who laboured long at the construction of that railway, which may be said to have been built on human bones, retained enough vitality for much labour elsewhere, whether they were black or white, Irish, American, Negroes, or Celestial emigrants from the Flowery Land. On nearly all, the malarious miasmatic marsh left the mark of its febrile fingers. The enterprising member got his tale of pigtails at Panama, and brought them to Kingston, where, instead of proving able-bodied labourers fit for estate work, many, if not most of them, had to be sent straight to hospital. The hardier and healthier lot bought boats, and fished the Kingston waters with great success; others, as I remarked just now, turned gardeners, and very soon taught us that the secret of gardening is to water copiously during the small hours of the night, instead of about sunrise as was usual before. I forget what became of these Celestials, but one saw quite enough to convince one that though inferior in physique to the Negro, they could beat them out of sight by their pertinacious plodding and intelligence, as well as by their adaptability to various and diverse occupations and callings. The great delight of John Chinaman seemed riding in a stately fashion, with an umbrella to cover his head. Whether Ah Sin is ever destined to make his way into the Caribbean Archipelago in force remains to be

seen. Certainly a St. Domingo peopled by these Asiatics would be preferable to one occupied by a relapsing race of negroes, among whom, according to the last accounts, cannibalism and Obi rites are very prevalent. But who shall say that when the doctrine of the dignity of labour has been sufficiently sublimated by the new evangelists and organisers of strikes, we may not have "to redress the balance," as Canning said, by Celestial aid? Even in London, a few have won their way to wealth.

But I am omitting an eventful episode in the monotony of life in the Antilles. After a severely sustained wrestle with Yellow Jack the strongest constitution is prostrated, and the consensus of scientific as well as common sense opinion points to change of air and scene, and above all to "Northing." Thus in the Fleet, should the fever show itself at all in harbour, a cruise northwards generally stops its career, though it may not cure the actual patients, and puts the ship's company into health again without much medicinal aid, and as there was a very good opportunity of a cruise northwards, I gave myself a few weeks' sick leave, reported the state of affairs to headquarters, and joined H.M.'s good ship "Argus," Captain Purvis, R.N., on her way to Bermuda and Halifax, my fellow passenger being Captain Hay, R.A., who got local leave. Our idea was to take a short run through Canada and the States, returning by the regular or irregular line of steamers that plied between New York, the West India Islands, and the Main, periodically touching at Kingston harbour for freight, passengers,

and coal. We were no strangers to each other, for Dick Purvis had been a great deal at my pen, and Bob Hay was everyone's friend, and much about in our microcosm of sport and society.

I cannot recollect anything very remarkable in our rapid run to St. George's, Bermuda, except on the first day, when a man who was cleaning the cabin windows slipped from his moorings, and though boats were launched and manned very promptly indeed, he never was picked up. It is the modern fashion to take in knowledge very quickly, judging by the antics of certain wise men from the East who cross the Channel, spend a few days in the Green Isle, and leave it with the profound (if there is any profundity about such folk) conviction that *their* keen eyes have peered into the very heart of the Milesian millstone, and that the Irish Question is to them as easy as a proposition in Euclid, whereas Irishmen born and bred in Ireland confess their inability to solve it satisfactorily, or to understand it in all its intricacies! If I had the inspiration and genius of these peripatetic penmen, I would say something as to the land of the pencil cedar, where that tree forms one of the staples of wealth, but as my recollection is mainly of its good vegetables, especially its prime potatoes and onions, I will be silent, and leave others to vex anew Bermoothes. It always surprised me that seed potatoes were not sought for from this source, if only by way of an experiment. Kirwan, the painter, who was convicted of having accelerated his wife's death, was imprisoned here, but we did not see him, or indeed desire to do so.

Halifax harbour was entered at last after some tedious delays among the fog banks. This broke up our pleasant party, and we left our cheery skipper with regret. I think we went from Halifax to Windsor across country, pushed on to St. John's, where the cholera had scared away about half the population, and then took Montreal for our next stage. I think Colonel Benn, R.A., showed us here a very fine battery of Canadian horses destined for the Crimea. Horses in those days were purchaseable at cheap rates. Messrs. Newdegate and Whalley would not have liked Montreal! Rome was too rampant there for their views; but somehow the new English and the old French Cannuks seemed to get on very well together. Prosperity is a marvellous alchemist. The rapids of Lachine, the broad St. Lawrence and its thousand islands, Kingston, Toronto, Niagara, are not these scenes so charming, familiar to us all as a thrice-told tale? The St. Nicholas Hotel of New York was then the latest big thing down town. We went there, and I think the thing that made more impression on my mind as a sample of Yankee improvements in the routine of daily life was the servant's announcement when we went to bed that our linen would be found washed, and made up by morning; and so it was. Steam laundries were not common things then in benighted Europe; they *are* now fortunately. After surveying New York, we went naturally to the offices of the line of steamers on which we calculated for our return to Jamaica. The line was plying, but, oh, horror, no longer to Kingston, on account of some coaling row; so we had either to

find some sailing smack starting for Jamaica, or else charter one for ourselves. At last the desideratum turned up in a brigantine that was leaving the Delaware River. We wired to the captain, taking all his cabin accommodation, and set off incontinent for Philadelphia. The brigantine boarded, we went to look at our berths and cabin, when the captain threw himself on our consideration, telling us how a missionary to Jamaica with his wife and family (missionaries always have a special mission for olive branches) had told him a dolorous tale of the necessities of his case, adding "under the circumstances, I gave them *all* the accommodation you had ordered." We acquiesced, of course, thinking our trials would be over very quickly, but unfortunately we got becalmed off the Cuban Coast, and detained longer than we had anticipated. I think our missionary was a brother-in-law of Irving, who claimed the gift of tongues. Mr. Carlisle did not claim anything of the sort, but seemed a good, straightforward clergyman of the Presbyterian forms. As a rule, the negroes were mostly by choice Baptists or Methodists, as their clergy had taken most interest in them spiritually and temporally. The Moravians were not a large body, but by all accounts did immense good; kept shops to supply the natives at moderate rates (a glimpse of the co-operative principle), took no leading or agitating part in politics, but did good quietly and unostentatiously. One of the peculiarities of this section of Christians *in partibus infidelium*, or in missionary lands, was that, I believe, they imported their *wives* from the parent organisation in England,

nor did I ever hear that such marriage turned out "a failure." Of course the ladies were unknown previously.

The Church of England was the cult of most of the upper ten, of the officials, the officers of both services for the most part, and of the Governor and his staff. It was very well endowed, and at the time I write of had its two Bishops, the actual and the suffragan. For *the* Bishop of Jamaica, Aubrey George Spencer, a son of the poet or verse writer, and so widely advertised as a successful chiropodean case, was, as enjoined by St. Paul, the husband of one wife, and that lady with singular good taste preferred London to Liguanea, where the Bishop's pen stood, a solid, handsome, square mansion, set in a fine park, and if not absolutely perfect in situation, was fairly healthy. I never met Mrs. Spencer in Jamaica, and I think only one of his handsome daughters, for he was the father of a trio of beauties. A most accomplished man, with taste more perfect, probably, than ever fell to the lot of Pope's ideal, "Sir Visto," it might be said of him that "nihil tetigit quod non ornavit."

The Bishop's pen and its "decorations" bore evidence of this, but the gem was his mountain retreat, Charlottenburg, of which he was very fond. Here he had terraced the mountain sides, and made them glow with beauty and colour. It was on his first visit to this enchanting spot that Lord Derby is said to have exclaimed, "Here is Monte-Cristo's Palace." Here, too, they said, the prelate used, in earlier days, to invite his choice native catechumens or candidates for ordination; but these

good young men of colour were overcome by the beauty of the young ladies, and I think after a few formal declarations their visits were no longer sought. There is a tale of some zealous young clergyman, of rather iconoclastic views, having been shown over the cottage and the grounds by his kind, agreeable, and perfectly bred host, when he burst out with the exclamation, "What would St. Paul have thought of all this?" Now nothing is easier than to make such *blessant*, rude speeches. They lead to nothing but pain, and reciprocal unpleasant feeling, and can never be verified. If St. Paul was strong on anything, it was "blessed charity." With the necessity of going backwards or forwards to England pretty often, and perhaps feeling the inroads of age, quinine, and climate a little, Aubrey George was able to get a suffragan bishop appointed in the person of Mr. Reginald Courtenay, who did not generally please, like his polished predecessor, in the country parts of Jamaica. Hospitality is, perhaps, the only law there that has no exceptions, so whenever the suffragan set forth for visits or visitations, he found houses, and horses and carriages, men-servants and maid-servants, all at his command. Now it may have been from close sight, or from absence of mind, or some such cause, but for one reason or another his country hosts complained that they were utterly unnoticed whenever they came up to Kingston or Spanish Town. They did not expect to be invited to reciprocity entertainments, but a little notice, they fancied, might have been given them No doubt the Bishop *was* very absent-minded, but the habit had its effect naturally

in so small a community. At one of the departmental dinners at King's House, before the guests had gone into the dining-room, the Bishop shook hands with an official present, and held his hand for a minute or two, as if he had forgotten his name. "You seem to have forgoten me, my lord," said the officer. "You have been away from the island, have you not," replied the Bishop. "Yes; we've both been in England, but that's no reason why we should not recollect each other." There were, no doubt, a few earnest, good clergymen in Jamaica, but I think a cure and an office were synonymous, at least in some cases; and, if I recollect right, when the copper mining epidemic spread like wildfire throughout the island, and men fancied they had Eldorados within their reach, I heard of pulpits closed on account of this copper craze!

The chaplains were perhaps the least under discipline, and more under the influence of the *genius loci*. A Navy chaplain had joined (or led) some naval officers of the squadron in a raid on some little local post office, where they fancied they had not, or perhaps really did not receive, proper attention. The case, which of course was referred to me, was never investigated, for the ship put to sea directly. Another chaplain I recollect hearing preach before a garrison congregation about St. Paul's reasonings as to sobriety and temperance before Proconsul Festus. The text was infelicitous, for many of his audience knew that he had fallen down a hill side a day or two previously, from the vertigo caused by Horniman's pure teas!

I quite forgot to add to the slight notice of cults and

creeds in Jamaica that, latterly, the Roman Catholics have been showing much missionary enterprise in that island, where, in old days, before the visit of Penn and Venables, their dogmas were deemed the only ones that brought salvation, while initiation into any others might ultimately lead to an *auto da fé*. The Roman Catholic ritual has much to please the negro eye and ear, but Baptists and Methodists were very active among the black and coloured population, and made their wrongs and sorrows their own, thus gaining their sympathy and spiritual obedience! The Vicar Apostolic was a very genial old gentleman, with charming manners, and an apparent familiarity with the good things of either world. I recollect seeing him once greatly shocked on board an intercolonial steamer by the irreverent rudeness of a very spoilt child of, I believe, nominally, his own persuasion. The Vicar was trying to make friends with the boy, but the latter would have nothing to do with him and rejected every one of his advances by suggesting a visit to a hotter place! This was too much for the long suffering dignitary, so he complained formally to his father of the abominable language of his young hopeful. He was an officer in high command, but hardly what could be styled a good domestic disciplinarian, for the only notice he took of his sacrilegious scapegrace's sentence was, "But you did'nt go after all!"

Between the Governments of Sir Charles Grey and Sir Charles Darling came that of Sir Henry Barkly, which was certainly successful. I take it that the Colonial Office think most highly of that representative

of the majesty of England, of whom they hear the least, who is neither carried away by gusts of the *aura popularis* in the colony, so as to forget his devoir to the mother country, and who, on the other hand, does not push privilege and prescription too far, or keep too tight a hold on the reins of power. Much in the same way as Pericles declared *that* woman to be worthiest of the most lavish laud who made least noise in the world. Sir Henry Barkly fulfilled this *rôle*. He held the balance evenly between the mother country, whom the colonists were very apt to vilipend as a stepmother—an *injusta noverca*, in fact—and his zeal for the interests of the island, of which he was the Governor, and which was so lovely in her languor, so divine in her decay, that she must have enlisted the sympathies of any feeling heart.

Sir Henry was a tall, good-looking man, with a considerable air of refinement about him. His uniform looked very well on him, and I think he rose to the height of the argument of sartorial splendour, and determined to be not only a righteous, but a painstaking, hardworking ruler. I hardly think that if our own Bacon, or the German Schwartz (or it may be the Indian or Chinese chemists, centuries before either), had not invented powder, Sir Henry would have made the deadly discovery, but it may be doubted if in a long list of Viceroys, there was a much better or an abler one than the subject of our notice. A vice-king, be he even as talented and public spirited as Lord Metcalfe, is but half a great power without a suitable vice-queen; and such a consort had Sir Henry Barkly in his wife,

who, a handsome, stately lady, with very engaging manners, and a great fund of conversation, led society in Jamaica, made King's House most pleasant, and set a brilliant pattern for her successors. In an enervating and scorching atmosphere the very fountains of pleasure are apt to become dried up, and, as Byron puts it, "pleasure cannot please." Lady Barkly had such a fund of fine health and energy, that she was able to keep the tambourine continually "rowling," as Mr. James Pigg puts it, and she was herself the *motif* of every plan and arrangement for the amusement and delectation of her subjects. Thus, to give one instance. She made her archery parties a new joy and pastime in the island, and a perpetual source of pleasant rivalries. Sir Henry and his wife were both very good shots. The Colonial Office must have thought very highly of Sir Henry Barkly as a Governor, for from Jamaica he was sent out straight to Victoria, where poor Lady Barkly met her fatal accident from runaway carriage horses. Just as her predecessor, Lady M. Fitzroy, had some years before. She was much mourned in Jamaica. In the Barkly reign, King's House, that had long suffered from a succession of bachelor, or practically bachelor governors, became quite gay, its corridors re-echoing continually *le rire perlé de dames*. Nor had it been so socially festive since the occupation of Lord and Lady Sligo. In reality King's House was almost the sole focus for the meeting of the various heterogeneous elements of society in the island. Here not only law, physic, and divinity were to be found, but soldiers and sailors, Members of Council, and Members of Par-

liament, Government officials, great merchants and "oneyers," whether Scotch, English, or Hebrew, and the lords of the soil, the planters, who always posed as a dethroned, deposed power. Add to these elements variations in colour and complexion, from the beaming blackness of Judge Moncrieffe, to the languors and lilies of the blue-eyed octoroon creole, and the flashing orbs of the maids of Judah, and you may fancy that society here was a real *olla*, full of exotics and aborigines, as a Member of Parliament told Lady Barkly at a ball, when she asked who composed such and such a group, "They are aborigĭnes!" making "gines" one syllable.

CHAPTER VI.

"They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps."—*Love's Labour Lost.*

No one that I have heard of ever chronicled the negro folk lore, or made a collection of their proverbial philosophy, yet both are full of interest; only white men, as a rule, are too proud and imperious to win negro confidence, and encourage expansiveness. The affectation of dignity of diction occasionally leads Mr. and Mrs. Sambo into curious utterances, such for instance as the landlady of an inn I wanted to bait at on my travels gave birth to. She was—good woman! —doing domestic work in a *peignoir*, and would not come forth, or "suffer herself to be admired," but kept a door between myself and her dusky charms. "You no know, massa, I'm in my *disobedient* clothes." *Déshabillé* was the word she aimed at.

I think it was to Lord Elgin, when Governor, that a negro brought up a plump guinea-pig as an offering. His Excellency declined the gift, adding that he should not know what to do with it. "Oh, massa, de guinea-pig him a noble refreshment!" was the reply. Could anything be more forcible than a brown lady's invective against racing and racehorses. "Racehorses, dem no good; dem John Crow's meat." The John Crow is the turkey buzzard or vulture, who devours all the carrion of the place, and is himself protected by law as a public

scavenger. Her idea was that the race horse, subject as he was to so many accidents, sooner or later fleshed the beak of the insatiable John Crow.

Then their proverbs were extremely shrewd and sententious. Thus, "When cockroach give dance he no ask fowl to come." Fowls, as we know, devour the cockroach kind greedily, and the kernel of the matter is that ambitious hosts and hostesses should not ask folk infinitely superior to themselves in the social scale to their feasts. "Dog no n'yam dog" seems to convey a universally acknowledged sentiment expressed in many ways, such as "Hawks dinna peck out hawks' een."

A Jamaica merchant, on returning from a visit to England, informed his audience that Lord Derby kept a whole *revenue* of servants. He meant *retinue;* but I think *revenue* the more pregnant word. A lady who had daughters growing up, told me she must send them home directly, as one of them began to tell a story about John's (the butler) *lawful* wife; for of course the expression implied practical polygamy.

The ladies who follow the drum have not always a very rosy time of it in Jamaica; hence the saying, "Black woman! brown lady! officer's wife, poor ting!" Quashie, too, is wont to divide "produce" thus: one part fe ratty (rat), one part fe nigga, one fe buckra. The buckras cannot, of course, as a rule, do much hard labour; hence desk toil is styled "buckra work."

Mr. Dowell O'Reilly, who knew the negroes well, declared they were in some things very like his fellow-countrymen in Paddyland. Certainly in one respect

they were, for they gave everything a nickname; so, as the Attorney-General was the Grand Escheator to the Crown, they dubbed him the "Grand Cheater."

In the meantime an event happened in our family history which involved rather serious consequences. I must premise my narrative by stating how I had taken as the cashier for my office a gentleman who had acted in the same capacity for a bank in Kingston, and who was in the highest esteem and consideration. He was such a good style of man that one was thrown off one's guard; and when news came by the mail that my sister, to whom I was much attached, had had a very bad fall from her horse, and was in serious danger, I determined to report the circumstance to headquarters, and proceed to England by the following mail. With this view I sent for the bank book, and was proceeding to make all final arrangements for flitting, when some excuses were brought me for the non-appearance of this tell-tale book—"they were busy at the bank," and so forth—and so I started, having entrusted the chief clerk, Mr. Burckhardt, with charge of the office. He was an able and experienced officer, and within a day or two he insisted on the production of the book, found that the cashier was a defaulter, and took the necessary steps for his suspension. I found my sister better than I had expected, and as I was in England or Ireland, made up my mind to enjoy the few months' leave I was granted; but this defalcation was not *the* drop of bitter in the cup of joy; there was another canker worm too in the gourd, for I had appointed the chief clerk to fill my place, and the authorities in the island and at home

maintained that I had acted quite wrongly in not giving charge to the Surveyor of the Post Office. There was no rule or precedent whatever, and as I was alone responsible for the revenue, I fancied, and fancy still, I had a perfect right to choose my deputy. This caused a good deal of unpleasantness. I also got very ill at home, and when I had to return the doctors thought I was running a great risk. Soon after my arrival in Jamaica, a friend, Major Borrowes, of Gilltown, who had just given up the Cottesmore hounds in Leicestershire, came out on a long tour that was to embrace a large section of the Western World. I was not fit to go about, but proposed to show him something of the island on his way to Mexico, and put a phaeton and pair of cobs at his disposal. We drove long distances, and at one hospitable house, Mammee Gully, though the sun dries clothes in a few minutes, we found our sheets were very damp. I was tired and weak, and thought little of the circumstance, sleeping soundly. Major Borrowes put on a dressing gown or some garment, and so escaped bad consequences. Next day, going up a hill, I jumped out of the phæton, but found my legs were useless, and lay there. Helped into the trap, we drove on, and, I forget how soon, reached St. Ann's. There I can recollect a pleasant evening; but my limbs had swollen abnormally, and although I did not feel ill I knew something was wrong. Major Borrowes made the journey of some sixty miles pleasant and comparatively short, for he is a first-rate whip, and steered us admirably over the Monte Diavolo, a rough road to travel indeed. With jibbing horses it is indeed perilous,

and a story is told of Mr. Davis, or some one else, driving over this ill-reputed hill and seeing a trap upset and thrown down the gully, or, in other words, down the steep side. The trap was a solitary sulky, and the driver asked for a cast in the carriage from the owner. "No," says the latter, "you drove here in a selfish sulky, and could not have helped your neighbour in his distress, so I'll not help you. Get your trap up as best you can." I think this is one of Ben Trovato's tales. Arrived at home, I was pronounced in rheumatic fever, and was in great danger for some time; indeed, for many weeks after my recovery I was carried about like a child everywhere, and not much more than a big child's weight.

About this time efforts were made by the Treasury and the Post Office in England to shake off the burden of the Jamaica establishment, and to impose it on the colony, which, enjoying the blessings of Home Rule, might, it was deemed, enjoy also the management of its own letters and communications. I never was given an inkling of these steps, but they came to nothing, for both the House of Assembly and the Council passed resolutions expressive of their perfect and entire satisfaction with the management of the Department in Jamaica, and their disinclination to change existing arrangements. Of course these resolutions were extremely flattering to my *amour propre*, and I conceived that they had diverted the Home authorities from their intentions.

At the time I am referring to, Sir Charles Darling was the Governor of the colony. He was a most kind

hospitable man, and if a little hot-headed and impetuous, there seemed no reason why he and I should ever clash, as my department was wholly free from his control in any shape.

Now, as bad luck would have it under the circumstances, I had been staying with Sir Charles and Lady Darling in the hills over Spanish Town for a few days, and we had all parted the best of friends as usual, I riding across to Kingston in the heat of the noonday sun, which was not very prudent, as I was no longer in pristine health and strength. Arrived at my office, I found a good deal of business to transact, and as the accountant again complained to me of the postmasters sending up remittances in island paper, which was seldom negotiated without considerable delay, owing to the way the finances of the colony were managed, I directed a notice to be put in the Kingston dailies to the effect that such paper would not in future be accepted at the General Post Office as cash in consequence of its not being immediately convertible.

After this I set off for St. Ann's, but in a certain number of posts I received a letter from his Excellency the Governor, renouncing all private friendship, and stating that I had grossly reflected on his Government and himself, and that it was his painful duty to report me for removal.

I wrote the most ample apologies and explanations to the Governor, withdrew the notices from the papers, but his Excellency would neither be appeased nor satisfied, and it was plain that the scabbard had been thrown away.

On this I reported the entire case to the Postmaster-General in England, pointed out that it would be perfectly impossible to be responsible for a large revenue if my deputies were permitted to pay their balances in Treasury notes that were not immediately negotiable, that the situation was an impossible one to maintain, and stating that if I had acted hastily in inserting the peccant and offending notices in the dailies, I had withdrawn them and apologised amply, and in fine I begged to be protected from the Governor's interference in a department that was outside his province.

In the course of post I was fully justified by my authorities in the course I had taken, and so the matter ended, the Governor showing how offended he was at the course of events by only asking me to State functions at King's House, and without the offer of a bed as usual in old times.

Soon after these events, Mr. Anthony Trollope, the famous novelist, who had long combined romance writing and the assiduous chase of the fox with the light duties of the Surveyor's Department (to which he had been banished by Colonel Maberly) in Ireland, and had lately been promoted to a Surveyorship in England, was sent out by his brother-in-law, Mr. (now Sir) John Tilley, who had become Secretary to the General Post Office, on a special mission to Jamaica, to see what could be done in the way of transferring the Department to the island, and reporting generally on its status. Mr. Trollope, on landing, showed me his credentials, which gave him no authority whatever over me, but he very soon tried to arrogate superiority, and on

one occasion desired me to report my reasons in writing why I had not come to my office by a certain hour.

The insolence was so excessive, and the manner so impertinent, that I asked him whether he really meant it, as I should report the matter at once to head-quarters; he saw me doing so, when finding he was in an untenable position, he begged me as a favour to tear the report up; I did so; but the matter rankled. Mr. Trollope made his reports to the Department, confidential or otherwise. I never saw them, nor do I know what he said. He came out with the major object of bookmaking, and devoted himself to it assiduously with his usual practised skill and success; had it been possible to send him to the Mountains of the Moon or the Pigmy Forest of the Dark Continent in the combined interests of Literature and "the Department," I feel convinced Mr. Tilley would have despatched him forthwith, for the hunger for copy material must be fed, and what is the good of being secretary to the Post Office if you cannot satisfy the cravings of a kinsman in this respect? That Mr. Anthony Trollope was a very able man no one could question for a moment; his offensive manner, precipitancy, and haste prevented his being as valuable as a public servant as he might have been. Both the pair were generally disliked. But Mr. Tilley was universally recognised as an able official if nothing else. I believe Mr. Anthony Trollope had a thousand good qualities of head and heart which were disguised in a most unfortunate and repelling manner.

Ever since that bad attack of rheumatic fever referred to, I had been in more or less feeble health. Fever and ague had regularly laid hold of me, and sapped nearly all vital energy from my constitution. While in this state there came an official letter announcing that arrangements had been made for the transfer of the Department to the Colonial Government, and desiring me to wind up all accounts and be ready to hand it over. To me this news came with the suddenness of a shock—no hint, no intimation whatever had been conveyed to me; though I learnt afterwards that two or three of the officers of the Department had been duly apprised of the intended *coup*, and had made provision for it by getting promises of appointments in England. Fortunately the accounts of the office had been kept up with extreme regularity, and the revenue had been rigorously collected from the postmasters, of whom all were not inclined to be punctual in payments, and some of whose securities were hardly likely to disburse readily. For instance, I got from one worthy a reply something like this, "I have received your letter desiring immediate payment on behalf of Mr. ——. I sleep on barrels of gunpowder that may explode at any time, so your petty popgun has slight terrors for me." However, in six weeks, every farthing due to the Department was collected and remitted, thanks to the energy of my accountant, Mr. Livingstone. I have annexed in an appendix the correspondence that passed between the Post Office and myself. The position I took up was, I think, an impregnable one, namely, that I was the

Deputy of Her Majesty's Postmaster-General, and that I should obey his orders in everything; that if he directed me to accept office under the Colonial Government I should do so; if not—not; but Sir Charles Darling had no idea of offering me the vacant berth; he had a friend to serve, and I felt that in the case of an Englishman unconnected locally, the appointment would in all probability be greatly cut down, though it might be raised again, if a native were installed into it. Hence, as Sir Charles declined to give me the appointment, I came home in the next mail, and at once wrote to the authorities in St. Martin's-le-Grand, asking for employment in any capacity whatever, even that of an extra clerk, till proper arrangements could be made to meet the case; every proposal I made was negatived. I then asked for compensation for deprivation of office; this, too, was peremptorily refused; and finding that nothing could be done, I came over to my native country to pay visits, &c. In a few months I received a notice from the Treasury telling me that I had been granted an allowance of £200 per annum, *till* arrangements could be made for my re-employment in the Civil Service; that, in fact, the allowance was a mere *ad interim* arrangement, and if words have any meaning, and are not deliberate equivocations, the letter in the Appendix marked K can bear no other interpretation.

To be flung aside after all but ten years' service in a tropical climate, with health dreadfully impaired, and no prospect in life save officially, was hardly pleasant. I had divested myself of a good share of my little

patrimony to assist others, and the prudent financial arrangements I had proposed to myself on coming out had miscarried entirely. There seemed but one step to take, and that was to besiege the Treasury with every engine I could bring to bear upon it; alas, however, my engines proved weak and worthless.

CHAPTER VII.

"Isle of beauty, fare thee well!"

Moore.

BUT I must hark back to Kingston for a paragraph or two, as when it was ascertained that I had to leave the colony, the kind inhabitants proposed a testimonial in money. This I refused point blank, feeling that many friends would subscribe who could not perhaps afford it too well. So every village and parish in the island presented me with an address valedictory. The addresses, with the resolutions passed by the House Assembly and the Council, enable me to say that few officials have left a colony much more favourably, so far as general good will, than myself. Like Sir Henry Barkly, Sir Charles Darling was sent soon after this from Jamaica to Victoria; there, leaning entirely to the colonial side of the question, Sir Charles had to resign; but the colonists presented Lady Darling with a present of £20,000. Meeting him soon after his return, Sir Charles came forward very frankly and asking me to his house, hoped we should be friends. Of course I responded to his overtures; but I always thought it was a curious meeting under the circumstances.

Never having kept a diary, I am unable to give dates for the events to which I have made reference, but a guiding light will set it down, once for all, that the

transfer of the Post Office from the Imperial to the Local Government took place in April, 1860. For the next two or three years, much of my time was devoted in trying to get re-employment, and a reconsideration of a case of grievance quite without parallel or precedent in the history of the Civil Service. With this view the facts and circumstances in connection with it were laid before Members of Parliament, and a Memorial, that if I recollect aright, had the names of nearly seventy members of the House of Commons, was sent to the Lords of the Treasury to receive in due course, and after "mature consideration," a politely worded negative. By way of doing all within my own reach, I was assiduous in endeavouring to see leading people at the Treasury, till I got a hint from a friendly clerk that I was injuring my own interests by my assiduity and importunity, and that if I persisted too far, my *ad interim* allowance might be withdrawn. Of course this was all said to get rid of a nuisance that looked like becoming chronic. I had no available powerful friend, or the matter would never have been suffered to hang for even a couple of years.

On one occasion, and one only, so far as I could certain, was a desire shown by the authorities in power and office to do me justice, and these were the circumstances.

Sir Charles Cuyler's name has cropped up once or twice in the course of this narration, chiefly in connection with horses and riding. A most popular man in the colony; everyone regretted to see him a clerk in the Custom House Department, "only that and nothing

more," for he had decided abilities, and was very well educated. Sir Charles Grey offered him the Governorship of the island of Ruatan, one of the group of "Bay Islands" in the Gulf of Honduras, whose population consists, I believe, of turtles, many—of human beings, comparatively few. However, its position made it of some importance, and perhaps it was a coaling station; at any rate, men-of-war touched there, and it may be assumed that the official duties of the Governorship were not very onerous, while it is something to be your own master in the matter of hours. Sir Charles accepted the post, and was shortly afterwards promoted to be treasurer of Trinidad, where both salary and society were better than at Ruatan. After holding the office for some time, he came to England on leave, and apprised me of his intention *not* to return to Trinidad. I applied at once to the Colonial Office, and had every reason to believe that the appointment would be given to me. However, the sands of the Government were fast running out, and their followers must be provided for. So a gentleman who had lost his office in the Ionian Isles, what time Mr. Gladstone was making variations on the famous theme Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων, and we were giving up our stations at Corfu, &c., was sent out in my stead.

While thus occupied, a vista of great (comparative) wealth opened itself out to me. I do not intend to gratify curiosity by stating the nature of my "great expectations," but when the air-built castle toppled over, I determined to disappear from "England, home, and beauty" for a term, and one day strolling about the

London Docks—for I was meditating British Columbia and how to get there—I saw a liner bound for New York, to sail in a few hours. Going on board, I ascertained that the captain was a pleasant-mannered sort of a sea dog, that the sheep-pen was well filled, and that the hencoops had their quota, so I took my passage, then a hansom cab, and drove to my club, where I wrote a few necessary letters; then walked to my lodgings close by, where I packed up a few things; and then Eastward Ho for Westward Ho.

The good ship was well found, and we had a capital run once clear of the Channel; indeed, we were somewhere near the Banks in about ten days. Then came storm and tempest and adverse winds. We lost our mainmast, but eventually made Sandy Hook, and were soon landing at Castle Gardens. New York was an old friend, but now it was seen under altered conditions, for the war fever was at its height. I caught that fever more or less virulently, but was forced to lie low for some time, as I had the misfortune to be robbed of my entire stock of money the second night I spent in the Empire City. I told the story to the hotel people, who believed it, and behaved very nicely, and then I had to wait for remittances from England, which duly arrived. Then I made several visits to Washington, and tried in vain to get helped to the front by our Legation people, but as men who could ride and make themselves useful were a *desideratum*, I found I could get a commission "out West," more especially as I had tumbled on a few influential people who were quite willing to push me on. The Queen's

proclamation, however, was constantly before me, and it seemed bad policy, to put it mildly, to disobey such an injunction to be neutral when I was actually hoping for and seeking re-employment in H.M.'s Service. So I abandoned this career, but before I dismiss the subject I must needs refer to the great kindness I experienced from an English officer high up in the Service, whom I had never met before, but who had heard that I had done a service in time of need to a brother officer. He offered to advance me the money for a charger, outfit, &c.; the kindness of the offer may be gauged by the badness of the security for chances of repayment. I had, however, set my heart on seeing something of this gigantic war prior to returning to Europe, and the opportunity came sooner than I might have anticipated; for, sitting next a Russian officer who spoke French but indifferent English, I did a little interpretation for him, for which he was obliged. On going back to "the front"—for he had informed me that he was aide-de-camp to General Hooker, the new Commander-in-Chief—he asked me if he could be of any use to me. I mentioned my wish to have a look at the war preparations, when he said nothing was easier; that all I had to do was to come again to Washington, telegraph to him from the War Office, and that pass, permit, transport, and everything else would be provided for me. Of course, I took his advice, though hardly imagining that my path would prove as smooth as it did. The wire from the War Office was duly replied to. I think the very next day I got taken down the Potomac for a certain distance, when we were put on

shore at some stage, whose name I have forgotten, and then came a rush for places in the railway made, more or less, along the banks of the Rappahannock for strategical purposes. I was lucky to get a place on the roof! My friend, the aide-de-camp, if I recollect right, met me. A charger and orderly were waiting for me, and I recollect our tent—a most comfortable one with a capital stove in it—was next the Commander-in-Chief's. We occupied a sort of bluff on one side of the river, and about a mile distant, on the opposite side, the Confederates were posted in great seeming strength, their position protected by pine woods, while their camp may be said to have been an entrenched one with abatis around it. Against this almost impregnable position, General Hooker, goaded on by the politicians of Washington, had hurled his infantry a short time prior to my arrival, with the disastrous result that might have been expected by anybody, whether soldier or civilian. But while this rash move disentitles General Hooker to be bracketed along with his famous namesake as "the judicious," it is extremely hard to say how far he was a free agent in the matter of fighting. I heard an account of this battle of Fredricksburgh from a *ci-devant* captain in our Service, who had brought one hundred men with him from Canada and got a commission in the U.S. Army. His regiment was considerably cut up. He himself, he told me, was in comparative safety, as the men were ordered to lie down, and where he lay was immediately behind a rock that shielded him from the storm of bullets.

He took the regiment out of action when the

retreat was sounded, but, though mentioned in despatches, gained neither step nor reward. He lacked influence, which is as great a lever in Republican America as in monarchical England.

At headquarters I was in a comparatively happy position — no duties or responsibilities, a very fair mess, and good lodgings, a Canadian orderly, and a charger to get about on; but I got rather a shock one day, when the Adjutant-General asked me, *à propos de rien*, what the Russian of something at table was. Now, I know not three words of the Tartar tongue, and I muttered something in an unknown lingo that passed muster for the occasion, but a little reflection convinced me that I had been introduced as a real Russian by my diplomatic friend, who might have had some difficulty in passing an Englishman down; so that evening I sought out the Adjutant-General, and told him the truth, in confidence of course. He was very kind and nice, told me I had acted quite right, and, as far as I recollect, gave me *carte blanche* to go or stay as I pleased.

One day I rode over to see the Irish Brigade, and its commander, "General Meagher of the Sword." I failed to see the General, but I recollect the brigade were contemplating some chases. It was strange to see a Kildare or Tipperary fence in "old Virginny."

Pennsylvania was my next stage. We might have had a disaster *en route*, for the train before us had toppled over an embankment, and I think smashed a bridge, but beyond having to walk a short distance, we got off without inconvenience or hurt.

At Baltimore, I had offers of passage "by the underground railway" to the Confederate Army; but it did not seem to me quite the thing to pass from one host to a hostile one so quickly, and in my passage I might have shared the fate of Guy Livingstone (Lawrence), who tells us, in his interesting "Border and Bastille," how he was captured by "the Northern scum" *en route* to join Lee or Stonewall Jackson. Lawrence committed the fatal mistake of showing himself very openly in Baltimore for some weeks. The town was under the control, and in the occupation of the Northern Army, though the inhabitants, nearly to a man—and certainly to a woman—were, what the Northern prints called, "galvanised traitors." Mr. Lawrence, who must have been a very familiar figure to every Northerner of the Intelligence Department, at the time he proposed to leave Baltimore, owed his arrest quite as much to his own reckless disregard of common precautions as to the vigilance and espionage of what he would have called the enemy.

At this time Mr. Bernal (a brother of Bernal Osborne's) was our Consul at Baltimore. A most agreeable man, his house was a very pleasant rendezvous, specially on the day devoted to caramel confections. Here I must indulge in five lines of lamentation that I was not prompted by instinct or some friendly voice to try Press writing. I had never done or attempted aught of the sort, and had no notion how to set about it, or whom to apply to for information. So slip away golden opportunities.

The next thing to see ere leaving America, was "the

Great West," and finding Mr. Dudley Ryder, our "Mixed Commissioner for Slavers," bound on the same errand, we travelled together to Saint Louis, where we had a day or two of first rate duck and snipe shooting on the marshes of the Maria Rondo, and, if I recollect right, bagged one bittern besides; I cannot say I ever was in position to be weary bagging teal and such like small deer before; one of our party astonished us by going to a drain or rivulet, and firing a number of shots into its bed. We soon found out that he was making "a bag of frogs," and excellent eating they proved in a few minutes, my first and only experience of frog food.

In St. Louis, Mr. Dudley Ryder, who was joined by some of our Legation people from Washington, very kindly proposed that I should join them, but the expense of outfitting deterred me, and on enquiry I ascertained that a very economical "bender" or trip could be compassed by taking a steamer that was bound for the head waters of the Missouri; so, bidding good-bye to the outfitters, I started for St. Joseph, two or three hundred miles or so up the Missouri, by rail, intending to be picked up by the steamer there. I waited and waited, however, at the hotel, and the steamer made no sign. I think I heard she had grounded on a sand bank, and, sick of the delay, I joined a party of emigrants starting with a mule team for Colorado, viâ Kansas and Nebraska. Had I waited for the steamer I should, in all human probability, have tasted the tomahawk of "Sitting Bull," "Grizly Bear," or some other Indian brave, for on my return to civilisation I learnt that a wooding party, that went to cut fuel for

the engine, of which party I should in all probability have formed a unit, was set upon by some of these scalping savages, who of course killed them all.

The most painful event in the slow travel across the plains, varied by a few shots at prairie chicks, and an odd stalk at antelopes, was managing to miss stays somehow in getting into my wagon and having the wheel over my ankle. Nothing was broken, fortunately, and the swelling and effusion was reduced by keeping the ankle slung up high and continually wetted. I had a stiffish leg for a time, but could hobble along, and one day, rather unwisely, hobbled a long way in front of our caravan, when three half-bred Indians, on ponies, and armed with bows and arrows, came up to me, and after a little palaver, in an unknown tongue, demanded tobacco and money. I had neither with me, nor yet a revolver. Then they made signs that I must give them my signet ring, but I held on to it and showed I did not mean to part, when the three bucks drew their arrows up to the point and made deadly demonstrations, though I think they never meant me much harm. In our daily *menu*, bacon, bad as the Austrian *schinken*, was the *pièce de résistance*, and we were geting rather tired of it, when one day in our path, and "foreninst" us, were three beautiful buffalo humps that some Indians had probably dropped. But was it what Mr. Jorrocks called *a rouse* (ruse)—did poison lurk in the luscious lump? We know that such things were done by white men to Indians; had the latter bettered the instruction? However, we cooked the humps and ate them, and no one was the worse, but

much the better on the contrary for the welcome *viaticum*.

Denver City was reached after many days, to our great delight. I had to rest and be thankful, at the hotel, for my leg was still troublesome, and I was considered something of a dispendious sybarite, for I *would* have the extraordinary luxury of a little room all to myself, instead of pricking the floor of the hall for a soft place, and turning in among buffalo robes. I found Denver a very quiet town, and I went to the faro tables, and the dances to which the miners resorted with their gold dust in bags on their persons. Yet saw I very little of "muss," or disorder, much less of free firing or bloody murder; this too in the heat of the war. Hepworth Dixon, who was some time after me, made out the place an Aceldama. When able to get about I fished the "creeks," or streams, near the town, and found them full of nice trout, and in my travels fell in with an adventurous Bostonian, who was a doctor, or dentist, or a smattering of both. He told me of a wonderful bargain to be had not far off the town. We went there and were hospitably entertained by an agreeable American of best class, who had built himself a good sort of log house, and enclosed by a fence 180 acres for his own domain, all that the settler can claim as his private property. Around was the grassy prairie, fretted by innumerable rivers and brooks, tributaries to the Platte, while Pike's Peak, and the Rocky Ranges, though eight or nine miles distant, if not more, seemed quite close. Within the ring fence was a nice brook, and there were valuable

crops on the land. The owner had what he deemed very much more valuable property in another district, and was eager to repair to it, declaring that it was a waste of life to stay on this farm, which, with his house and household goods, he offered us for a mere song, three or four hundred pounds. A relative, in England, owed me more than this amount. I wrote to ask him for part of it, but never got a reply, much less the money. Nor did I get the farm either, which I have regretted ever since, for while going over it I saw something black looking in a small quasi-crevasse, and poking at it with my umbrella put out a lot of coal. There was no railway in those days; but what would such a seam of coal have been worth by-and-bye? I may mention here that returning to Denver, after an absence of a good many weeks, I found my Boston friend with a nice looking shop-window full of some sovereign cure for rheumatism—not a sovereign cure —but a dollar one. I asked him what it was, but naturally he did not tell me, but giving me a bottle I at once guessed rock oil disguised by bergamot or some strong perfume; he confessed it, but begged secrecy. He told me he had been servant to a dentist, or a doctor, I forget which. I think he might be trusted alone. Central City, Idaho, Black Hawk—these were all Ophirs, with stamp mills, crushing away at the quartz. At the former, some thirty or forty miles from Denver, I found three or four adventurers starting for "a hunt," with designs on peltry, and I requested leave to join them; they consented, and purchasing a packhorse and a riding one, and contributing my

share of flour, bacon, coffee, apple-chips, powder, lead, beaver traps, buffalo robes, &c., we went first into the pine forest. I recollect the first evening we camped without having shot anything for our supper, so one of the party, with a small rifle, pinked some squirrels, which were skinned and fricasseed presently. I drew the line at squirrels for a bit, but seeing the fricassee disappearing; tried a back, and found it delicious. The next day we crossed a river, and thinking it looked likely, tried a cast; the way very nice trout responded to my lure was a good omen for the larder. And fish from that time varied our *menu* very pleasantly, fresh when near a river, salt when we left it, but these red fleshed, fine trout, were good in any shape.

The object of my companions and brother riflemen was peltry, and of course meat for our larder. I fear I was a poor partner, for I was wholly inexperienced in trapping, a bad marksman, or rather utterly inexperienced with the rifle, and my ambition was to shoot a grizzly single-handed. Most fortunately I never came in conflict with one of these customers, who are pretty nearly as strong as a buffalo bull, as active as a tiger, and as cunning as an ape, for I think that with my Sharp's repeating carbine, I should have had a very poor chance of acquiring his skin for a rug or robe. We trapped beaver, shot white and black-tailed deer in the magnificent parks, together with elk and antelope, and saw one mountain-lion, a species of panther, or, as they call them in the Rockies, painters, but got no shot at him, and lived very pleasantly and happily till one day we learned from an Indian scout that there was to be

a pitched battle between some braves of the Sioux and Arrapahoes. *A la guerre, comme à la guerre*, we should probably have fared very badly at the hands of victor or vanquished, so the obvious course was a masterly retreat towards Central City and civilisation. It had taken us, I think, three or four days to reach our present camp, and the track was "blazed" by our tomahawks, but our leader thought he knew a shorter road; we were to march till the mountains formed a rabbit's head and ears, when we should strike a certain pass and so get home quickly. We missed this pass and wandered for seven or eight days in a wilderness of sage brush (*Artemisia*) and white water full of soda or some alkaline substance, but very unlike soda-water as we understand that word. We had nothing to eat but jerked or boucaned venison that we had dried in the sun, and though we met game we were afraid of firing at it for fear of attracting the Indians. At last from a hill we descried tents, and we drew lots as to who was to go forward and hold a palaver with their owners. They turned out most friendly whites, who baked us a big griddle cake, and gave us lots of coffee. They could not give us flour as they had none to spare, but next day we got some from some "hunters" in return for powder, I think, as they had made a cache of some last year, but lost the bearings. A few hours after this we were bathing in some hot sulphur springs that had a most restoring effect on the systems of men and beasts. Here are now-a-days, I believe, magnificent baths and an hotel—would we had rested and been thankful after our return, but we were bitten with

the desire for more sport and exploration, though the season was too far advanced. We started off in splendid "fall" weather, the "*Ingine*" summer, as some natives style it, but to show how sharp the night frosts are in those latitudes, I may mention that one evening we forded a river, and next day it was frozen over to bearing point. After a few days, snow came down and covered the earth and the woods. I had the misfortune to get frostbitten very soon, and then, unable to walk and without proper medicaments or salves, I had to try the trade of Simon of old, that of a tanner, while I made myself useful to our fur company by becoming "chief cook and bottle washer." With good materials, plain cooking is very simple, and we had any quantity of frozen meat in our larder. After a few weeks, the moment my foot got healed, I started off with my ponies to try and reach civilisation. I think the ponies guided me as much as I did them, but at last Central City was struck. Owing to the snow snap, provisions were high—hay and Indian corn retailed at, I think, one dollar *per pound*.

I should be sorry to detain the reader with details of our game bags, or the adventures we had among the parks of the Rockies, which were then almost virgin hunting grounds to white men. On one sight I will ask permission to dilate slightly, as I think it was the finest of the kind I ever saw. We had observed a very old elk once or twice, but never got a shot at him. One day we climbed up to some rocks that formed the gallery or amphitheatre to a natural colosseum. Through the crevices we viewed a huge aggregation of elks, bucks,

and does, or harts and hinds rather, and round them all, like a general inspecting his troops on parade, was the ancient elk we had viewed, who kept the bucks in superb order, making them dress the line like any drill sergeant. We had rifles apiece, and I was most anxious to "make fire" on the beasts below, but the others prevented me, as they were on the look out for calves. Presently the herd winded us, though we were invisible to their eyes, and dispersed in all directions. However, I got a running shot at one a few minutes afterwards that proved fatal. Elk of course means wapiti.

I have mentioned that there were no railways from east to west, and *vice versâ* then. There was the coach, to be sure, but it was choke full for weeks to come, so I was glad to get a seat in a mule team bound for Omaha; but ere starting I nearly lost the number of my mess, for a little man kept fiddling with my rifles, and would not give one up. I took it out of his hand, when out flashed a six shooter, and but for the intervention of my beneficent Boniface, I should not probably be writing this narrative. He smoothed things over, and it appeared that the man, really was a provost sergeant, though a waterproof or something of the sort prevented my seeing his uniform, and had a right to examine travellers' guns. It was weary work doing from seventeen to twenty miles per diem in the snow, of which we necessarily brought in a lot with us on to the mud floors of the ranches which formed our sleeping ground. After many days we espied the dusky forms of many thousand buffaloes migrating from north to south. The snow was deep on the prairie and

frozen, so there was no riding up to them, and I went forth to stalk them with a three-barrel revolving rifle that carried a very small ball, too small to penetrate their hairy hides, unless at very close quarters, and I could hear the bullets thudding against their sides, but only making them "move on." Then night came on, and I had no bearings taken. The one thing to try to do was to keep awake by walking, but as I was plodding on I suddenly heard "crack, crack." A little thought told me this was the ice of the River Platte breaking up. I then "guessed" I was "saved," as the wheel track is parallel to the stream; and go six or seven miles either east or west you will find a friendly ranche, the hotel of the prairies. The one I found was my own. They had given me up after firing a shot or two from the roof without response. A vacancy in the coach enabled me to get on to Omaha. The hotel I stayed at was full of troops, the colonel of the regiment begged me to show him my peltry, and told me to put a price on two or three skins. I declined, and very foolishly, forgot to take the bundle up to my bedroom on retiring for the night. Next morning I found some of my best skins looted, and had the hotel keeper up, but he seemed to think I had been careless myself, and refused a good offer. At any rate he declined to send me in a bill when I was leaving his house.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Hunting is the noblest exercise."

AMERICA is, or was, the land of opportunities, and one came to me, while sojourning in New York, that seemed full of golden promise. A countryman of mine, who is now a distinguished public servant, with the usual array of letters tacked on to his name, was staying at the same hotel as myself, and a casual acquaintance ripened into a sort of intimacy. He was one of a quartette or quintette of scientists and "practicists" too who had come from Canada to illustrate and exploit an idea with regard to illuminating power that certainly seemed to be a great improvement upon the methods and processes then in vogue, such as gas. They had been permitted by the authorities at the hotel to experiment upon their premises, and to fill the ordinary pipes with their illuminant, which, I may mention, was distilled from rock oil, passed through water and lime, and gave a very pleasant light, and could be produced at a lower rate than the ordinary coal gas. Here were riches beyond the dreams of avarice, as Dr. Johnson put it; but our success was only ephemeral, for an injunction from the High Court of Chancery, on the ground of the infringement of some patent or other, caused first a fatal frost, and then a general dispersion of the pioneer light bearers, as,

like other great benefactors of the human race, they were the reverse of capitalists.

I had not left Colorado, or Central City, without getting hold of some of the best mining claims going. For registering title, &c., for some thirteen of these I do not think the expense exceeded twenty-five dollars. They were not proven mines, but indications of leading lodes in the most auriferous regions. I never worked them or sold them, indeed, I never had the means of working one, as erecting a stamp mill to crush the quartz rock was a very expensive thing. I hoped ultimately to put them on the London market; but, in the meantime, after some months spent in England, the craving to get back to Colorado seized me. However, the best chance I had slipped by me; indeed, two such chances, for I was offered the payment of all expenses if I would join a party of hunters from England as "the man of experience" of the company. This my Paddy pride revolted at. In the next case I can only gird at my own stupidity, for I must tell the reader that when I went out first to Colorado we had in "our crowd" a whaling captain and his brother-in-law, who had been his mate. The captain had made money in his trade, and made it hard enough, and it seems he had plunged it into a mine in Colorado, got up by some Boston schemer or schemers, as several of his compatriots had done also. So these men were going out to see how their enterprise was faring. When they reached their mining town or camp, instead of seeing something tangible in return for their outlay, they found that the only or nearly the only "plant" visible was their own.

So the whaling boss set on the arch schemer, and would have killed him had he not been prevented. For the murderous assault he was put in prison, but the feeling was so strong in the country in his favour that, I believe, escape was connived at.

Now when I was in London I saw the prospectus of a Colorado mining company in the papers, and on the list of directors was the name of the London representative of a firm of West India merchants I had known in Jamaica. I called on him, and having introduced myself to him, told him this tale of the Colorado mines that I have just sketched; he asked me to attend one of the Board meetings in the City. I did so; told the adventurers a good deal about Colorado and its prospects and possibilities. I added that I was not an engineer by profession. They asked me to step into another room for a few minutes, while they were consulting. Then I was called in and asked formally if I would go out, and on what terms. I was taken aback, and answered offhand that I was quite ready to go out, and as for terms I wanted no remuneration whatever but simply the payment of expenses in making the necessary report. This modesty staggered them, and my friend on the Board told me that if I had asked for a large sum I should have got it as they were rather prepossessed in my favour. *Il faut se faire valoir dans la Cité*, it seems. My mines were never exploited or sold after all, for soon after this I got a fearful rheumatic attack, and was given up as nearly incurable by the ablest surgeon in town. German and Austrian "bads" cured me, however, partially, and, being in foreign parts,

I took the opportunity of seeing as much as I could of Europe and its capitals. On returning to England I learnt that silver and lead were now the chief features of Colorado mining, and as my property only promised a golden harvest, I ceased to pay much attention to it, health being now my chief preoccupation.

I believe the Emperor Tiberius enunciated a verity when he declared that by forty, *i.e.*, after eight lustra, a man must be, as regards himself, either a fool or a physician. I know in my own case, I had faith in my constitution when other folk desponded, and to recover health and strength, and in a measure the powers of locomotion, I saw nothing better than a combination of air and exercise, aided by a good climate and pleasant excitement. All this I fancied might be compassed by spending a winter or two in Gloucestershire, and horses could be brought over from Ireland; so starting with a good four year-old, and a tolerably sensible screw, I went across, put up the horses at a "pub," where were located several small studs of "the Buffs and Blues," and got a quiet lodging in the neighbourhood. For a pursuing pauper I can fancy no better location than that which I had selected; and almost fortuitously. The Badminton Kennels were some four or five miles distant, the Berkeley some eight or nine, so that all you had to do was to pick your meets. These were and are two great hereditary or seigniorial hunts, so that the eagle eye of "our Sec." was not continually upon your outgoings and incomings, and appraising what your contribution to the exchequer of the chase should be *se judice*. In few parts of

England could you see the canons of the chase more admirably enforced by precept and practice, smarter fields, or less provincial plough, for it must be borne in mind that Gloucestershire is the land of cheese and dairies (to put the cart before the horse), that the Severn Valley is famous, and that the Duke of Beaufort's domain included every kind of country; galloping tracts in Wiltshire, much stone-wall bounded territory, some flying-fenced vale, and wide woodlands, while the Duke and his family set an example of perfect politeness and respect for the wishes and feelings of others, that is worthy of all imitation. The hunt servants and second horsemen took their cue from the Badminton brigade, generally a big one, and were punctiliously polite and respectful. Lord Worcester hunted the hounds as one to the manner born, who never arrogated to himself more knowledge of the track of foxes than hounds possessed, and left them as far as he could to themselves. No big man could go better over the vale than he did on one or two special horses, while he had several good wall jumpers. He had a wonderful knowledge of his extensive country, second only to that of the Duke, but I don't think that with all his polo and pursuing practice he ever equalled his father in the art of galloping a horse—that is to say, getting him quick off his hind legs, and keeping him going at good three-quarter speed. In the Duke's country hand gates of the best hunting pattern gave good ingress into and egress from any field. This sort of thing tempts men not to ride, most yield to the temptation, only a valiant few resist it.

Conspicuous among the latter was Dr. Alfred Grace, surgeon in ordinary to the Beaufort and other hunts, and brother to the famous champions of cricket. Going straight was to him the essence of the fun, and I should put him down as much the best man I saw in those regions, considering that he was not always riding a perfect professor, but on his blazed chestnut, who had run forward at Punchestown, he was generally the leading man of the leading division. Ben Winthrop, Colonel Kingscote (Sir Nigel now), C. Howard, Lord Churston, E. Burges, Sir Reginald Graham, Colonel Ewart, Colonel Kington, Captain Coote ("Cooty"), Captain Henry, R. Biddulph, Mr. Chaplin, Albany Saville, Peter Miles, Captain Bill, Lord Howth, are a few names that suggest themselves to the memory, of men who went straight and well, some always, others occasionally. In a good run from Beanwood over the Sodbury Vale H.R.H. the Prince of Wales went right well. Among many visitors to the Duke's meets were the Duke of Teck, the Duc D'Aumale, the Duc de Chartres, Lord Spencer, Count Maffei, &c.

The Berkeley hounds running over their rhene country, with a straight fox in front of them, left little to desire, if you were on a fair water jumper; otherwise, if you were on a "craner" you were apt to see more of dyke architecture than was pleasant. The hounds of this hunt have nose, pace, quality, and tongue, and that ought to be a good combination; moreover, they are level. Dr. A. Grace was generally to the fore here, as with the Badminton beauties; so was Dr. E. M. Grace, several hard-riding yeomen farmers, Mr. Barwick

Baker, Sir Charles Cuyler, Mr. G. Charlton, and Colonel William Masters, late commanding officer of the 5th Fusiliers, who was hard to beat anywhere.

This life of tempered excitement, combined with what may be called the great air cure, restored me to good working health. It was no longer an effort to ride, and ere long I could walk twenty miles on occasion, so that I have every reason to be grateful to Gloucestershire and its influences. I met much kindness there, and have good reason to speak well of its inhabitants. Once in the middle of the season, I found that between myself and friends every horse I had was *hors de combat*, so I went to town, and sat next the then editor of "The Field," Dr. Walsh, one evening. He suggested a few letters or hunting notes from Ireland, and I went over and sent them, keeping the little box in Gloucestershire all the time.

The next season I wrote pretty regularly from Ireland, but paid visits backwards and forwards to Gloucestershire, where my servants were keeping the stud in exercise. This was burning the candle at both ends, so at the close of the following autumn I sold off in Gloucestershire, but as bad luck would have it, got no bids for my horses, so they had to come over to Ireland. That is the commencement of my connection with the Sporting Press of the country, and if anyone wishes to know whence I derived the *nom de plume* of "Triviator," or "the man at the cross roads," that has been before the public for some time, I will tell him. Some years previous to these events, I spent part of a season in Northamptonshire, mounted occasionally very well by a friend with whom

I was staying, very indifferently on my own nags. My friend's house was in the Oakley country, near Wellingborough, and the meet next day was at Naseby, where some famous cavalry and cavaliers had met on a memorable occasion more than two hundred years previously. This place we heard was nineteen miles off. The hunters had been sent on overnight. We started on hacks after an early breakfast to ride the distance, my companion, a London barrister, who has since mounted the professional ladder, and become a squire likewise. Well, we rode and we rode, and took short cuts as directed, till at some cross roads we fancied we ought to be nearing our goal; but of hunting there was still no "sign"; so my friend and I agreed that we would halt at the cross road (*trivia*) that we had reached, and beg guidance and instruction from the first white-collared man (Pytchley uniform) we met. A guide, philosopher, and friend soon turned up in a seemingly well-mounted sportsman, Mr. Henry Nethercote, of Moulton Grange, who told us he would pilot us to Naseby, merely keeping us a minute or two at Brixworth *en route*. He was extremely kind and good-natured, made an admirable cicerone to strangers in the land, and showed us all the notables, commencing with the new master, Mr. Anstruther Thompson. "Tallyho" spinney gave us a smart fox, who ran straight and fast for a couple of miles. The country was a very pleasant one, so though the run dwindled after this, we were rewarded for coming all the distance. Mr. Nethercote, who, by-the-bye, just before his death, a couple of years ago, wrote an admirably interesting, and instructive history of the Pytchley Hunt from its for-

mation, soon after this bought a well-bred mare of mine that had some merits, but was every now and then a cripple from rheumatism. The price was ridiculously small, for I told him all her demerits. She went well with him for a few days, then fell unaccountably lame and without anything to show for it, and when he wrote to tell me about her, my reply was "send her up to 'Tatt.'s,' and we'll divide profit or loss." This pleased him much, but he did not follow the counsel, but put her to the stud, having first named her "Trivia," from the cross roads where we met—an appropriate name, for it was claimed by Diana, "the triple Hecate," "Proserpina, Luna, Diana."

One of the difficulties hunting men find in Ireland is getting hunting boxes suitable to moderate means, with not too many or too big rooms, and plenty of box and stall accommodation; in fact you want to be rather under-roomed, and fully stabled. My intention was to settle in Kildare, which has always held a very high position in the world of sport during the last fifty or sixty years, and where I had several friends. Knowing the extreme difficulty of housing myself and horses suitably, for I could not maintain a park or a palace, I went over to Ireland myself in the previous August, having heard of a small house in Naas, that a sporting carabinier, hight Hoey, had occupied. It was small, I think thatched, and in not a very desirable part of Kildare's capital; for this the modest sum of £20 per month (or rather guineas I think) was demanded; coming straight from Gloucestershire the rent seemed enormous, and of course I gave it up. The only other

small house, with ample stabling, to be had was a farm house or cottage, that had previously been occupied by a dealer and troop horse buyer—"Sandy Love"—whose praise is or was in all Kildare, and among cavalry colonels; he had sold his interest in the farm to a great sheep-breeder and feeder, who lived high up in the Wicklow mountains, fourteen or fifteen miles off, where heathery tracts, the home of grouse, furnish walks for hardy mountain sheep, that are fattened and finished by-and-bye in the vale, many hundred feet below. I was told this place could be had, and at less than £20 a month; so I railed down from Dublin, walked from Sallins to Old Town, the farm in question, inspected the house and offices, and thought they would do in a rough way, after some money had been spent on them. But where was the owner, Mr. Farringdon? He had left the place, his herd told me, about forty or fifty minutes previously, so after taking *renseignements* I started off for a wander into wild Wicklow to clinch the business. Punchestown Gorse, near the grand stand, was my first point made, then the village of Tipperkevin was struck near the Hill Gorse of Elverstown; then I made the River Liffey, and crossed it on a sort of boulder causeway, and passing by the stone quarries of Ballynockin, found myself presently in grouseland pure and simple; after walking one leg against another, and having come some twelve or thirteen miles, even with the aid of short cuts adopted every now and then, I began to think it was a rather rash act to hurry on into the bowels of the land without better information, so I accosted the first man I saw by

the roadside and asked him if he knew Mr. Farringdon. "I know the boy," said he. "Can you guide me to his house?" "Yes, I can, he lives down there," pointing to an oasis in Grouseshire, then at last he gave me to understand he was the "boy" himself; "Very well then," said I, "we can do our business here by the road side," and so we did in five minutes; he let me the cottage with certain reservations, and I was to take possession in November. Now mark, nothing passed save the parole agreement between us, confirmed, as in a fair, by a hand grip; he wanted me to come to the house and confirm it further by a libation, but having a long walk before me, I started off *instanter*. I sent horses and servants from Bristol with my luggage, straight to Old Town, *vid* Dublin. They arrived all right, and save that my landlord had forgotten all about the transaction, everything went well. Seeing the arrival of horses and household goods, he was reminded of the bargain struck by the roadside, and not only kept troth most faithfully but proved a capital landlord. I think he would probably admit on his side that I was a fair and improving tenant, nor would I ever have left Kildare voluntarily, but that in process of time my landlord's father died, and in the division of property Mr. Farringdon had to give the mountain farm to his brother, while he took the vale part of the heritage. I have given the history of this petty fact to show that with all the obloquy which the events of the past decades have thrown on *Hibernica fides*, men can be found here and there with the finest sense of honour and integrity, whose word is literally as good as their bond.

CHAPTER IX.

"The Hunt is up, the morn is bright!"
Shakspeare.

"REMEMBER, remember, the 5th of November!" indeed I will and do, though, by the way, I can't be positive the 5th was the precise date of the opening hunting function in Kildare, for the rule is "the first Tuesday in November and at Johnstown Inn" (a mile from Naas). It is always the best and largest inaugural convocation of the chase in Ireland. The hunting of the fox, nay, of several foxes, is a certainty, and every now and then, even on the opening day, there is a classical run, say once in every seven years or so, that proves infinitely too good for the majority of men and horses.

Now Old Town had not been inhabited for years, nor fires lit in most of the rooms, and my newly-kindled fires brought out the accumulated damp copiously; the consequence was that in trying to get on a damp boot lumbago seized on me there and then, and though I managed to dress and mount I cannot say I felt happy all day, though things improved a bit as the hours wore on. I forget nearly all about our sport of that day, but the whole function was a very fine one, and comparable to any of the sort in England. Sir Edward Kennedy, whose father almost founded "the Kildares," as a subscription

pack, was then the M.F.H. He was a little, short, wiry man, the very cut and weight for a first-class performer across country, but though he could ride both hard and well he seldom did much in that line, but his whole soul was in his hounds and their performances; and nothing upset him so much as the sublime indifference to the pack exhibited by the majority of the field whether on wheels or hunters. I am not sure that it did not even move him to tears and "swears" occasionally. He worked very hard at keeping the country, and was most hospitable, especially to the Guild of Sportsmen. Perhaps in its sociable side, in its Curragh and its Punchestown, in the number of country houses to which sportsmen are welcomed, in its railway facilities, and its proximity to Dublin, with its court and castle, no county in Ireland can compare with Kildare. Some of its country is admirable, specially on the northern frontier, by the valleys of the Rye, the Liffey, and the Blackwater, and so is much on the Wicklow border, but the annual pilgrims to Punchestown may rest assured that they do not get glimpses of anything like the best part of Kildare from the grand stand of that famous course. It is a very poor game country, and the pheasant is completely subordinate to the great fox interest.

There has been a long venatic succession of great masters in Kildare, whose aim it was in every case to show splendid sport, and to develop the hunting resources of the country to the utmost of their power, just as the consuls of Rome in the later days of the Republic strove with each other which should give the

finest triumphal procession that Plebs or Populus had ever hitherto seen. Mr. John Latouche, of Harristown, was quite a first-rate master, so was his neighbour, Mr. O'Connor Henchy, of Stonebrook, who undertook the county pack at the famine crisis. No one ever turned out hounds and men in better style than Lord Clonmell, the father of the present peer. Lord Mayo surmounted all the difficulties of great weight of person, and lightness of purse, making the hounds more popular than ever among masses and classes. The Baron de Robeck, well mounted himself, mounted his men very well, and showed grand sport for a series of years, till his health began to feel the strain somewhat. Major Mansfield, who had ridden well to the county pack for years, kept them well too; and Mr. W. Forbes, of Callander, N.B., who had adopted Kildare as his hunting grounds, did all for the establishment that wealth, combined with judgment and keenness, could effect; and, lastly, Major St. Leger Moore, with Frank Goodall for his lieutenant, has shown that a crack cavalry corps is no bad school for managing a county pack, that requires some management; for never before was discipline in the field better maintained, with less strain or effort; never was the average of runs better, if so good; indeed, last season the Kildare hounds had probably by far the best hound run of the year in the United Kingdom; for the pack found a stout fox in a gorse near Dunlavin, and ran him continuously for three hours and a half over a wild, mountainous country, where there were no chances of changing quarries, and killed him near Humewood, the residence of Mr. FitzWilliam Hume Dick. The

first three miles of the chase were fair riding, Colonel Hugh McCalmont and a few more brave men essayed the hills, but succumbed to the difficulties they presented, increased as they were by some snow; and Goodall alone, by galloping hard along roads, came up with the pack after the kill, and saved part of a well-picked pate, having thirty odd miles between himself and the kennels.

"Tarde venientibus ossa."

In the year I arrived and settled in Kildare, redcoat races, or point to point competitions, were first established, and they have continued an institution there ever since. The garrisons of the Curragh and Newbridge where, besides the line, the staff, and the engineers, there are always horse artillery and cavalry, are regularly invited to join; and to their credit be it said, that though for twelve or thirteen years they competed in vain with the county, they never declined the friendly contest but took their beatings like brave men, waiting till the whirligig of time brought them their revenges, as it has ultimately. I had nothing fit *quâ* condition, but there were two horses in my stable that were a little bit above common hunter form, one was a grey, master of 13 st. 7 lbs., who showed a deal of quality but was not even sired by a thoroughbred horse, for "Blue Peter," his father, was not, I believe, in the stud book. The other was a great big overgrown horse, nearly seventeen hands high, who, with very bent forelegs, had a great gift of going, and was a good, bold fencer; carrying, moreover, as good a set of bellows as

ever were blown; he was very fat and unfit, and had bad corns. For the grey I had a first-rate pilot in Mr. St. James, or the Honourable Reginald Greville Nugent, so much liked and so much lamented; for the big horse I had a bad one—in myself—nor could I get more than a pound or so under 15 stone, whereas the weight was 14 stone, and I had to waste to ride even as light as I did. We all started together, lights and heavies; and my intention was to pull up after going a mile or two, but a friend of mine was riding a thoroughbred hunter who wanted a lead, and was a bit uncertain in his temper, and I stayed to help him as long as I could. Then when he stopped resolutely, I kept moving along till I came to a road, and could see the very long run home, with several horses evidently rather distressed, "pile driving," as horses are apt to do when run out; my horse's bellows here told marvellously. Mr. Forbes was riding almost a race horse in "Hock," by "Claret," and I never could get up to him, but I managed to get alongside of Lord Cloncurry, whose horse did not like the hill, and gained second honours.

Meanwhile I found my gallant grey had come in first of the light weights, and won; so that, taking all the drawbacks into consideration, I had a right to think I was master of two fair hunters.

After this win I started something every year, whether I had anything good or not, but at last a trump card turned up that ought to have proved an "honour," but for very bad luck. This was a cross, ill-conditioned, little mare bought for my wife (who knows how to ride as well as most women), that when put in

condition developed a good share of wilful temper. She was a puller, too, and not everyone's mount, so I again called on Mr. St. James to try his luck on her. He came with his wonted good-nature, and had his field apparently well beaten about a quarter of a mile from home or thereabouts. He was a long way ahead, with the mare pulling hard, and I fancy his arms may have been a little tired, for the mare came very fast at the big broad-topped double on whose bank she should have "changed," as she jumped it soon after the start, but she never "laid an iron on it," and pecking on the far side, burst her girths, so that remounting was impossible. This mare was sold afterwards to win a chase, but the wise groom or trainer prepared her for it by galloping her off her legs when really she hardly wanted any fast work.

Captain, now Colonel, Cosby was at this time the Master of the Queen's County Foxhounds, and kept them in splendid style, showing, so far as my experience went, great sport in his large country. Stradbally Hall, his residence, was one of the pleasantest of "puts up" in Ireland, and everything was very well done, while the hunt races at "Orchard" were in a valley perfect as that of Nemea. Here I saw "Chimney Sweep" come out first, showing good speed, with a certain amount of eccentricity of temper. Colonel Cosby showed me a great deal of genuine kindness and hospitality, and I think his stable management was the best I saw in Ireland, for his horses, rarely quite first class, "contrived," like Goldsmith's chest of drawers, "a double debt to pay."

"Hunters till spring, then chasers on Cup day," to paraphrase the poet. And they won a good share of chases by force of condition and right placing.

In the yard at Stradbally, always kept to perfection, there were several Turkish baths for the use of the hunters after a hard day, in which I was just as glad to spend an hour as in the more pretentious and luxurious baths for "the quality," *i.e.*, the house and its guests. Indeed, everything round Stradbally was worth inspection, machinery, with turbine wheels for motors, economising labour greatly in the farmyard. It seems a long drive for a day with hounds, twenty-seven miles, the distance, I was told, between Stradbally and Old Town, but a trapper I had thought absolutely nothing of it, and I recollect well this same trapper taking great care of me one night, and "driving herself" home, if I may use the term, over a road part of which was dreary enough, and flanked by deep dykes on either side. I had promised to be home that particular night, and after a fine day's sport, which did not allow us to get to the hall till near 8 p.m., I had some dinner, and then resisting all the hospitable entreaties of my host, insisted on driving off. I had no servant with me, and after the first few miles (or less) sleep overtook me (for I was very tired, having had a long run after my hunter, who fell at a high up bank), and I think I dozed nearly all the way, but found myself taken home most correctly. Stradbally village and the country near it is equal to most parts of England in the matter of scenery and highly civilised appearance; yet within a few miles is Luggacurran, another most

charming neighbourhood, where Lord Lansdowne had so much trouble, after which followed the famous invasion of Canada by Mr. William O'Brien, M.P.

I said Stradbally was a very pleasant house. There was always something going on, a couple of well turned-out drags, perhaps, brought the house party to a meet, the billiard-room was a most comfortable lounge, with a capital table in it, and dancing seemed the order of most evenings. Nor were practical jokes quite unknown. Lord Charles Beresford had rather a happy knack of carrying them out, as I can attest, for a grand round having been danced to extra quick time, my two neighbours let go my hands, I should think not quite accidentally, and the centrifugal force flung me among some statues and busts, and caused displacement to them, to me some hardish knocks. A rather cruel one was played on a smart pursuer who brought over his best leathers for a meet near the hall next day. These were taken to the hot room of one of the Turkish baths, which I suppose was at very high temperature, for when the snowy buckskins were sought for next morning they were considerably chippy. It was at Stradbally that I made acquaintance with Lord Charles Beresford's heathen Chinee, who waited at table pigtail and all. I believe that soon afterwards his master discovered that he had ways that were dark, and these ways curtailed his liberty for some time.

Lord Spencer, with some of his hunting staff, was a periodical visitor at Stradbally Hall. I recollect *seeing* poor "Bay" Middleton going well there, as indeed he did in most countries, and most of us *heard* him. The Queen's

County was full of fine coverts and wild, very wild, foxes, that would hardly have suited the nobleman of whom we read that—

> "There lived an Earl of ancient name,
> Who hunted the fox, but liked him tame."

Maryborough, with its heath, was once one of the fashionable racing centres of Ireland. The county has now no hounds, and little chasing within its borders!

Would I could take my reader about through Ireland on hunting tours intent, for some of these tours were pleasant enough, and it must be borne in mind that in Ireland the province exists not, as understood in England, as the antithesis to the shires; for in Ireland grass always predominates over plough, and the latter is generally extremely light, and as different as possible from English plough. Hence sport may be, and often is, just as good in a remote county as in the most fashionable hunt, such as Meath or Kildare, and it may so happen that Western Meath has a better season than its Eastern namesake. To give the reader some idea of the labour involved in giving a weekly synopsis of sport in Ireland, I will take one day as a sample, though I must in fairness say it was an exceptionally hard one.

Major Mansfield was the Master in Kildare that year. We had a large field out, and a couple of good runs, the second of which came to an untimely end near Tynte Park, a good deal perhaps owing to the pernicious pressing of a one-armed or one-handed pursuer out, who, riding a wonderfully fine bank jumper

(and we were among decidedly large ones), was on top of the pack the moment they had cleared the bank, and were feeling for their fox, who had evidently got a great lead. "Please hold hard, Mr. Thruster," would the exasperated but polite M.F.H. say; when those who were near might have heard muttered *sotto voce*, "Then, why don't your blessed hounds come on?" I saw those runs rather better than my wont, as a famous horse I had called "Plum" was in charming humour that day, and when I got back to Old Town, some ten or eleven miles off, I set to to scribble at once, hardly heeding the monition "that dinner was served." My things were packed up, and in a few minutes after I had sat down to my chilled repast, word came that the trap with my fast pony was at the door, and that there was hardly a moment left if I meant to catch the mail at Sallins. However, the train was caught easily, and I took my ticket for Mallow to visit the Duhallow Hounds (Lord Doneraile's) next day. I forget when Mallow was reached, about 2 a.m., I think. I had expected to sleep at the hotel there, but Lord Doneraile had most kindly sent a trap to meet me.

When I reached Doneraile Court there was a capital supper laid out, and I made up for the deficit in dinners, but, like the lady in the song, "I had my task to finish," or, in other words, to complete my narrative of the day in Kildare, for if you allow arrears to accumulate in your mind and memory, the confusion may become hopeless. This occupied me till it was near breakfast time, and, consequently, the allowance of sleep was somewhat scanty. Fortunately, the meet

next morning at "Two Pot House" was near the Court. The wood was full of foxes, and we had a rather nice run, though with no particular point. In the evening late, we had a very fast gallop into darkness, which, while light lasted (I mean the gallop) gave one an opportunity of seeing "Johnny Walsh" sailing over that beautiful country with his hounds, horse, man, and pack making a charming combination, flying fox, and flying hounds (it seemed a beautiful scent medium), and a huntsman tied to them! We had but a small field out, for there was something like a feud or schism in the county just at that moment, and the followers of the Montagues would not foregather with the Capulets. I recollect a lady, Mrs. Johnston, clearing a gate that afternoon, a sight not to be seen every day in Ireland.

I think Mr. T. Hare was the Master the next time I visited this county (Cork). I had seen him ride hard and straight in Meath, and was not surprised to see him go so well in the Duhallow district. They seemed to me to have rare good foxes there, for I saw the commencement of another very fine run near Mallow, but only the commencement, as in crossing a river I did not hit the opposite bank in a very good spot. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was riding that beautiful hunter of his, "Black Knight," that day, if my memory does not deceive me. The Duke, who was then in the Rifle Brigade, was a pretty constant pursuer, whether in Meath, or Kildare, or in Dublin with the Ward Union Staghounds.

It seems like yesterday when H.R.H. came in for a

capital gallop from Ballyglunin, or Annagh, on the Tuam side of the County Galway, when that past master of woodcraft and venerie, the late Burton Parsons Persse, of Moyode Castle, being in momentary difficulties, as his hounds had got to their noses, and the surrounding circle of horsemen seemed inclined to press them unduly, three or four counties being all represented there—

> "Two hundred such horsemen ne'er were seen at a burst,
> Each resolv'd to be there, each resolv'd to be first."

(Only I fancy for the poet's two we must read nearer four), saw at about the distance of half a mile, a thatcher on a lonely cottage waving his caubeen in the air. He guessed at once that the fox had been viewed by that thatcher, and lifting his hounds and galloping at top speed for the cabin, hit off the line, and a fine run was the result, over a good bit of light, galloping grass land, no one seeing it better and enjoying it more than His Royal Highness, though it was a mercy his horse never put a foot wrong, as one or two ladies made him their pilot and leader, and determined to be his very close followers.

On another occasion I saw the commencement of the breach between the people of Galway and the old county gentry. There was a vacancy in the county representation, and the Parliamentary candidates were Colonel Nolan, R.A., an advanced Liberal, and Mr. Trench (uncle to the present Lord Clancarty), a brother of the Earl's thus representing the territorial aristocracy. We were drawing a covert (gorse) near the Knock Barron course, that brings us to Lever's hero,

His brother, Mr. De Burgh Persse, who farmed to some purpose in Australia, then hunted the pack from Moyode, with Press for huntsman. Lord Clanmorris has them now.

It has not been my good fortune ever to have hunted much in Carlow, once known as Catherlough, and often styled nowadays "the garden county," *par excellence*, of Ireland. Its master, Mr. Robert Watson, is the *doyen* of the M.F.H.'s in Ireland, and in his case, if an Amurath does not succeed an Amurath, a Watson does a Watson, for the pack has been in the family for generations, and to show how naturally a Watson inclines to hounds, I may mention that both Mr. Robert Watson's brothers followed the family tradition, and that if it were not hazardous to prophesy till you are sure, it would not be a very venturesome vaticination to predict that his eldest son, Mr. J. Watson, the great exponent of polo, will be, ere many seasons have elapsed, in the purple of office, and hunting first-class hounds himself over a first-class country. A consummate judge of hounds, and with some of the best sources of supply within his reach, both in England and Ireland, it is not surprising that the Carlow pack of foxhounds should be looked upon in Ireland much as the Oakley, or Lord Willoughby de Broke's pack are in England. They have the noses of beagles, or Dachshunds, and the fling, say, of the Belvoir, and for their lord and master, Robert Watson, who is with them constantly in the kennel, as well as in the rapture of triumph and achievement, they would go anywhere and do anything. It was and is a great school of hunting, the County Carlow. It produced Lord Rathdonnell, who,

giving (because he could not help it) such men as "Bay Middleton" and some of his compeers a stone in a point to point race in the shires, beat them all. But perhaps Mrs. Bunbury, his sister-in-law, has proved its most accomplished *élève*, for go where she will in England, she is always a pioneer in pursuit, picking out her own line, and sticking to it resolutely. And yet he would be wonderfully infatuated who could call Carlow a choice hunting county. It has fine wild foxes, and plenty of them. It has good sections of grass lands every now and then, but it is not for the most part one you can ride freely over, without the most careful of hunters, and a good eye in the pilot. Few get over it with more perfect freedom than their master of many seasons, but then he is a very perfect horseman, in spite of nearly seventy years, and those who saw him galloping horse after horse, at the Dublin horse show a few years ago, where he judged, would fail to acknowledge his ease of seat, and mastery over everything he mounted.

It might be going too far to maintain that Limerick was formed by nature for a Paradise of sport, but it certainly offers sporting facilities that few counties or shires can rival. The salmon-haunted Shannon flows through its extent, and has several tributaries only inferior to itself, and it is the boast of some of the occupants of houses on their banks that in spring you can spend your day with the county pack of foxhounds, and kill a salmon or two either before joining them or after returning, as, for instance, at Carass on the Maigue, where Sir David Roche and his friends have, I

believe, often, if not habitually, accomplished this feat. Then there are pine-clad hills, where foxes abound that can occupy a pack all the autumn without ever infringing on what may be termed their artificial country in the verdant vale below, and to part of that vale in the rich grazing tracts round Bruree and Kilmallock I would assign about the highest place in the classification of hunting countries whether in Ireland or England. It has not the scope or extent perhaps of Meath or Dublin, but so far as it goes—and I have followed the stag through it for fully ten miles—it is more even than they are, the fences have less variation and trappiness, they are not abnormally or extravagantly large, and with a good bold horse it ought to be crossed with tolerable safety and much pleasure.

My first visit to Limerick was on the occasion of the advent of the United Hunt from Cork under Lord Shannon, when the followers of both associations came out in their hundreds, if not in their thousands, and the day was one of great expectations, though they were hardly realised in one sense, for though Sir David Roche had foxes galore for his visitors, the day was dry, dusty, and gaudy withal, and the big battalions that came out had several bits of runs, more or less good, but nothing epical or memorable. If the day was not, however, brimful of sport, it was very festive, and at some cross roads or other we were met by commissariat carts, and what I suppose might be appropriately called a luncheon "equipage," for the pursuing multitudes, who had an opportunity of clearing their throats of dust or cobwebs by copious draughts of

champagne, of which there seemed no stint whatever. So far as I can remember, the last covert drawn was Castletown Conyers. I was to have been mounted by Sir David Roche, then the master of the Limerick hounds, whose guest I was, but the morning after my arrival at Carass he took me round his extensive stables, where every hunter seemed to be suffering severely from what might be called bilious or yellow fever, for their eyes were as yellow as oranges. However, Sir David managed to get mounts for everyone, and I can answer for having had a pleasant ride on a chestnut cob, who proved a capital wall jumper, though it must be owned most we met were small.

The next day Sir David had a bye-day, I believe mainly to show me a different section of his country, and the horse difficulty was again got over by the kindness and liberality of good sportsmen, showing how much Sir David's successful efforts to show first rate sport were appreciated by the members of his Hunt. Instead of hundreds and thousands in the field, the company might be reckoned by tens, for no notices had been sent out, probably owing to the condition of the Hunt horses. Mr. Harry Croker, of Ballinagarde, who at that time was, *consensu omnium*, the best welter weight in Limerick, perhaps in the south of Ireland, was the *deus ex machinâ* who solved the mounting difficulty, as several of his chasers, past or present, were placed at Sir David's disposal. And here I may remark that Mr. Croker always selected this class of horse for his own riding with hounds, and as he was a most successful pursuer, in spite of his fifteen stone

odd, we must agree that his theory that it is *blood* that carries weight is mainly true.

We found no fox till we reached Kilpeacon Gorse (Major Gavin's), but had found a capital lunch and any amount of jumping powder at Ballinagarde, so when the fox broke away handsomely from that good gorse over a very fair line of grass, our small party was in capital trim for a run, and a very smart one we had, though I have forgotten the points made in the course of it. The people who knew the country said we had traversed some eight miles in, I think, about forty-five minutes (but there was no checking, and scent seemed at its acme), when we were confronted by a high park wall of fully nine or ten feet (park palings are almost unknown in Ireland), with woodlands inside. Now the fox had with his prehensile pads managed to scramble over this big barrier. The hounds could not, and were taken round to one of the entrance gates of Carass (for this was our park), causing a considerable delay inside the demesne wall. The hounds never really hit off the line of the fox after the delay, and as the earths were open, the chase ceased, everyone being thoroughly satisfied with a brilliant bye-day that had not been calculated on by any of us. Knights and esquires were then summoned to Sir David's hospitable dining-room, where we shed the blood of Champagne's vine freely, and discoursed as freely upon the fine sport the bitch pack had shown us—as bony and bonny a pack as could often be seen anywhere. Another capital day's sport I saw in Limerick in the wake of Mr. Gubbins' staghounds, when

Lord Fermoy mounted me on a very brilliant hunter. We ran right over the vale nearly to the foot of some mountains that I rather think are the spurs of the Galtee range.

I had very nearly forgotten the sequel of the fox chase on the memorable bye-day. Sir David, after the rites of hospitality had been duly paid, went out with a friend towards the main earths, when, to their surprise, they saw, lying stark and stiff in front of them, the hunted fox, who perhaps died from the tremendous bustling he got, or broke his heart in the spring he made nearly to the top of the park wall. I believe several similar cases have happened within hunting memory; it is my sole experience.

I have said very little about the United Hunt pack, and their very pleasant M.F.H., the late Lord Shannon. The hounds were a picture, but the day was most unpropitious for the exhibition of their powers of pace and nose, with slack scent and "an army" behind that would not be denied. I saw part of this pack again when that most keen and intrepid sportsman, Mr. J. Murphy, was their master, in the vicinity of Cork, but game on that occasion was scarce, and what was found showed no sport whatever. Lord Shannon was fairly driven out of Cork by the eccentricities of a small and rather scratch pack that was hunted and owned by a local sportsman, Mr. Edmund FitzGerald, who claimed venatic rights over much of the best part of the United Hunt country, and whether he had them or not, exercised them most freely. Lord Shannon, who was very keen about the chase and all belonging to it, then

migrated to England, where, for two or three seasons, he mastered the Vale of White Horse country to the entire satisfaction of all his followers, but more especially of the sporting farmers, who liked him as much as he liked and appreciated them. It was my custom then to sell off my hunters at Sewell's, in Dublin, every spring; and I am happy to say that three bought there by Lord Shannon turned out admirably; indeed, one of them whom he had the courage to buy, when he was a mere "rag" and "anatomy," recovering from a severe attack of what was known as "the American distemper," and whom he called "Triviator," made the highest price, save one, at his final sale at Tattersall's.

Those two counties, Cork and Limerick, have had some strange venatic viscissitudes since this period, and fallen considerably from their high estate, owing to the crusade preached against hunting.

Since the time I write of, Mr. J. Gubbins accepted the mastership of the Limerick foxhounds. He spent more than £30,000 in erecting kennels and stables, but he had to succumb to the agitation. Captain Forester is now their M.F.H., and shows good sport.

At the time I am writing about the Curraghmore hounds were in the zenith of their fame, and Lord Waterford, their proud and happy master; the Curraghmore country is now hunted by Mr. Richard Burke and Mr. C. Nugent-Humble, but the pack that Lord Waterford had, so to speak, created no longer ranges over its native heaths and through its native woodlands, having been transferred to England, and at a price that

showed how they were appreciated there. Lord Waterford's practical banishment from the hunting grounds—which if not by any means the best or fairest in Ireland were those of his especial predilection—makes one sometimes sceptical as to the sporting future of Ireland, for here was a nobleman whose ancestors had been identified with Curraghmore for many centuries, and who himself was most anxious to spend his days and his money among "his own people," hooted and stoned out of his avital hunting grounds, at the bidding of the agitator and the paid patriot. And what was his crime? "Seek ye her crime to know," quoth Canning in the "Anti-Jacobin," *à propos* of Mrs. Brownrigg. Why absolutely none, for no one ever accused him of harshness or injustice to his tenantry, while he was the means of circulating very large sums of money in his neighbourhood through the fine sport which he promoted, as had his uncle before him, Henry, the marquis of adventure and episode.

It is quite true that Daniel O'Connell had applied to the House of Beresford some of those alliterative epithets that are generally hurled at Mr. Balfour now; but the only possible appositeness of them lay in the severity of a remote kinsman, John Marcus Beresford, who flourished his lash in the Rebellion of '98, when a few atrocities were committed on the other side, and a few more would probably have followed suit had rebeldom prevailed.

I have a pleasant recollection of a week, or its greater part, spent very enjoyably at Curraghmore, whose extensive chase is crowned by a house, that though

much improved, and a fine pile, is hardly good enough for the park and place; but the stabling is magnificent, and sheltered as nearly as possible a hundred horses at that time, somewhere in the seventies. I recollect the journey there from the County Kildare was a very long and tedious one, owing, I believe, to lack of coal on a feeder of the Great Southern and Western Line, and occupied the best part of twenty-four hours. Lord William and Lord Marcus Beresford were both staying there then, and we sampled his lordship's country very fairly in some four days, of which one was spent mainly in "the chase" itself. Another in the country round Kilmacthomas, where a woollen factory, maintained by Lord Waterford's family, gives employment to hundreds of hands. Another was in the Kilkenny country that had been lent or leased to Lord Waterford by the Kilkenny Hunt, whose curtailed hunting days prevented full justice being done to it and to its wild foxes. It seems like yesterday that Lord Waterford drove me to the meet, some seventeen or eighteen miles distant, in his mail phaeton, and as we neared the rendezvous, lo! the road was spanned by a triumphal arch, made of laurels by the bold peasantry, with all sorts of words of welcome, and I note the fact to show the *natural* proclivities of the people till warped and perverted.

I saw nothing of the first run, a very good one, I believe, as my hunter (or probably myself) funked the straight banks without grips, that formed the staple of the fences, and then a fore shoe lost, made a favourable excuse for retiring from the fray; but in the second, I

found my mount accommodate himself charmingly to the iteration of little leaps that divided fields not vastly bigger than a large tablecloth ; it seemed a fine scenting, wild country, and hounds ran fast over it. Of the ladies, very few, if any, saw so much of hounds as Lord Waterford's mother, who, in her early wedded life, had few opportunities of "competing."

Lord Waterford, in spite of his weight, was always with his hounds, which he hunted occasionally himself, though they were generally in Duke's charge. He was superbly mounted, as *I* must own who bought one of his cast-offs, that yet was very highly thought of in England afterwards.

Of Lord Waterford's accident in the shires, and its lamentable sequences, the public has heard so much that I will not recur to the painful theme. Within a few months, however, a manifest improvement has taken place, and hope is again in the ascendant scale.

In writing about Meath—the very paradise of pursuit—one feels inclined to paraphrase or parody Tommy Moore's famous couplet somehow in this wise—

> "And until they can show us some lovelier planet,
> This Meath is the best place for sportsmen and me."

For some seventy miles, and even far further if necessary, from the valley of the Tolka to the small enclosures of Cavan, may the Meath hounds range, monarchs of all they survey in the shape of foxes, without any rivals or competitors. Another diagonal

would, I believe, give them a clear field of some fifty miles, and, as a rule, grass culture (or inculture) prevails over this enormous area—not merely rotatory crops of grass as understood in many portions of Merry England, but perennial pasture, of which many acres may be called "finishing land," from which bullocks and heifers go straight to the stalls and shambles without intermediate processes, while much of the northerly section is admirably adapted for sheep walks, as many agriculturists in England, who have seen Mr. J. Lennox Naper's Shropshire Downs competing successfully at shows, have learnt. Land-hunger is an appetite (which in such a country is very natural) seems to have obtained here from the earliest recorded eras, and we can still see abundant traces of the ruling passion in the semi-French filibusters, who, making castellated Trim on the banks of the Boyne their *place d'armes*, or base of operations, pushed on their "land-grabbing" campaign by means of strong forts, till at last Hugo de Lacy had his head cut off by some Celtic kerne or gallowglass at Durrow in the King's County, just as he had extended his gigantic grass farm to the banks of the Brosna from those of the Boyne. Later on we find this land-hunger repeated in the very visionary scheme of the Parnellites, by which it was seriously contemplated to reverse the Cromwellian plantation, which sent Eastern "malignants" to Connaught, by bringing the inhabitants of congested Connaught to the rich pastures of Meath, and settling them there, a scheme which would hardly find favour with Eastern men, who have the prescription of several centuries in support of

their claims and rights. In reality, it was all along nothing more than a Meath migration mirage, as notable a failure as the Galway plantation actually essayed by Mr. Charles Stuart Parnell, and indirectly promoted by Lord Spencer, while Lord Lieutenant.

That so fine a country should have remained in hunting obscurity while hounds flourished in such comparatively uncongenial and stony soils as Kilrudderry and Killiney (the Duke of Dorset's son was killed among the rockeries of the latter) is one of those modern mysteries which certainly detract greatly from the wisdom and acumen with which we wish to credit our ancestors. Indeed, it was not till the fourth decade of the present century that Sam Reynell (great men want no prefixes like minor mortals) and his brother-in-law, Mr. Trench Nugent, a kindred spirit in sporting enterprise, discerned the capabilities of Royal Meath, and determined to utilise them. Of course there were several little hunting establishments in the shire already. The Tisdals, Nicholsons, Wallers, McVeaghs, Hopkinses, and a few neighbours, had their packs, and a "gentleman and his hounds" was as much a toast in Ireland as in England. The Ballymacad Harriers were a popular pack in the undulating tracts between Old Castle and Virginia Water; but there was no *county pack* till Sam Reynell appeared on the scene. He was an enthusiast, "fanatico per la caccia;" but enthusiasts are necessary to great enterprises, as "the boy" who walked over during the night from Hayes, in Meath, to Palmerstown, in Kildare, to have a look at Lord Mayo and his pack, told his lordship, when the latter, re-

cognising his tenant's son, informed him he must be a lunatic to have attempted such a thing. "Begorra, my lord, if there were no lunatics in the land there'd be mighty little fox-hunting." His enthusiam was contagious, the county backed him splendidly, and gorse coverts sprung up, as if by magic, over the length and breadth of the county.

In the days I write of, hunting a country was far less expensive than at present, for such claims as right of way and compensation for scarce apparent damage done had not come into vogue, but the very magnitude of Meath's mileage involved a very long purse, and Mr. Reynell's was a very short one. However, enthusiasm carried him along, and though he could hardly ever compass the purchase of sound weight carriers, screws well chosen enabled him to keep near his pack, and as for falls—though over sixteen stone weight—he went on never minding them. Like the Jovial Jorrocks, he lectured on "the noble science" in canary tights, and the county colours of red and pale blue, and threw everything, as Mr. Mantalini put it, to the "demnition bow wows" in favour of the sport of kings and vice-kings. Nor was the summer his own, for a man of his ideas had to keep travelling about on survey, so to speak, day after day, consolidating and strengthening his empire; and it was said that at one time he contemplated entering Parliament to aid the hunting interests of the kingdom, and to endeavour to get some enactment passed in favour of causing cattle to be wintered in sheds, after the English pattern, rather than in the open pastures to the detriment and checking of

hounds—"illic clausa tenent stabulis armenta" (as said of the Scythians), but I can hardly credit such ecstasy of enthusiasm. The total neglect of private business for public led, by and bye, to a financial chasm or crisis, but the county came to his relief with several thousand pounds, and hunting history repeated itself; in the Sixties, Sam Reynell found an invaluable ally in poor "Chicken" Hartopp, nearly as great an enthusiast as himself, with as big a heart and a far fuller purse. How far "the Chicken" helped the sporting Sam I know not, if at all, but I can only say that on my first introduction to the upper portion of Meath, on the occasion of a Red-Coat Race Meeting, I passed under a number of triumphal arches, inscribed with Hartopp's name in large characters, while a few welcomed Lord Spencer, his master, on whose staff he was serving; and a huge marquee on the hill side was Hartopp's banqueting hall for the occasion, where everyone was welcomed with a *caed mille failthe.*

For a few years Hartopp reigned supreme in Royal Meath like bonnie Prince Charlie, King o' the Hieland hearts—"the grandest man" they had ever seen in the shire, the most princely in purse and person, squandering sovereigns right and left, and enforcing his will and pleasure by an irresistible right arm, at once the instrument of lavish generosity, and inflexible purpose. Of his court and courtiers, of his jousts and junketings, of the practical jokes played, the bear-fighting, the splendour of his retinue, of the homage paid to him, and the courteseying of great customs to this greater king for whom even the precision of railway puntuality

was foregone or relaxed; of his harriers kept to fill up any possible vacua in fox hunting fixtures; of occasional magnificent processions to meets when friends rode "postilion" in full hunting panoply, and outriders were similarly got up, time would fail me to do justice; but Hartopp had great gifts in addition to these high-spirited and somewhat foolish and fanciful frivolities; a musician *au bout des ongles*, for he could play most instruments, he had a magnificent instrument in his own voice, and much pathos, sentiment, and good taste in its management, though it rather lacked cultivation, and was best heard perhaps in German *lieder*. He was something of a mechanician too, and would perhaps have shone as a chemist had he given himself fair play. A few seasons of such strong pace sung the dirge of a rather nice patrimony, as might be expected; but even now his name in Meath is one to conjure by; of his kindness of nature I will only give one illustration. To a man like "the Chicken" pen-and-ink work would not be very congenial, but when he was going on a hunting tour in Southern Ireland with Lord Spencer he asked me if I should like to hear of any good runs they saw and rode. I said I was much obliged, of course, but never thought more of it, when after many weeks there came a huge parcel of hardly decipherable "copy" to my address, unfortunately written on both sides of the page; I expended some time in trying to read it, then threw the MS. into the fire, as the horrid thought crossed my mind that I was being hoaxed. Lord Waterford told me afterwards that he spent hours in writing it. On Lord Northbrook's staff in India the

Chicken's flights were more eccentric than ever, and when he returned to Ireland after leaving the 10th Hussars, he took the Kilkenny hounds, and mastered them well, but his constitution was impaired by the Indian climate, and he died somewhat suddenly—a splendid wreck. Hartopp introduced polo into Meath.

It must have been a heavy blow to Sam Reynell to resign the presidency of a pack which he had himself created, and with which much of his life's work was identified, but the expenses of the county were waxing, while his private means were waning, and hunting expenses increase greatly with weight and age. As in the case of Veianius, the Roman gladiator and popular performer in the arena, he might have said—

"Non eadem est ætas, non mens;"

but, for all that, I believe his love of fox-hunting was unimpaired to the close. After his resignation, the horn of office was handed to Mr. W. Newcomen Waller, a keen sportsman, a light weight, and a fine rider, bred to hunting, too; for his father had kept and hunted the Allenstown harriers for years. Mr. Waller showed fine sport with that magnificent horseman, McBride, one of the hardest bitten men that ever rode over Meath (too hard, in fact, and the master used to be sorely perplexed occasionally between his love of sport and his anxiety to satisfy his field—even the gluttons—and his anxiety about his horses that McBride used to handle in a fearful and wonderful manner, approaching almost to recklessness). Mr. Waller, after a few seasons, resigned. An extremely fair, sensible man, and as fond of sport as anyone could be, he would not

sacrifice *everything* to it, as his predecessor and, perhaps, his successor did, more or less; nor was his physique quite equal to the heavy strain.

An officer of the 5th Dragoon Guards ("the fox-hunting 5th") had lately settled in Meath, which, after seeing the cream of the shires of England, he considered incomparably superior to them all as a hunting arena and a sphere of sport. His riding to hounds in his adopted country was simply perfect, and he had made many friends. To him the county turned in its need, and offered him the mastership. The prospect might easily have dazzled and puzzled a wiser and older head that that of Mr. John Oswald Trotter. Frank Goodall was now the huntsman in Meath; and if the pack of hounds was not quite first class, the country made up for deficiencies, and with Goodall for chief it might be vastly improved. The subscription list was a very good one; the field comprised capital elements, both civil and military; and given a free hand, he accepted the duties and responsibilities of a very arduous, if honourable, office. For eight years, Mr. Trotter, working with a devotion that was almost unexampled, and a singleness of purpose and aim, showed sport in Meath that was probably unapproached in any part of the world, nor could the *mise en scène* have been surpassed anywhere, everything being turned out in the highest style, and the hunt horses, of which you would see twelve and fourteen at a meet, being models of symmetry and paragons of performance, of which their enormous prices realised at Sewell's sales in Dublin every spring are the best evidence. Mr. Trotter was very proud of Meath, and

Meath was very proud of Mr. Trotter! This sumptuousness in sport is, however, a most expensive thing. No one had ever taken the trouble to enquire whether Mr. Trotter was a millionaire, though all knew that in hunting matters he acted rather like one. At last, in the middle of some unpleasantnesses, which need not now be enlarged on, it became notorious that the financial fabric of Meath's hunting magnificence was crumbling fast; and that Mr. Trotter had involved the county as well as himself; so, after his tenth season, he resigned, and left the country practically a pauper, having spent his patrimony in its service. Mr. Trotter's error was in not winding up the concern long before, when he found out that, as the coachmen used to say, "tongue and buckle would not meet." He struggled hard against difficulties, but the difficulties overcame him in the end, and all but dragged him down to the depths. The worst of the whole thing was, that these difficulties coincided or synchronised with general depression in the grazing interests of this great county; but *Resurgam* was ever Mr. Trotter's riding motto, and though the fall was a heavy one, no one doubts that he will be again *riding* straight and hard—literally as well as metaphorically. Misfortunes come not in single spies, but in battalions, according to the poet, and dumb madness soon after these calamities not only decimated but nearly emptied the Meath kennels, and it redounds immensely to the credit of the county that, with Lord Fingall for the new M.F.H., his brother-in-law, Mr. George Murphy, for honorary secretary, and a most efficient committee of management,

the financial and other difficulties have been grappled with manfully and overcome, till the hunting horoscope of the Royal Shire has not read better for many years than in 1891. For, though the hounds may be described, as Poole once classified the company at a princely residence, namely, as "mixed," yet they work together well, are very obedient, draw well, and seem anxious to find their fox (a *sine quâ non* in a hound), and to hunt him to the death once they have moved him. Meath may be said to have been nearly at its apogee when the Kaiserin Elizabeth came from the banks of the Blue Danube to those of the brimming "Boyne Water" to see the sport of which she had heard so much from Lord Spencer and others. I recollect well her first experience in Royal (for the time Imperial) Meath, but it was not with the county pack of foxhounds, but with the Ward Union staghounds. All the world was at the meeting place, Batterstown Station, to see the great Queen, who had come, like her Majesty of Sheba, to see the mighty works of those Solomons of sport, Mr. Leonard Morrogh, Mr. Trotter, and Mr. Forbes, representing respectively those corporations of the chase, the Ward Union, the Meath, and the Kildare packs. The Empress rode between Mr. Leonard Morrogh, whose handsome horse "Domino" she had bought and was trying, and Lord Spencer. The enlargement took place somewhere beyond the well-known wooded knoll called "the Derricks" or "the Derks." I forget what stag was enlarged, but he proved a good one, for inclining first towards Lagore, he led sundry sportsmen to some

newly-reclaimed swamp land that looked lovely to the eye, but was hardly *terra firma*, and jumping an up-bank out of it, I, for one, came to grief. Mr. Leonard Morrogh kept the Empress on higher and sounder land, and when the stag turned to the left, and left Culmullen far to the right, working his way with little deflection towards Maynooth, and the Co. Kildare, he really crossed some eleven or twelve miles of the cream of Lower Meath, ere he was taken in the quadrangle of Maynooth College, to which he ran as to a sure sanctuary. The learned dons and professors were electrified, and a scene was enacted such as might have suggested Tennyson's "Princess." The trio that started together stayed together, and Her Majesty's initial ride was certainly a glorious one. No plough was crossed, nor, perhaps, even seen. Indeed, one may be out half a season in Meath without crossing one. This ride stamped "Domino" as a high class lady's hunter. He was very good-looking, and the Empress told me some time afterwards that she had given him to the Emperor to ride as a charger. The Kaiserin took Summerhill from Lord Langford, and improved the stables considerably. She had a large retinue with her, who all hunted more or less. The Countess Festetics was her *dame d'honneur*, and in all probability she would have paid annual recurring visits to the Green Isle had not stupid attempts been made by a certain section of the Press to turn a purely sporting *séjour* in Eastern Ireland into political capital—attempts that must have disgusted Her Majesty, as well as the semi-political banners posted up at divers fox coverts. She thoroughly enjoyed Irish

hunting, and made many friends in all classes by her affability, geniality, and wish to please. Captain Middleton ("Bay") was her pilot, but, fine horseman that he is and ever was, his hunters were hardly equal to the undertaking.

Having left Kildare, I had to look out for a *pied à terre* which would enable me to see something of several packs each week, and, after some research, found Ballymacoll, near Dunbyone, vacant. It had belonged to Captain Hamilton of the 13th Hussars, but on his death (*sine prole*) it passed to his brother, the Rev. J. Hamilton, who only occupied it in summer, as he held some preferment in England. It commanded at intervals the Meath, the Kildare, and the Ward Union hounds: was almost *à cheval* of two lines of railway; the stabling was very good; the house most comfortable (the Bishop of Meath occupied it for a term after me, and so did Major Dent, subsequently Master of the Bedale hounds), but I could only secure it for the season. After this I took a house in Dublin for the purpose of promoting the Insurance of Horses in Ireland—having been appointed the manager for Ireland of a London Company started for the purpose—and the appointment was thus made. The Chairman of the Company, Sir Rose Price, was dining with me at my club in town when some papers fell out of his pocket; lifting them up from the floor, he saw they related to his Company, of which he told me the purport, adding, "If you would undertake the management in Ireland we should be pleased." I think the idea would have taken well there—indeed, we got a very fair share of

business there, but one of the chief props and pillars of the Company withdrew from it. This caused some shrinkage of capital, and after a couple or three years I gave it up. From a typhoidal house in Dublin I moved to Enfield, where I occupied a very comfortable house that had once done duty as the local hotel of the Royal Canal Company, whose "fly boats" conveyed hundreds backwards and forwards, eastwards and westwards, before the introduction of the railway system. Enfield was a junction, and Kildare, Meath, Westmeath, and Dublin counties were fairly easily reached from it. I liked Enfield much, and I recollect showing the environs to two English masters of hounds, who declared they had never seen aught like it (in a sporting sense) before, for, to parody Ovid, it was a case of

"Et quo spectabant nil nisi gramen erat."

Close to Enfield from the hill next Cappagh Gorse, or from Osberstown Hill, one of the finest hunting panoramas I know of is to be seen, comprising the Liffey Valley, and part of that of the Blackwater, together with a small section of Meath. After a sojourn of some twenty months at Enfield, I had once more "to move on," but I did not go very far on this occasion, finding Major Kearney's house at Culmullen a very fit centre for my work, and only a mile or two from the station at Drumree. Culmullen, indeed, had had many sporting tenants, Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Candy, with Lord Rossmore, occupied it for a season. Then it was the hunting home of that princely sportsman, "Rufus" Montgomery, who owed the *sobri-*

quet either to his auricomous flowing beard, or to "Rufus," his famous chaser, whom all Ireland expected to see returned as the winner of the "Grand National," and while "Rufus" was in occupation he had a bevy of kindred spirits with him, such as Captain McCalmont, now M.P. for East Antrim, "the Admiral," Mr. Alexander, &c., &c. In later times it was occupied by Count Zborowski, who, when mounted on horses picked for him by his friend Mr. T. Turbitt, and hunted by that consummate horseman "Denny McGer," crossed Meath in a style no stranger has ever done before or since, eliciting the highest praise from the M.F.H. "Jock Trotter;" and it is something, as the Latin grammar, or some such authority tells us, "laudari a laudato." In an evil hour Count Zborowski took it into his head that this class of well-bred hunter could be improved on by admitting only thoroughbreds into his boxes. With the latter he won chases, 'tis true, but never repeated the brilliant performances of his first season in Meath, though his nerve was, I believe, as good as ever. Culmullen suited me admirably, but I could only get it for the season, and, that over, I had once more to house myself somewhere, and, after an interval of some months, hit upon a rather pretty villa near the Phœnix Park, of which I bought the interest, as these constant changes were ruinous, as well as uncomfortable.

In England, two moves are said to be equivalent to a fire in your house. In Ireland I think the proportion is far smaller; and here at last seemed a prospect of some permanence and fixity of tenure. The Tolka Valley

was below the grounds, with its trout haunted stream winding through its green pastures, and here the bark of the otter might be heard at night, for where fish are, there will otters congregate, and I recollect some very mixed otter hounds of the Liverpool Regiment killing three cubs in it one day, while a favourite fixture (though one hardly prolific of much sport) of the Meath hounds, Abbottstown, the residence of the Right Honourable Ion Trant and Lady Victoria Hamilton, was close by. Many of us who have looked into our Horace since school or college days will recollect the beautiful Sapphics in which the poet lauds his rural retreat—

> "Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
> Angulus ridet;"

and goes on to hope that it may prove a resting place for his maturer years—

> "Sit modus lasso maris et viarum,
> Militiæque."

I do not suppose the lyrist was aiming a prophetic shaft at our great constitutional force, the Militia, was not he a Militiaman himself? but I can quite sympathise with his aspiration "to rest and be thankful." Such good fortune, however, was not to be mine, and after four years tenure or thereabouts of the villa, I had once more "to move on." I have so far taken the public into my confidence more or less, I may as well enlarge the confidence a bit. "I'll not tell yer anner a lie" is a common commencement of an artful tale in Ireland, and should be a note of warning to the listener like

plausible Paddy I have my tale to tell, and I do not propose varnishing it too highly.

I had come to Ireland for a special purpose and a bachelor; perhaps apparently like the hero of the song, "a bachelor doomed to die," for though, like most of my countrymen, I have ever been a philogynist, the days for philogynism and philandering, playing with Amaryllis in the shade, and toying with the tangles of Neæra's hair had passed by with the lapsed *lustra*. However, we learn in youth, even from that past master and pilot in these dangerous seas Quintus Flaccus, that no man can tell from what point danger may be expected—

> "Quod quisque vitet nusquam homini satis,
> Cautum est in horas."

The ball-room may prove innocuous, the dangerous drawing-room or beauty's boudoir may be avoided, yet kismet may overtake you when least anticipated, even in the hunting field. Talk of marriages being made in heaven! probably far more are cemented in country houses and in "the field," for where can beauty of face and figure find better environments than in the hunting field, and if the *dame de vos pensées* can ride like an Amazon, without a suspicion of horsiness, it becomes a serious thing, and though she may not be "fooling thee," "beware, beware!" In looking back those lines of Moore's telling the story of the young Celt who made a hasty love match when by Feal's waves benighted, and had his troubles and trials afterwards, keep cropping up in one's memory—

"Love came and brought sorrow
Too soon in its train;
But so sweet that to-morrow
T'were welcome again."

It must be confessed it was a great imprudence to marry on next to nothing on either side! the pen is apt to prove a precarious prop, particularly when only taken up in comparative old age—and as for politician promises, I have learnt that in some cases they are about as reliable as dicers' oaths, for the politician is the slave of his party, and is very often not a free agent, and when some of the appointments in Ireland made in the Gladstone-Spencer era are considered, I think this proposition will be admitted. The conduct of a certain bank in Ireland—the Provincial—in which the clerks are not permitted to marry under a certain assured income, has been severely canvassed, and reprobated by several, chiefly of the serener sex—but it is only common sense after all—and if I mistake not a similar rule obtains among officers in Northern and Southern Germany—as the nursery waxes, the stable wanes—and I may add that in a country of castes, which Ireland has been for centuries, in reality, if not avowedly, the difficulties of genteel poverty are far greater than in England, where the middle class is practically predominant, and a worshipper of comfort. However, of all men, I have no right to complain, and if I have lost some few things, I have gained many; and as for horses, they cease to be a primary object when between old age, the advance of abdomen and avoirdupois, and the results of several accidents, one is unable to do them justice.

CHAPTER X.

"I did hear the galloping of horse."
Shakspeare.

THE poet Cowper wrote a very interesting little monogram about a trio of hares that he kept and made friends with, a bit of natural history that perhaps finds more favour with many readers than "The Sofa" or "The Task:" may I be permitted to call up from the past a few horses that fell into my possession at different times, and did me fair service. I will begin with a fine, big, upstanding brown horse by "Shawn Buie," *alias* "Yellow Jack," not the famous horse of the English turf, whose fate it was always to win the barren honours of second place in good company—"Like the hind wheel cursed, still to be second, never to be first." I had come home from the West Indies on a few months' leave, and was staying at a friend's house in the Co. Wicklow. I had gone out after luncheon to try and kill a few snipe, or possibly partridges, for the larder, but so far as I can recollect the excursion, it was a fruitless or snipeless one, and in the gloamin' I was plodding my weary way homeward, when a frieze coated man passed me by in a lane riding this horse, then a four year old, who had a great look of substance

and quality about him, and I should mention here that through his dam he had derived many good qualities, for her sire was "Elvas," a horse that did Wicklow and Wexford great stud service. Now in Ireland almost every man who owns horses, gentle or simple, is an actual or a potential dealer, though he would not like perhaps to be called one, far more surely than Pope's boasted discovery "that every woman is at heart a rake," which no man of sense believes. I asked Mr. Cloth of Frieze what age his horse was, and would he like to sell him. His age was four, and he would dearly like to get £40 for him. Would he let me throw my leg over him. Most certainly. So I cantered him round a field, found he was a good goer, and coming in offered him £35 for him, which was accepted at once. Bear in mind, gentle reader, that I was fresh from Jamaica, where unsoundness is *unknown*, and where veterinary examination is *unheard of*, and you will make allowance for my ineptness on this occasion. My friends, however, who were all keen and knowledgable about horses, made no such allowance, and I was the Butt (big B, please) of the evening. Next day they changed their minds when the colt came for delivery and payment, for he stood daylight inspection well. I sent him up to Dublin, and rode him a little with the Ward Union hounds, and found him a wonderful weight carrier, but much keener to go than I was. In Dublin the copers in conclave sat on him and liked him, but said they fancied one hock was "rough" (a mistake), and so on, but a master of hounds who was present said, "Give me the refusal of him at £40, if

you have to go away, as you think you will." I said "done." But a day or two afterwards a very well-known English hunting man saw him at exercise, grew fond and bid me £150 for him, which ere an hour had expired he increased to £300. I sent to the M.F.H. to know if he wanted the horse, for a bargain is a bargain; he did, and I lost £260 by the transaction. Some eight or ten years afterwards I saw this horse, who had been felicitously named "Beaumaris," sold at the hammer for 80 guineas; he had been the huntsman's mount in the interval.

As I think I said before, I brought over the horses I had in Gloucestershire to Ireland, not having been able to sell them there. Among them was a small but very thick thoroughbred, who had been thought a good deal of when in the Duke of Newcastle's stables, "Clarion," by "Trumpeter"—"May Bell." When, after showing a bit of form on the flat, he was relegated to welter events, he developed a fatal facility for unshipping his jocks at the post, a vice that degraded him to be a racing hack to a training stable, a slave at everybody's beck and call. I bought him for a song, blistered his legs, and summered him well, and rode him as a covert hack, jumping him occasionally over some small hedges, to which he showed no aversion, but I learnt by several falls that he would not stand jobbing with spurs, and I think his back was so strong that he could throw almost anybody, having done so to "George Eade," who was as strong on a horse as most people. Moral—never ride him with spurs; to this I adhered. I had ordered a T cart from Fuller, in Bristol, and till its arrival the

little bay had to do all my hacking, carrying a small valise with my evening things, and cantering merrily backwards and forwards. Meanwhile I had tried to teach him the art of negotiating Irish barks and ditches, and as there was nearly 16 stone on his back, it may be imagined he did not jump very flippantly. Soon after this I fancied one day he was galloping very fast on some grass going to a meet of hounds, far too fast indeed for my taste, so I determined to try him whenever I got a chance. Allan McDonough was then living at Athgarvan Lodge, now the property of Mr. Pallin, so well known in racing and hunting circles. He told me he had the best trial horse in Ireland, and would gladly give me a spin. I had a capital groom then, and though the little bay, whose name by the way had been changed to "Call" before I bought him, was only in hack condition, he was pretty fit. After a certain distance, I should think about six furlongs, McDonough's horse was dead beat, "Call" as fresh as could be, so McDonough turned to me and said, "You have the fastest horse in Ireland," and made me the handsomest proposals as to terms of training, but I declined them, not wishing to race again. A few days after this the horse ran in the Scurry Corinthians at the Curragh, a mile and a half, I think, or a mile and a quarter. An amateur who kindly rode for me had unfortunately heard of the horse's propensities at the post, so from some cause or another he did not hurry himself at starting, and the horse was more than a hundred yards behind his field, but at the turn for home he looked all over a winner, though he was not placed in the end. To

me this was nothing more than a second trial, and I fancied the result greatly, though McDonough did not, as he had put £50 on him, and he and "Tommy Beasley," who was then riding his horses, fancied he was a non-stayer. I took him down to Galway some few weeks afterwards to try his luck there, but in the meantime he had slipped and cut his leg rather badly, and I had put him on low diet. Galway races, which had but recently been established by their sporting M.P., Lord St. Lawrence, now Lord Howth, were then very popular, and a very large number of horses came to the "Citie of the Tribes" to compete for the prizes. The galloping ground was as hard as adamant, so after one try I eschewed it, contenting myself by making "the Call-boy" walk round the square for hours at a time, while I sat in the County Club. I was the object of common derision for my method of preparation, but I fancy I was not far wrong. The Honourable Reginald Greville Nugent, who had, I believe, never ridden before in Ireland, most kindly came over from town for the mount. I told him he must not use spurs, adding the reason why. He acquiesced, and in the first race the lazy little brute was left behind at the post, but made up much ground and came in a fair second. Next day Mr. St. James said he must have spurs, be the consequences what they might—the best consequence was an easy win—and "every one" wanted to buy "Call." Mr. St. James, however, had the first call or claim; so as he had some horses in training with Tommy Ryan, the crack Irish jock of the day, it was agreed that the little bay should join them, and we both had the Cambridge-

shire in view with the forgotten "Call" in at 6 stone or 6 stone 7 lbs. Greville Nugent then went off yachting, leaving me as a sort of supervisor in his absence. A horse that had showed a turn of speed is a desideratum in a training stable that has nothing like a trial horse as indeed few in Ireland have; so when I went next to see him in Dublin I found him broken down, having been galloped in the Phœnix Park with high weights on turf baked to brick consistency. So vanished all hopes of a good stake in that direction.

They asked me what was to be done. I said, reduce the inflammation and have him fired. This was done, but, on going to see him a few days after the operation, I found that the Gothamites had put no cradle on, and that he had gnawed his legs to pieces. A precisely similar thing befell me once before in a far better stable, namely Market Harborough Brown's, in Dublin, when a horse that I thought as smart as many in Ireland "was destroyed on me" in a similar fashion. "Call" after the mutilation won nearly a dozen races for Mr. St. James, including the big stake at Baldoyle (Chase), so I had a right to think well of him, and the other horse I referred to, "Hornpipe," won the Kildare Hunt Cup for the late Lord Mayo by any amount of distance.

Another smart little horse I bought on the advice of the late Lord Howth—"Ashgill." He had a fair record in England, and took to jumping as well as any Irish bred horse I ever saw. The first race he was started for at Galway—a chase—he won in a common canter. He broke down at Cork, where I think he would have

come in alone, for though the jock was at him for half a mile trying to pull him up, he finished fourth, and could probably have been second on three legs—

"Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt."

"Charlie" was another horse I brought over from Gloucestershire. He was Irish bred, and though a very good performer in England, made a very moderate "offer" at the Kildare banks and ditches, so one day, knowing what imitative creatures horses are, I asked a welter friend, Mr. Hoffman, one of the best sportsmen that ever came to Kildare, who was riding a very perfect fencer, to let me try to follow him over "an intricate country," promising that I would neither ride into his pocket nor jump into the small of his back. From that day's experience "Charlie" knew "all about it," could go anywhere and do anything. I don't think he ever gave me a fall, save one, but that was a very bad one, and in this wise. The scene was in Meath; the Empress of Austria was out; hounds had run from Culmullen towards Summerhill. Then the stag turned suddenly, and was pointing for Dunboyne, running over pastures sodden with rain. Hounds had beaten one and all. Most pulled up; but I kept plodding on with a very faint idea what the hounds—quite out of sight or hearing—were doing, because I fancied that "Charlie" would give me indications if he were really cooked and done to a turn, but that no fence he was willing to try would put him down. However, I suppose he jumped short, and I found myself on a bank with my head twisted on one side, and unstraightenable by aught I could do.

Great are the resources, however, of modern science; and I firmly believe that if I could have gone straight to a Turkish bath and got the services of a clever masseur all would have been well; but I had to ride back for my trap, then drive thirteen or fourteen miles, and then rail up to Dublin and down to Sallins to join my wife at the Kildare Hunt Ball. For some five or six years my neck remained rather rigid; my left side was a little affected too, and, from lack of power, I was constantly tumbling, "and always on the buttered side," *i.e.*, on my head, for the faculty of "equilibrising" was wanting, and of course I could only ride a very perfect and gentle horse during this period, and such a horse I got one day by accident at Sewell's, in Dublin. The weather was very rough, and the yard was almost empty, when an extremely tall man, who had been running a few horses in Ireland with varying success, told me he was going to England that night to try for a Government appointment, that he had only one horse left, a four-year-old he had ridden to hounds himself, could I help him to a buyer? I asked him a few questions, and, believing the seller to be a man of honour, dismissed the axiom *caveat emptor*, and took him at his word. After the buy, he said, "Now, take his saddle too, as it fits him." It was made by Day, of Cork, looked nothing very particular, but, having had a large experience in saddles, I may say truly I never rode in a better. The horse took kindly to Meath, and was all his late owner said in his favour, and a bit more. His end was *triste;* I lent him to a friend one day; after a scurry of a mile or two, he said, "This is the best

horse I ever rode." In the evening, very late, he broke his fore leg in the effort to extricate it out of a muddy pond, at the end of which was a small bank. Poor beast! he nickered and nickered as I was aiming at him to give him his *quietus*.

"Bushranger," by the "Lawyer," was faster than most half-breds; at least, in a fair and square run home on a course he defeated a horse that was fancied for the Liverpool, while "Pioneer," another blood-weight carrier that I got from Lord Rossmore's stable, proved himself a flyer too. He jumped to perfection when galloping, indifferently when going slow. A very curious experience was one I had with a highly bred welter mare that I got for £20 from a disgusted country doctor, who was, however, a good sportsman. The price tempted me, though I knew her character was very moderate, or rather bad as bad could be; but youth, good looks, and soundness are cheap at a score, even if temper be indifferent. I got a trial ride; the doctor sent out another horse with me, but I preferred solitude, and the mare behaved very fairly after one battle. Next day she was *en route* for Galway, when she acquitted herself well, only jumping the walls a bit too big. A friend gave me grass for her in the summer, and when I took her out to see something of the Kildare hounds, she gave me some trouble in reaching them, but conducted herself well in the field, only showing vile temper returning home, though I had given her what I hoped were subduing gallops over the broad expanses of the Curragh.

A day or two after this, my groom announced to me

that "Corona," by "the Coroner," was in foal. All the wise and learned in those matters confirmed the verdict, so she was thrown out of work and fed low; only every now and then when a meet was near I rode her to it, when I was pelted with considerable chaff and offers to buy the foal, &c. However, the matron remained on my hands, and having a great deal of spare stabling, I used to allow my friends to send their racehorses for Punchestown, near which I lived. The mare, who had been located in a large loose box, had to turn out for some new arrival, probably a stallion, and every one could then see very plainly that we had made a ridiculous blunder about "Corona's" interesting condition. There were four or five days to the races, so I determined she should figure there in the Downshire or Welter Plate, no matter how much overweight I had to carry. The day came; she never cared about going up to her horses, but jumped the course to perfection, and came in about a quarter of a mile behind her field. I did what I wanted, namely, transferred the plague to a very smart English dealer, who, I fancy, did very well with her.

Here is another horse yarn. Loafing one day at Sewell's—the Irish "Tatt.'s"—I saw a very likely well-bred mare up to nearly fourteen stone going up to the rostrum. Everything about her seemed taking, and so far as externals went, she might have been a very lamb. Then the auctioneer read out a certificate of soundness, while another letter from Mr. Leonard Morrogh, as good a judge as ever was of performance, certified to her perfection of fencing. I fell into the

trap, and bought the treasure. A few days afterwards I went in to see how she fared, when I found that the boldest and bravest of the grooms had to treat her like a Bengal tigress, with fixed pitchforks. Well! I had to forget her for a bit as I was crossing over from Kingstown to Holyhead, but on my return I found she had not improved, while my friend, Mr. Morrogh, told me seriously I could never ride her, adding, I think, nor anyone else. I sought out a valiant youth, a *hippodamos*, but no! at Sewell's the order had gone forth that for fear of accident this daughter of "Gunboat" and granddaughter of "Sir Hercules" was not to be saddled or mounted in the yard; at last, from pressure on the boxes, she was put into a stall, and, hardening my heart, I went up to her and found that, though demonstrative, her bark was worse than her bite, so with the valiant youth referred to I got her home very peaceably. Next day she was clipped out, and on the third I took her to a huge meet of the Meath hounds at Dunboyne, when she showed her ecstasy at seeing the pack, by bounding straight in the air twice or thrice, but doing nothing worse. Getting away from the gorse (Harry Bourke's) with so dense a crowd was no joke, so I galloped away over roads towards the "Poor House Gorse," a point I fancied the fox would ultimately make; but in a quarter of an hour, when hounds never came within sight or hearing, I turned back with the valiant youth following, and learned the melancholy event that had saddened the interval. The best light-weight in Meath, "Whitty Butler," had been cannoned when jumping off the road and received his

death blow, and that there were other minor and major casualties. The hounds were sent home, of course; but the mare that had so bad a name proved she hardly merited it, and I may state that in five years she only gave me one fall, and then her feet were, I believe, held by wire, invisible from a rank growth of grass and weeds.

This mare had the honour of "setting" the whole Meath field, master, servants, and some of the best men in the kingdom. But I had nothing to do with the exploit whatever. Mr. Horace Plunkett had given a dance at Dunsany Castle, where the hounds met in the morning. A large field was out, and one full of ride too. Scent, however, was very low, and it was a case of finding foxes only to lose them. So keen for a start were some few of the dancers of the previous evening that they would follow Goodall in his casts—a most pernicious practice—we were *following* rather than *hunting*, a fox towards Killeen Castle—Lord Fingall's place—when the way was stopped by a barrier composed of young fir trees nailed with spike nails to stiff posts, and in front a ditch with some peaty looking stuff thrown up out of it, as if the take off would be deep and boggy. No! it was not an inviting place, and though we had several splendidly mounted men out whose hearts were as good as their hunters, among them such thrusters as Mr. Trotter, Lord Langford, Captain Steeds, Cyril Coleridge, the Honourable Alexis Roche, Mr. Percy Maynard, &c., &c., all turned from it with one accord, and went round by a gate, a *détour* of the best part of a mile. An old man who had seen

better days and been in charge of a splendid stud once, but had been for some time out of sorts with fortune, was riding the mare that day as second horseman. His faults were many, but Dick Christian was not a harder rider, and I think I must have riled him considerably just before, for picking out an almost impracticable place in a fence, which the wise mare declined, seeing her stable mate taking a much smaller one which she probably thought was good enough for her too. He waited quietly till everyone, but one eye witness, who told me the story, had gone round for the gate, when he showed the mare the fence, then trotting her up to it was over it in a trice, and as the hounds were going slowly he picked them up, and I have no doubt hunted them noisily enough, for he was as full of "jaw" and jabber as a young magpie. Mr. Trotter was the first to come up and he asked the old man "What the —— he was doing there," when the reply came readily enough, "I'm with the Meath hounds, Mr. Trotter, and you are not, and what's more you hav'nt got the horses to be with them,"—a piece of astounding impudence I did not hear of for months. When I came up I rated the gallant old man for his exploit, adding that I would forgive him if he said nothing about it afterwards, but of course he had jumped seven feet before the day was over; it may have become fourteen by this time, but I believe it was considerably more than four, at any rate.

The mare being out of condition when I got her; had her back badly stripped very soon, and as I could not let her lie by altogether, I took the stable clothes,

that rubbed her, off altogether. This brought on an attack of bronchitis—on frost supervening rather sharply —and she turned noisy after a couple of years. I put her to the stud and she had a foal, but so dangerous was she to passers by in the fields that she had to be sold off at a fair for a song. Another experience of mine may prove serviceable, so I make no excuse for giving it to the reader. I saw a very smart cob in the breeder's hands at Enfield, when I was living there. I forget how he was bred, but it must have been very highly, for his galloping was admirable. I bought him at once, but he had not been delivered, and when he was sent to the stable, my groom said: "I think, sir, you had better send him back, for you don't know what happened yesterday. The breaker was having his last ride when something startled him "—(a Meath huntsman was killed, as he was going to a meet, by his horse shying from one side of the road to the other, seeing a washerwoman throw out a lot of soapy water on to the road out of her cottage), and "he shied badly and threw the rider who, however, held on to the reins and was dragged a long distance." "Oh, no," I said, "a young horse will very soon forget all about it, and we'll keep him." He never forgot it, and was a plague to mount from his nervousness; and at this time I had no power to speak of from the twisting of my neck. However, I got on him one day and cantered him some 12 miles to a meet, which I thought would sober him effectually. It did nothing of the sort. I was not back as early as I hoped, and got on him for the return journey; but light was waning, and I foolishly attempted a short cut

through the fields over a track I knew well, but which the cob knew far better. A thick misty exhalation rose from the wet pastures and hid everything, including landmarks; the cob threw me after trying in his fashion to tell me the right road, and I was left to grope my way in the dark. At last I saw a glimmer of light and made for it. The cob was perfectly right, he had made for the farm house and stopped at the gate. They hoisted me on him and I cantered home over the road, but no matter what work this cob got, nothing could cure his nervousness, and as I was incapable of riding him properly, I sold him at a sale.

I have said nothing hitherto of Westmeath, whose hounds are about contemporary with those of their neighbour East Meath, and therefore comparatively modern as a county pack. But it is not to be supposed that Westmeath was without its cry of hounds, for, as I mentioned before, Mr. Tuite's pack had "free warrenne" over much of the Mullingar country, while Mr. Longworth was the recognised hunter of foxes over an immense area that took in part of the King's County, besides all lower Westmeath, and may or may not have crossed the Shannon and entered Roscommon. Sir Richard Levinge, of Knockdrin, and Mr. Rochfort Boyd were among the founders of the venatic fortunes of Westmeath; Col. Dease advanced them, and so did two "perfervid" Northern Britons, Mr. Macdonald Moreton, and Captain Towers Clarke, while in enumerating benefactors, Captain Coote and Sir William Throckmorton should not be passed over *sub silentio*. From Westmeath, I indited my first epistles or notes

to the "Field," and in this county it was always my lot to meet with the greatest kindness and hospitality! Perhaps it never fared better than it does at present under the sporting sway of Lord Greville, of Clonhugh, whose combination of the *fortiter in re* and the *suaviter in modo* has preserved discipline in the field, and created a kindly good will to the pack, which to a certain extent depends for its efficacy, if not for its existence on *popularity*, and the kindness of all classes of the community. There is no more homogeneous field in Ireland or provincial England than that of Westmeath. A regiment of infantry occupies the barracks at Mullingar, and if they hunt so much the better for themselves, and the field money of the institution; they are always welcomed in the field and in the polo lists near Mullingar, for Westmeath takes high rank as a polo county.

Hunting may be said to be the great social pivot in this county, for, though there is good shooting, public opinion makes it subordinate to fox preservation, nor would a vulpicide keeper be tolerated. Time was when the pernicious practice of leasing domains and parks to irresponsible rabbit trappers menaced the very existence of fox life, but strong representations in "The Field" tended much to put a stop to it, and at the present time there are probably twenty brace of foxes well distributed throughout the coverts of the county for every one that existed two decades ago.

Next to Kildare, I think the ladies are more legionary in the hunting grounds of Westmeath than in any other district, and, as a rule, they need no

piloting. It used to be a beautiful sight to watch the two sisters, the Honourable Mrs. Greville Nugent and the Honourable Mrs. Malone, crossing Westmeath, their adopted county, as it rarely had been crossed before, and at the present time a trio of ladies in Westmeath could probably compete successfully anywhere in England or Ireland. I would refer particularly to Mrs. Locke, Miss Hall, a very perfect horsewoman, and Miss O'Hara,* who has the happy knack of going well on anything. It is fortunate for this midland county that its aristocracy, whether titled or untitled, are sportsmen and sportswomen. Lord Kilmaine, as Frank Browne, was one of the hardest men in the kingdom, and he is as fond of the game, and as capable of playing it as ever he was, while Gaulston Park is never without a leash or two of foxes; indeed, in cub hunting, it has been drawn two days in succession, a practice which did not find favour with Logan, the well-known keeper there, who was heard to declare that "*no respectable* foxes would endure such tratement," a novel view of fox life.

Lord Greville, M.F.H., may be said to have been educated in the purple of office, for he mastered the Windsor Drag whilst in the Life Guards. Lady Greville too shares in his love of hounds and horses, and heredity is shown in the way the family all take to it. Are they not nephews and nieces of that famous "Limb," alias "Mr. St. James," alias "the Honourable Reginald Greville Nugent," who mastered this pack for a couple or three brilliant seasons, and then unfortu-

* Now Mrs. Gilbert Nugent.

nately devoted himself to chasing and hurdle racing, which in the end proved fatal; but for high courage, coolness, and keenness on horseback he had few peers among his contemporaries in Ireland.

Lord Longford, of Pakenham Hall, is an innate sportsman, and in spite of moderate mounts and his own share of substance, he always rode up to the motto "Be with them I will," and his "leaves" from the regiment of Life Guards in which he serves always bring him to Pakenham Hall, the family residence and park, where foxes are "respectably trated."

The Dames-Longworths and Longworth-Dameses all hunt *comme les bon chiens* of the French proverb—*de race*; so do the Purdons and Nugents. The Featherstonhaughs have, nearly all, the gift of fine riding, whether between flags or to hounds, from Toby Featherstonhaugh, of Grouse Lodge, to the master of Bracklyn Castle, who, while in "the Royals," and on the Staff, was almost an "Invincible," while his younger brother, of the Cameronian corps, kept up the family tradition of not only riding well, but knowing also *what* to ride. The Malones of Baronston may be said to represent the oldest territorial aristocracy, not only in the county but in the kingdom, for they have been settled in Westmeath for more than 1,000 years. Colonel Malone (late of the 12th Lancers) astonished everyone by his brilliancy with hounds when he walked ONLY 17 stone, now he is far more, but if the horse can be found for him he will supply hands, nerve, and heart. The list could be extended *ad libitum*, but I feel I must take a pull.

Louth is a county that depends greatly on Mr. De

Salis Filgate, its M.F.H. of many seasons; for through him it may be figuratively said to live and move and have its being. If not quite the *fons et origo* of its sport he is, and has been for years, its main support, and so vital is the hunting and hound instinct in Mr. Filgate, that so long as he is blessed with health and vigour as at present, it may safely be predicated that hunting will flourish in Louth, in spite of a not over-abundant subscription list, and the casualties in kennel and stable that seem inseparable from the chase, and from which Mr. Filgate has suffered severely, having lost his pack a few years ago from dumb madness, though he worked so hard and successfully at the formation of a new one that few better packs can be found in Ireland than the Louth. Cæsar in his famous Commentaries divided all Gaul into three parts or portions; two will suffice for Louth, the northern and the southern sections. The former is admirably foxed, but it is about as mixed in the way of plough as parts of the Pytchley hunting grounds; the second, extending from Drogheda to near Dublin, is purely grassy, save bits close to the sea coast, and little better can be found in any part of the world. Foxes here are not scarce, so far as my judgment and observation goes, but they are not always to be found when wanted, for there are no very large woodlands to protect them and keep them together. However, a run in this district, which is also hunted by the Fingall harriers, is really a treat. Mr. Filgate, a thorough man of business, combines hunting with farming and estate work, and never allows one to run into the other. He seldom rides much, but every now and then in a good

thing he will slip away with his pack, and take the fences "as Providence sends them," to quote Whyte Melville. Every one in the county preserves for him, and aids him as far as in his power lies; and among his best and most active supporters are Lord Massarene of Oriel Temple, Sir Oriel Foster, Lord Rathdonnell, and Mr. Boylan of Hilltown. When the late Mr. Pratt, of Cabra Castle, hunted this pack, he had to winter in Dublin for a season, and used to ride relays of hacks to meets fifty or sixty miles distant! This vigorous and grand old sportsman rode regularly at the age of 84, when a fall from his horse proved fatal.

Setting a good example to the country, Mr. Filgate is himself a strict preserver of foxes, and in Lisrenny, the family place, litters of cubs are brought out annually close to the kennels, and, "unconscious of their doom, the little victims play." The same fox phenomenon may be seen at Drewstown, in the Co. Meath, where foxes are found within a rifle shot, or indeed one may say within a bow shot of Mr. McVeagh's kennels, and the red rovers can hear daily "the moaning of the tied," or rather of the kennelled pack. Familiarity, however, in this case does not breed contempt, for the Drewstown "tods" take a vast deal of catching.*

Few things have puzzled me more than the total want of the *animus revertendi* in the Irish race, who claim almost a monopoly or patent of patriotism; yet who, when they have enriched themselves greatly abroad, rarely think of returning to their natal soil, and improving it by a lavish, or at least a liberal outlay

* The same phenomenon is seen at Grove, Tipperary.

of the wealth they have accumulated *chez l'étranger!* The Caledonian stern and wild will deny himself very much, that he may be able to come back to dear old Scotland and spend the evening of his life among kith and kin, or at any rate among his fellow countrymen. John Chinaman holds a return to the Flowery Land a divine duty not to be neglected at any cost, and the Teuton means what he says, when he rhapsodises about the "Vaterland." Even a hound will return to his kennel in spite of distance and such obstacles as tidal rivers—and the pigeon will cleave long leagues of ether in his "homing" tendencies; but while plutocratic Pat *in partibus alienis* will thrill over national ditties, especially Tommy Moore's veiled treason, and toast Green Erin as "the first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea," he rarely revisits or returns to the cradle of his race or family, though he may have amassed billions and millions in America, Mexico, the Argentine, or the Antipodean regions. Something of the "homing" impulse, however, has been seen in Tipperary, where Mr. Richard Burke brought home from California a rich and charming wife whose ancestors had left Ireland, and made piles of dollars in Western America. Being a sportsman by habit and instinct and having learnt the theory and practice of the chase in a spendid school—the Curraghmore—Mr. Burke took over derelict Tipperary, his native land, and by means of lavish expenditure, great personal popularity, fine tact, and judgment, and much energy and resolution has raised Tipperary to a very proud position in the hunting scale.

It is the fashion to style Tipperary the premier

county of Ireland. I do not say it has not some right to the title, though there is a spice of arrogance in its assertion. It has immense scope, and has mineral as well as pastoral and agricultural treasures within it. The silver Suir and the Golden Vale enrich it. It rejoices in tracts of wild mountain and the softest and most verdant of valleys. It is rich in bipeds and quadrupeds of good type, while, as a hunting county, it can claim good, wild foxes and fine scenting grounds over which to drive them fast; and all these natural advantages Mr. Burke has utilised, with the consequence that a gallop in Tipperary, more especially in the Ballingarry district, is among the good things a sportsman should try to realise in Ireland. Sport fluctuates, and Mr. Burke has known its vicissitudes and variations, but, during the past three seasons, sport has followed his standard very persistently; and the gratitude and appreciation of his countrymen has found expression in concrete form—in a handsome piece of plate, presented to him on his return from Western America in 1890. Waterford and Kilkenny men come to his fixtures, and, by a happy coincidence, the house which Mr. Burke has taken for a hunting home—Grove, near Fethard—was the original home of hounds when the Grove Hunt made sport for the old palatine county.

I recollect going down to Wexford on the occasion of the presentation of a handsome service of plate by the members of the hunt to Mr. Beatty, with some prettily-chosen *souvenir* to his wife, Mrs. Beatty. A hunt breakfast at Enniscorthy was the occasion for the pre-

sentation, and, the hour being early, tea and coffee showed in force on the matutinal *menu*, while there was champagne *à discrétion* for those who preferred the sparkling inspiration to the milder infusions of every-day life. Mr. Beatty, who was an able man, made a very good speech on the occasion, and, as a sign of venatic progress and public spirit, told a tale of a proprietor who had bought a number of rabbit-traps, intending to thin his coneys, but hearing that in all probability they would prove injurious to fox life, had them all thrown into the sea to prevent any possible misuse. What amused me more than anything else in the proceedings was the act of a mediæval sportsman, who, faultless in his "get up," was a little eccentric in his manners, for, I suppose, to show his contempt of tea and its drinkers, he sang out "waither," and ordered that functionary to bring him a slop-basin; then filling it with the aromatic infusion, he washed his face and hands in the liquid, *coram populo*. Wexford horses ("Pinnace," "Frigate," and many more celebrities hail from this county) have long been famous for their good qualities as hacks and hunters of high class.

The Wexford hounds may be said to be, in a measure, a colony from the metropolis of Eggesford, for Lord Portsmouth is a large landowner in the county, and has always aided its hunting as well as its agricultural interests. It has hitherto been very fortunate in its masters; Mr. Beatty, of Borodale, having presided over them for many lustra (I believe about six), and on his demise a first-class sportsman, "Tam" Walker, late of "the Royals" (a regiment that produced a great many

M.F.H.'s), undertook their management for several years, and showed fine sport with its wild foxes, till. finding their numbers diminishing fast in places where he had a right to expect abundance, he resigned office in favour of a young Wexford squire, Mr. Cliffe, of Bellevue, who brings youth, keenness, and local knowledge to aid him in his patriotic efforts to show good sport in his native county.

The Ward Union hounds! What memories do they not evoke from memory's recesses! Sportsmen of many seasons will go back to that palmy period just prior to the Crimean invasion by the Allied forces, when "Billy" Hutchinson was the master of the garrison staghounds, and "union" was not even contemplated; when a drag to the meet was *de rigeur*, and a sort of hare and hounds scurry relieved the tedium of the homeward track. For this purpose, some well-mounted light weight would be started off across country, and the man who first touched him with the point of his hunting crop took "first spear" honours. Once, however, a union was effected between the civil and military packs (the former owed its introduction to the late Lord Howth, who imported with his pack, bought from Sir T. Stanley, a famous sportsman for huntsman, Charlie Brindley, to wit), two men became very prominent fuglemen, Mr. Charles Barrington, and Mr. Leonard Morrogh (alas, that we should say "the late"). Mr. Barrington was the life of the hunt, as well as its laureate; he was beautifully mounted, and rode in welter races. Mr. Leonard Morrogh was also quite a first-class performer, but having a wonder-

ful eye for, and memory of, a country, he soon knew the greater part of the Ward Union country as well as his pocket, and used his brain as much as his hands and legs in every run. As a rider, he was seen to best advantage in a strange country, and perhaps on a strange mount, too (if he fancied it); his riding was recognised in England as well as in Ireland, and to his foresight and acumen is due the permanent plantation of the pack at Ashbourne, where the club kennels and stables are now freehold property.

One little instance will show the "quality" of Mr. Barrington, when, long after he had given up hunting altogether, and had reached that period of middle life when vicarious is preferred to personal prowess, and when, to quote Horace's Sapphics again, the heats of youth are a thing of the past—

"Fuge suspicari
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum."

—ten or twelve weeks before the Ward Hunt annual race meeting, some one bet him very long odds that he would not ride in and win the Ward Hunt Cup, a much-coveted trophy. The odds were greatly in favour of "the fielder." Mr. Barrington walked a stone overweight, and he had to purchase a horse and qualify him ere he could start. All this he accomplished, and, making the running, won with ease, 12 stone up, on "Malahide."

It seems a very short time ago that there was a large post-drawing-room meet of this pack at Dunboyne. The peerage was largely represented at it, and amongst

others there was Lord Cork, who at that time was the Master of Her Majesty's Buckhounds. He was much struck by the sporting scene, and the collection together of so many hundred horses, all of obvious good hunting type. We had a good run over the Caulstown river, which took its wonted toll of the field, over the Fairy House basin, and round by that *campo abominato* the Bush Farm, where Lord Rossmore at the end of the run jumped some stiff palings out of water, and had no followers. A handsome monument of Aberdeen granite has since then been erected to the memory of Charlie Brindley, whose horn is now carried by his son "Jem," who has adhered to all the old traditions. The Empress of Austria delighted in this pack and its country, which includes the cream of Dublin, Louth, Meath, and Kildare; for, to parody Byron's lines—

> "Far as our stags may range, our 'harriers' roam,
> Survey our empire and behold our home."

Most of the best soldiers of our Empire have graduated in this grand school, and so have many first-class steeplechase jocks.

The Roscommon staghounds came to a most untimely end by following a stag across a lake just frozen over, when all were engulfed, and perished. Some three years ago, the leading sportsmen of the county revived them, and Major Balfe once more consented to hunt them. They have shown fine sport ever since, and draw men from all the neighbouring counties to their noble hunting-grounds.* The South Mayo stag-

* Mr. Talbot, late master of the Cambridge draghounds now masters them.

hounds are almost the creation of Mr. Lindsay Fitzpatrick, of Hollymount, whose annual show of horses in the park there has been so signal a success. They have done very well indeed; while the County Down staghounds engross the attention of all ardent sportsmen in Belfast. Captain Ker,* M.P. for his county, a famous welter, hunted them for some seasons, and his successor is equally keen (Mr. Gordon), while George Woodman makes a capital huntsman. The Lissagoan staghounds are or were the private pack of Mr. Humphreys. I recollect one afternoon in his country, when he sent on a most lordly looking red deer for a meet twelve or fourteen miles off. The brute preferred fighting to running, and after a few fields would turn and butt the hounds. This went on half a dozen times; but at last, in a very wild country, I suggested that the muckle beast should be put up in a barn for a bit and then enlarged *de novo*; the result was a very fine run that brought us into the co. Leitrim, a long way from home. *Πόντια νύξ* had come on suddenly, and it was as dark as a wolf's jowl. I say *πόντια*, for we all nearly went to pot in driving across a black bog with abysses on either side. The coachman was frightened by no longer hearing the sound of his wheels on the macadam, and pulled up. We were on the edge of the abyss, and so dark was it that we preferred walking and leading the horses to being driven. However, we got home safely by morning.

The Ormonde and King's County hounds have about

* Captain Ker has, I hear, resumed the mastership; he had a good season in 1892.

as respectable traditions as any pack in Ireland; and, if I recollect right, "Cecil," or "the Druid" noticed them; but good fellowship and the love of sport must have led to the formation of the pack rather than natural aptitudes of country, for the King's County can only be said to have some bright intercalations of country, though the Ormonde side is better by far. Colonel the Honourable "Jack" Westenra was long associated with their fortunes, and so was his son-in-law, the late Earl of Huntingdon, while my earliest recollections connect them with Mr. J. Drought, who combined "the survey" of a large post office district with the duties of M.F.H.—a hard-working rather than a hard-riding man. You are pointed out a solid masonry wall in the park of Thomastown which Mr. Drought jumped on one occasion, *à propos de bottes*, I suppose, for it can hardly have been absolutely necessary; but the oration of Single-speech Hamilton in the House of Commons was by common consent of opinion brilliant, and Drought's deed of derrin' do was magnificent in its way. After Lord Huntingdon's resignation of office, there came an eclipse of the sun of sport in many counties in Ireland, but Mr. Assheton Biddulph has, with very slight assistance, revived the venatic fame of this pack, and he now shows sport to no less than four counties or parts of counties. He has built kennels close to his own house, and put together a very useful pack of hounds, who don't mind a very long day more than the M.F.H., who certainly does not spare himself. Mrs. Biddulph seconds him splendidly.

Having said something about the hounds and grounds of the Green Isle, and thereby magnified my own office to a certain extent, but let me add that I do not wish in the slightest degree to "crab" (to speak "*Coper"nice*) those of any other country, for all have their several excellencies (even Jamaica, where the late Provost Marshal General, Mr. Sullivan, started a pack, and got a few enthusiasts to join, to the infinite delight of the contemplative niggers, who styled it a "poppee show"), and are the outcome of the sporting spirit innate in mortals of all degrees from Nimrod downwards. But it would be a treason to one's own judgment and common sense after trying hunting in several countries, not to give the palm to Ireland (as nature has already done, in creating her the Green or the Emerald Isle), with an area of grass almost unbounded, and only "plough" enough to supply local wants. From England came the peerless pastime of hunting, as now carried on, and the system of kennels, but the classic of the chase, Somerville, erred greatly when, apostrophising England, he wrote—

> "In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
> Is bred the perfect hound."

—unless, indeed, he included Ireland in his rhapsody, for though England is far ahead of Ireland in its packs, the latter land can breed as good hounds as the former, if the same care and capital be devoted to the work. For instance, Lord Doneraile's hounds were bought freely in England, and few packs have sold better *in England* than Lord Waterford's Curraghmore-bred

hounds; but if the areas of Ireland are so good, it will be asked, why do not more strangers visit them? The question is not very hard to answer. There used to be a long doggrel rhyme about the reasons that impelled professing Christians to go to Church, the last couplet running thus—

"Some go there to sleep or nod,
But very few to worship God."

The reasons for men's hunting are very diverse: some hunt because it is "the thing" to do so, and slaves to the great Goddess of Fashion, they must do her behests, even at some personal inconvenience. Others hunt because their fathers before them did so, and they are highly conservative in their tastes and instincts. The coffee-house tempts others, costume a very large number, while the love of horseflesh lures others on, and by the spirit of rivalry a large proportion are attracted, but the minority who are devoted to hounds and the chase generally is a small one in every community; else would hounds fare better than they do, and masters and hunt servants would be less often at their wits' ends. No! the fashion of hunting is an infinitely more compelling power than the passion for the chase, and that is one of the great causes why more sportsmen and sportswomen do not hunt in Ireland every year, for among the inducements offered by the latter may be named the following—grass, and all grass, to ride over, a condition of things that means much less strain on horseflesh, smaller fields and more liberty, the absence of wet woodlands and their miry, mucky rides, in which days are wasted in England, to the profit per-

adventure of the pack, but to the disappointment of the riding element; less precision, less formality, for in England the prestige of a pink has departed since railways poured in their hunting hordes, whereas in Ireland it still means something, and a warm welcome awaits all strangers and visitors who come across the Channel to hunt, both from classes and masses; moreover, in Ireland the railways occupy but a small portion of the country, whereas in England they gridiron it to the injury of hunting in more ways than one; moreover, in the economy of the pastime, for from the subscription downwards everything is on a cheaper scale than in Eastern Britain, and in the opportunity of picking up good hunters, whose performance you can see and estimate with your own eyes, without having to rely on third parties.

Lastly, in the absence of towns and villages, and in the greater wildness of sport, Ireland offers attractions almost impossible to find elsewhere. England, with its huge subterranean and superterranean enterprise, has been defined to be a vast city, with intervals of country. Of course this is a caricature portrait; but, on the other side of the Channel, towns, villages, and hamlets are the exceptions, and are only to be found at far wider intervals than the gorses that dot the green pastures! Of course this state of things has its inconveniences and drawbacks, but in the duel between hounds and fox it gives an element of great grandeur, while to the lovers of a good ride it is inestimable. In Meath a good local sportsman assured me that it was his unvarying rule to give himself daylight for his homeward ride, and always

to have company, because, if anything went wrong, there were few places where assistance could be obtained. A very promising cavalry officer neglected these precautions on one occasion, and attempting to cross the country by way of a short cut parted company with his horse, and it was only by a casual passing by that he was extricated from an unpleasant, perhaps a perilous, position.

Apropos of the long distances that have to be constantly traversed in Ireland, a rather amusing tale is told by a gentleman who was hiring a herd. The man was very plausible and had good recommendations, but the master was very particular. The cattle were very valuable, and this herd would be in sole charge, so he put a few very pertinent questions to him; this is one, for instance. "What would you do if a beast were to be suddenly attacked with red murrain?" "Ah! now, your anner, let me alone for knowing what to do in a case of that sort; shure the saycret's in our family for cinturies!" "But what would you do, what's the first step you would take, tell me, or I can't employ you." The man was cornered, and at last had to come out with the fact of his personal ignorance, but pointing to a hill five miles off, with a broad river running between the proposed limits, he said, "Shure I've a brother lives under the hill, and I'd just step over to him, and get a bottle from him, and he's the greatest man for thim disorders in Ireland!" The explanation, it need not be said, was hardly satisfactory, for in the interval the beast would be probably past cure.

But if the inducements to hunt in Ireland are many and great, it must be confessed that there are drawbacks

and discouragements, which may seem lions in the way to the half-hearted, Sybaritic sportsman, but which are mere trifles to the earnest and energetic. Ireland ought certainly to be the winter playground of our Empire, as Scotland claims, with much truth, to be its autumnal one; but if Scotland has gained this lucrative influx of gay and guinead gunners, and disputes with Switzerland for the lead in tourist traffic, she has not acquired these sources of revenue by folding her hands in apathetic ease, but by a judicious expenditure of capital in adapting her resources of sport and scenery to the Saxon levels, and introducing an English standard of comfort into the heart, not only of Midlothian, but of the Highlands as well, and by enabling the wayfarer to fare well, and travel with ease.

In Ireland little has been done in this direction. About August or September, indeed, you are told of an infinite number of hunting boxes to be let "in the centre of the best hunting country," &c., &c., but when you have examined them, either for your own or your friends' needs, you have found that either the price is positively prohibitive, or that an immediate outlay is absolutely necessary to bring them up to modern requirements in hygiene and comfort. More especially is this perceptible in servants' quarters, which are too often limited and bad, everything having in old times been sacrificed to the "state apartments." Indeed, a General officer, who took a "mansion" in Dublin, assured me that he verily believed that servants must in the older days "have roosted on the stairs." Of course these observations do not apply to the really

good country houses, where everything is usually on the best scale; but such houses are not always in the letting market, and, as a rule, only rich people can afford to inhabit them, on account of "the *revenue* of servants" they entail; for the co-operative, or clubbing, principle has not yet found general favour in the Green Isle, though a few regiments have adopted it with signal success! A good deal of this difficulty about "quarters" perhaps arises from the uncertainty of tenure and contract that has necessarily arisen from the unhappy combination of heroic legislation and organised agitation that has literally plunged the island into what a Jamaica Mrs. Malaprop used to call "a state of chouse" (chaos); but now that the leaders of the people have learnt that in preaching a crusade against the chase they were not only taking daily butter, if not daily bread, from thousands of their own adherents, but were actually drying up a source of national wealth, and have recanted their hunting heresies, there seems no reason in life why hunting boxes of moderate dimensions, with good stabling, should not spring up freely. A vast number of labourers' cottages have thus sprung up within a couple of years (some were a boon and a blessing to the neighbourhood while others were not). A few dozen glorified labourers' cottages would probably prove useful to the great hunting interest of the kingdom, and yield a good percentage.

A propos of hunting and hunting men's habitations, it seems highly probable that if the princely pastime that has prevailed in England since the Conquest at any rate*

* King Canute was a great sportsman.

is to continue an institution in the land, something will be devised in the way of erecting *masters' houses*, as well as quarters for the hunt servants; for, looking at the difficulties which have perplexed hunting associations during the past decade, to go back no further, owing to land depreciation and other causes, in finding a suitable person to fill the onerous office of master, it seems not unlikely that a caste of Nimrods will be developed in our midst, of men who, from love of sport, will be willing to make hunting the business of their lives, and who have sufficient business talent and application to ensure that the revenues of the association are laid out to the best advantage. A master of hounds has been defined as a man who was always putting his hand in his pocket and pulling sovereigns and half-sovereigns out of it, just as in the old dramas heroes and heroines always seemed to have "purses of gold" wherewith to bribe the greedy, or to reward faithful service, though they lived centuries prior to our golden age and the great harvest of the precious metal. Now the men with these long pockets are rarely met with, and the bait, glamour, and glory of mastership is not sufficient to induce them to "spurn vain delights and live laborious days," unless the love of the chase be strong within them, together with a certain strength of resolution, will, purpose, and constitution to carry on this business of hunting, for there is no denying the fact that it is a business, and one that engrosses attention more than many others that can be well worked by deputy, and do not involve a constant strain on mind, memory, judgment, and forecast. "He's a mighty

smart man, but he can't keep hotel," is an expression often heard in "the States," and pithily intimates that a great combination of physical, mental, and moral qualifications are requisite for the production of a perfect and financially successful Boniface. The same thing may almost be said of the *fin de siècle* M.F.H., who must have something of the martinet tempered by an infusion of diplomatic address, who should be a sportsman, and, if possible, the premier sportsman of his county, who should have the business talents, method, and aptitude of a bank clerk, with the dash of a Murat, or a Valentine Baker Pasha, the courtesy of a Grand Seigneur, such as his Grace of Beaufort, with a capacity for energetic expression in the event of emergency; the sobriety of a judge, with the sociability of a Londonderry (to take a modern instance), the prompt decision of a general, with the deliberation and consideration of a casuist. He should be an authority to his groom and huntsman on their own subjects, and yet be *au fait* with the chief topics of contemporary history; a good dresser, yet not a fop; a fine rider, but no bruiser; an asserter of authority on occasion, but avoiding all iteration of such assertion; a man of the world, yet engrossed by his own microcosmic sphere. That such men are rare, even in mitigated form, is sufficiently evident from the fact that proved masters are gratefully welcomed back into office, as in the case of Lord Spencer and Colonel Anstruther Thompson; nor, as competition increases with the growth of population, does it seem at all likely that the number of capable M.F.H.'s, willing and able to sacrifice much in the cause

of sport, is likely to increase, particularly among the ranks of landowners.

But in any case the advantage to a county of having a master's permanent residence near his kennels, and central for his work, may be estimated by the case of Meath, probably the best and largest hunting area in the kingdom. There intervals of some twelve or fourteen miles have in the last two reigns separated the master and the huntsman. There is no telephonic or telegraphic communication, and the anxious M.F.H. who considers it a duty to visit his kennels once or twice a week, if not more, has an amount of extra labour imposed upon him, that, handicapped as he is, must tell heavily in the end, and the journeying is a perpetual tax both in winter and summer. Those who come to Ireland for sport may be presumed to be, more or less, independent of what is called "Society," though that is a very expansive term, and has a thousand variations; but if the hunting man likes social evenings, family circles, the witchery of lovely women, and all that sort of enjoyment, he will find that Irish country life is far less stiff and exclusive than English, and that a good stud and a pleasant presence are better passports here than anywhere; and once a welcome is accorded, it will be the stranger's own fault if all county comities, such as a little fishing or shooting on an off day, are not freely accorded to him. Many score of soldiers will confirm this statement.

Of course, too, in estimating the drawbacks to the sporting stranger, so many degrees of west longitude must be taken into consideration, and so many hours'

travel from the capital of civilisation—London. But even dear, dirty Dublin has its attractions and advantages. There are clubs stately and clubs social, to which access is not a matter of years, as in London, but often of only a few weeks. Suburban racing and chasing is often seen to great advantage half-an-hour's drive from the Milesian metropolis; while grouse, woodcock, snipe, and pheasants may be shot (with leave, of course) within an hour's drive. The London companies are constantly visiting Dublin, where there are a couple of theatres, and the manners and customs of the citizens are generally of the friendly sort. No capital can, of course, compare with London in the average Englishman's estimation, but what will probably please him in Dublin is that it is not an imitation or caricature of town, nor can anyone say, like Hood at Amsterdam or Rotterdam,

"A sort of vulgar Venice reminds me where I am."

Moreover, it may be added, that the average fields in Dublin, Meath, and Kildare, if not such monster meetings as many in the shires and midlands of England, are composed of equally good elements, and are leavened by the *jeunesse dorée* of three or four cavalry corps, Guards, and Gunners, Staffmen and Linesmen, and generally a Viceregal party of pursuers.

"Outrages" have, I grieve to say, too often been associated with Ireland in the past decade, but they have hardly even touched the fringe of the counties I have referred to, and no visitor at any rate has ever had the slightest ground of complaint, and has been quite

as safe in Dublin as in Derbyshire, in Kildare as in Kent.

On the whole, it will probably be considered that the inducements outweigh the drawbacks.

CHAPTER XI.

"Quorum pars parva fui."
Virgil.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."
Burns.

LAUREATE LOWTH, in his metrical version of the Great Billesdon-Coplow run, in Leicestershire, gives us *silhouettes* of several men well known in Ireland, amongst others, of Sir Wheeler O'Cuffe (who was really Sir Wheeler Cuffe, a cousin of the Earls of Desart, a great Kilkenny sportsman, and one whose figure was so perfectly proportionate that, if contemporary gossip lies not, when writing to a new tailor in London who had not measured him, he described himself as six feet one inch, or thereabouts, figure symmetrical) and of Major Rose Price, whose gifts of good riding have descended to his grandson, Mr. Percy La Touche, who also inherited a considerable share from his father, Mr. John La Touche, of Harristown, once M.F.H. of Kildare.

In Lowth's days, Leicestershire and its opinion was considered supreme in the world of the chase, and tho' Irishmen and Scotchmen were numerically very inferior to their English brethren, they quite held their own with the greatest Paladins of pursuit; for Gilmour had no rival till Peter Miles—still recollected in Ireland—appeared on the scene; and the Irish brigade as often led as followed. Since that period Irish

hunting grounds have become more and more the fashion, and occasionally in Meath, Kildare, and Dublin there are almost as many Saxons as Celts in the field, and, as might have been expected, it has been demonstrated over and over again, that the good man in one country is almost, if not entirely, as good in another, and that the Troubadour of Tarporley made no mistake when he proposed a *quæsitum* for the consistent pursuer to whom nought came amiss—who goes well in that country and goes well in this; his legend and motto, "be with them I will." Paris got into sad trouble about his apple from the peerless *Pair*, who felt the pangs of *spretæ injuria formæ*, so, for fear of committing a similar *bêtise*, I will not attempt to make invidious comparisons, knowing full well that good hands, fine seats, quick eyes, and big hearts are not monopolised by any nation under the sun, and that there is still some truth in what the English monarch said to the mourner for the flower of British chivalry, "I have within this realm of mine five hundred good as he." On the whole, it may perhaps be said that in proportion far more Irishmen ride straight, or tolerably straight, over their own country with hounds than Englishmen. They go out very much for the sport of riding, and they have it, though dire grief often overtakes them before they have gone far. This is the fashion of the country, and has a good deal to do with the horses, who are presumed, for the most part, to be able "to throw a lep" when required; whereas, only the higher class English horse who has been hall-marked "hunter" is credited with these aptitudes. In the Elizabethan days in Ireland

when the several chieftains had a *paper* aggregate force of more than eleven thousand cavalry, "Horseman" described a man's vocation in life and place in the social order as distinctly as tailor, mason, smith, or carpenter might nowadays. I believe they formed a separate caste, commencing as "horseboys," whose numbers caused much woe and want to the farmers on whom they were quartered under the grinding tyranny of "coyne and livery." Perhaps the number of people who ride fairly and fearlessly over a country nowadays represent more or less that ancient equestrian guild, who, to the disgust of contemporary Englishmen, rejected stirrups, and preferred pads to saddles! Allan McDonogh and his brother William were certainly at the top of the tree in cross-country riding in England in their day; but, on the other hand, few Irishmen would deny Tom Pickernell the palm of having negotiated Irish countries as well as any native Irishman, including Captain McCraith himself, a very perfect horseman; while Captain Arthur Smith was universally sought for by the owners of Irish chasers, though an Englishman; and the same story may be told of Captain Hope-Johnston, of the 7th Hussars, and his pupil and friend, the late Captain W. B. Morris, who got a larger number of mounts on account of his light weight. Garrett Moore was quite in as high esteem in England as in Ireland, and now his brother William is as efficient at Punchestown and Leopardstown as he is at Liverpool or Sandown; while the brilliant bevy of the brothers Beasley are equally at home in Ireland, England, France, or Germany. If we turn to soldiers we

may take exemplars from the 4th Hussars, for "Pigg" Lawrence was notoriously one of the best men that ever rode over Ireland, whether with hounds or between flags. Nor was Mr. Ellis, now Lord Howard de Walden, many pounds behind him, though unable to chase at all without considerable wasting. While, to come to "modern instances," Captain Dewhurst maintains the riding reputation of the corps worthily, whether with hounds or in the chasing area on both sides of the Channel. Among the Foot Guards, Colonel Harford, Mr. St. James, Lord Annaly, Captain White, and Mr. Barton have scored many times and oft, in England as well as Ireland; while the 7th Hussars, "the Royals," and the 16th Lancers have had their hippic triumphs wherever they went, merely to name a few crack corps that abounded in good men and good horses —hunters and chasers; and D'Albiac, de Robeck, and Barry will do duty for the Gunners. It seems but yesterday that Captain the Hon. George Bellew Bryan, of the 10th Hussars, came for a season to Meath (his uncle, Mr. George Bryan, of Jenkinstown, in Kilkenny, was an almost ideally perfect rider to hounds), and wound up by winning one of the Red Coat prizes; Captain Burn-Murdoch, of "the Royals," and Mr. Peter Flower being among the other successful competitors; indeed, the race won by Mr. Peter Flower, after a "ding-dong" finish with Lord Annaly, will long be remembered in Meath, as it cost the lives of, I think, three good horses of the highest class, Mr. Trotter, M.F.H., having lost one he was riding himself, while Mr. Pat Dunne, with Captain

Cecil Featherstonhaugh for jock. had to grieve for the loss of Fawn the 2nd, a very fair chaser. Curiously enough, in this chase both the first and second came from Mr. Dunville's stable. Another fine finish for a red-coat race was in Meath between Lord Langford, Mr. W. Jameson, and Mr. Watkins, when the judge, Captain Low, had some difficulty in placing them. Another extremely close finish was between Mr. W. B. Morris (alas! that we should have to write "the late") and Mr. Percy La Touche, when the former, on "Norah the 2nd," was just done on the post. Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest won a Kildare red-coat race very easily three or four years ago, and Captain Wyndham, R.N., won a red-coat race, too, a couple of years ago, over what may well be called a very "intricate" country, and both were but visitors to Kildare.* Possibly, however, the best illustration of our theme will be found in a passage of sport that took place during Lord Spencer's first Viceroyalty, when His Excellency franked eight or ten of his Northamptonshire tenants in the Pytchley country over to Ireland, and mounting them on well-trained hunters of his own, brought them on his coach to Dunboyne or Norman's Grove to see how they would fare with the Ward Union field over some of their largest lines of country. I had not the pleasure of witnessing their *début* in a strange shire, but it is, I believe, a matter of authentic hunting history that, while all went well, Mr. Elliott was conspicuously in front during the greater part, if not all, of the journey; and at the present

* Lieutenant-Colonel Prior, of the South Staffordshire Regiment, won both red-coat races in Kildare, last year, with English hunters.

time I feel pretty certain that if four or five competent men were asked to name a dozen or a score of the names of the men who were generally closest to the Meath foxhounds and the Ward Union staghounds, while the lists would vary considerably according to the ideas of those who drew them up, *all* would contain those of Captain Steeds and Mr. Cyril Coleridge, who are only naturalised, not native, Irishmen—while a couple of years ago no one under similar circumstances would have failed to name Jock Trotter and Jack Press.

But if it be established beyond cavil that Englishmen are as much at home in riding across Ireland as Irishmen prove in their excursions over England, it seems equally incontrovertible that English and foreign horses can very soon be familiarised with all sorts and conditions of Irish fences. I recollect buying a fine stamp of welter hunter in London, having had a trial of him over the not too formidable fences of Lillie Bridge. After a little schooling, I ventured on him with harriers, and Mr. Leonard Morrogh, who was out the same day, thought him, if I recollect right, as wild a lepper as he had ever seen. After more lungeing, and a few falls over "narrow backs," I never saw a more careful jumper, and, in fine, in six or seven years he only gave me one fall, which was entirely *mine* not *his* fault, and during part of that time I was suffering from a twisted neck, and could only ride a perfect performer. This horse, too, had fair pace as I know, having galloped him with winners in England and Ireland. Some time ago, curiosity prompted me to purchase one of a cargo of Hungarian horses (indeed "Hungarian hunters"

were constantly figuring in the prints of the day). He was young, seemed sound, and well-bred, and took to Irish fences as if born among its banks and ditches. I don't think I had ever sat on his back till I tried him with hounds one day, when I found him as narrow as a knife, and not the sort to carry weight, so he was put into my break with a grey horse, and they made rather a smart pair. I sold them for a bagatelle in Dublin to a Scotch dealer after refusing a fair offer, and I learnt some weeks afterwards that the Hungarian had won a small stake in North Britain.

Will the reader pardon a paragraph about an animal on which for a number of years every rider (and they were changed often) went well. This was "Becky Sharp," a grey mare by "Master Bagot" from a well-known dam.* I saw her at the hammer, heard she was sound from good authority, and thought I had the makings of a weight carrier when my bid bought her. I only rode her for half a day with hounds, and sold her the next to the M.F.H., who liked her performance. She carried the Kildare huntsman brilliantly, as well as other hunt servants, and, falling into the hands of the hardest of the "young Kildares," *i.e.*, Mr. E. Kennedy, they were mutually pleased with each other. At last something gave way, and when it became a question of the actual cautery or the stud, someone suggested (like Archbishop Whately *à propos* of suttee) that "it was better to marry than to burn." This mare was a mistake for weight, but a wonderful twelve or thirteen

* She was bred by Mr. Henry Thompson, of Newry, on whose land "Come Away" was bred, I believe.

stone animal. Count Zborowski's Kentucky importations jumped fairly in Meath, and Lord Kilcoursie ran a very close second in a red-coat race in Meath on a semi-mustang, bred by Mr. Kemmis, of the Argentine Republic, and that after a slight mishap early in the race, in which he led most of the way. I also recollect seeing a Cape pony jumping admirably in Kildare.

There are certain things that the average mortal holds to be within his grasp whenever he chooses to stretch out his hand for the purpose. It is or was the water-mark of respectability to keep a gig, and certainly at least nine-tenths of those gig-keepers fancy that they can drive the gig horse. They may do so after a fashion, but in reality only one-tenth of these highly respectable individuals can drive the family gig in an orthodox or workmanlike fashion. And so it is about writing for the Press, which, really within reach of everyone who has taken a pass in the three R's of daily life, is even a more arduous task than driving a gig with safety to all concerned—not to speak of style. "Difficile est proprie communia dicere," wrote an unrivalled master of composition a good many centuries ago; and I am not sure that the art of clothing the occurrences of our daily life in simple yet, generally, intelligible language, has grown easier since his era! for otherwise the reporters of the Press, who are nearly always men of at least average intelligence, and sometimes of superior culture, would not adopt the stilted shibboleth of forms in which common occurrences are too often presented to a patient public—a shibboleth that I am certain I have too often adopted myself, either

from laziness or poverty of expression. I am not going to attempt to be didactic about press writing, for I am a mere outsider of the Press gang, to whom it has never been vouchsafed to enter the *penetralia* of the temple, or take part in the great mysteries of its Eleusis. I have told my tale about meeting the editor of "The Field," who was, if I mistake not, the first of that *corps d'élite* with whom I had had the honour of exchanging words, and how, at his request, I indited certain hunting notes from Ireland, which had their vogue in their day, and were almost the first notices of the sport of kings and kaisers, of princes and princesses, of vice-kings and vice-queens, that I believe were ever written from the Emerald Isle. Having been something of a traveller, and seen men and cities in peace and under the excitement of war, I had golden opportunities of addressing the reading public through the portals of the Press; but having been brought up to know absolutely nothing of the business of life, though I had acquired some smattering of the dead languages and their mythologies, I had not the faintest conception of the organisation of the Press, or the method for enlisting in its service. For politics I cared in early life as little as Canning's knife grinder; of business and its myriad complications and avenues to wealth, I had as slight a notion as of the climate of Chimborazo. Business, whether in its wholesale or retail forms was not held in high consideration by those connected with the land in the time when my ideas were being formed. We never, of course, agreed with Dickens's Mr. Bumble, that "the law was a hass," but we were not brought up with great reverence for its

chief functionaries, the guild of solicitors—for the sounds that greeted our ears oftenest in connection with the members of that guild were "a low attorney, or a pettyfogging practitioner." Now that I look back upon life from, I hope, a more rational and enlightened point of observation, I may say, with some truth, that the average youth of the Green Isle was brought up in a way to confirm him in greenness, and in a manner more suitable to existence in a fool's paradise! Nor, *à propos* of pressmen, can I recall ever having exchanged a sentence with one before I came across Lawrence ("Guy Livingstone") at Baltimore, who had been sent out I believe, as a "special correspondent or commissioner" by the "Morning Post." I had known him slightly when he was an undergraduate of Balliol, but we had not been intimate—he was so much my senior; nor did I learn what his mission was till I was leaving Baltimore.

In my case Press work did not dawn upon me till rather late in mediæval life, and, though I struggled through my work with fair success, I am quite conscious that a proper preparation would have made the task easier and simpler, while the result would have been probably far better. One thing I must say in self-defence, and that is that I worked very hard at it, perhaps because it was congenial labour, and also because in my ignorance I did not know how to overcome the apparent difficulties as easily as a more experienced man would have done. The whole thing was new to me and the only way I could get at materials for "copy" was by joining the hounds constantly wherever they were, and mastering the topography

of each county, and making acquaintance with the *dramatis personæ* in all directions. In the latter branch of study there was not much difficulty, for hunting men in Ireland are, as a rule, good-natured and communicative, and most of them belonged at that time either to the class of country gentlemen, or were soldiers quartered in the nearest garrison town. I have often heard that nothing is easier than lying, but for my own part I think that literary lying requires considerable resources of memory and imagination; and, not possessing these, I tried to jot down things as I saw them; to extenuate nothing (or very little), and set down naught in malice. I have no doubt that I have made grievous mistakes, and may even have appeared to romance from want of knowledge of proportion and perspective; but, on the whole I think my narratives of sport in Ireland were very true and unexaggerated, however feebly told; certainly they received that sincerest form of flattery—imitation; for if the scene had been China, and the inhabitants Celestials, they could not have followed the pattern set with more scrupulous (query *unscrupulous?*) fidelity, the *ipsissima verba* being constantly reproduced as original inspirations; as a rule I did not care much if they did not tread too closely on one's kibes; but occasionally one saw in full type replicas of expressions one had coined from one's own mental mint but a very short time before. Let me give an illustration. I was writing about that gallant and intrepid sportsman, Mr. John Murphy of Middleton, who managed to keep the United Hunt "a going concern" through the greatest opposi-

tion; and I ventured to apply to him a paraphrase of the usual quotation, making it run, "fiat venatio, ruat cœlum," and in a short time I saw the same expression used by the correspondent of a London paper, without any acknowledgment whatever! Of course the same idea *might* have occurred to two scribblers—*les beaux esprits*, we know, *se rencontrent*—but I cannot say I think it did in this case, for there were so many curious coincidences spread over years! At first the relation of one's own experiences in the daily drama of the chase sufficed for the hebdomadal "copy," but after a time it became necessary to enlarge one's venatic vistas, and sink the personal and particular in the general, giving a condensed version of what the votaries of sport in the Green Isle had been doing the week or ten days previous, a narrative which, I find, has been appreciated by soldiers serving with their colours throughout our Empire: for even at Aden or Carrachee the few lines that tell of a fox hunted, say, from Punchestown Gorse, and killed in the open ere he could gain the Downshire Park, is as refreshing to a sportsman as "the bless'd sherbet sublimed with snow or the first sparkle of the Desert rill."

In making this charge of copying, plagiarising, or whatever it may be called, I may state that the offence —if it be an offence to prefer the ready-made, even if secondhand, to the original—was not confined to Ireland, for I frequently noted the same thing done in England, and any little curiosities or eccentricities of expression of mine freely repeated: after all, if we are simian in origin, and men by evolution only, heredity only asserts itself.

The "Field" is a liberal paymaster, and I believe I have done the "Field" very good service, but no paper could afford to keep a large stud of weight carriers for its agent and pay his expenses—hotel bills and railway fares throughout the country—and hence arose the necessity of trying to get other sources of revenue and occupation. With this view I tried the development of the insurance of horses, and devoted a good deal of leisure and money to the purpose, but I think I have already stated the grounds why the undertaking came to an untimely end, and I may add to those reasons the difficulty encountered in Ireland of finding reliable agents who would not connive at "the cleverness" of their friends; "cleverness" being too often synonymous with flagrant but triumphant dishonesty. I was also appointed starter to the Turf Club in Ireland, but I only held the appointment for a few weeks, for a portion of the Press of the country wrote the most venomously vicious diatribes against my efforts to show fair play, and the stewards took away my flag. I have no hesitation in alluding to my dismissal, because, as I told these gentlemen at the time, I felt sure they were not acting upon their own judgment, but were influenced by the reports they read. But I certainly have had my revenge; for after ten or twelve years of chopping and changing, and making "examples" of jockeys, the starting difficulty is nearly as great and grievous as ever, and the Press fulminated even more ferociously against the present holder of the flag than it did against myself, though I believe firmly that no more conscientious or careful starter could be had than Mr. Harry Croker. I

had my revenge, if I wanted any, at the time, for the stewards, having no official of their own, proceeded to start a handicap, just to show the public how the thing should be done by proper men invested with that "divinity" that they fancied should hedge a steward; the jockeys, however, did not concur in this view, and were as fractious and recalcitrant as they could be. The whole scene was fantastic to a degree, and I should think a very dubious delight to the owners of horses and their supporters. I may add, too, that having been dismissed from this office I have occasionally since then started fields of horses, and though I was not at all enamoured of my efforts, the Press was liberal in praise. I had been sent over to learn the rudiments of the art under Mr. McGeorge and Major Dixon. We all know how well, how splendidly, Mr. McGeorge acquitted himself on great occasions; when I saw him at a rather "chalk" meeting, he was not so fortunate. Major Dixon I thought prompt and effective, but he did not please generally, or I should say universally; who ever did? I may add, that riding myself twice in Ireland on the flat, and having perfectly docile animals under me, the starter ordered me to go back, and the moment I had done so dropped his ensign, and of course I was left out, but the result made slight difference, I think. While in this connection I may state that in Jamaica *verbal* starting was the rule, and much of it was done by a most genial old "salt," Captain Cooper, R.N., Harbour-master of Kingston. He was enthusiastically fond of racing, and had a few horses of his own, but his horse vocabulary was very limited, and savoured more of the

quarter-deck than the stable; for instance, talking of a "crib biter," he mystified his audience by telling them that the horse had a bad habit of "*biting his crib.*" He had one or two narrow escapes of being trampled on while starting, but he managed to get off with a fright and perhaps a few bruises. He was a man of action too, for as agent to the Royal Mail Company's steamers at Kingston he had to see to the *coaling*, and when the men *struck* he got gangs of *black girls* to do the work, and so far as I know they do all the coaling at Kingston still, and I am certain a couple of thousand able-bodied dark girls could be got within a fortnight or three weeks to do the dockers' duty in turn on an emergency.

A propos of the phalanx of "filchers" I may mention here that through it I made the acquaintance of an agreeable editor, Mr. Watson, of the "Sporting and Dramatic Life," as when I went to his office to point out one or two instances, no one could have been kinder and nicer than he was in the matter. Mr. Watson is perhaps more generally known in connection with the Badminton Library, in which, in the matter of hunting, I found myself, for the first time in my life, quoted as an authority.

In addition to odds and ends for sporting papers and such magazines as Baily's and Fore's, I occasionally varied the monotony of scribbling on the subject I was most familiar with—or ought to have been most familiar with to speak more humbly—by contributing to what are called "society papers," of which the "World" *was* the pioneer, and remains, *me judice*, the fugleman still; but Ireland is still more or less a *terra incognita* to English readers in the mass, and, of course, a cosmo-

politan chart such as the "World," for which I wrote in its earliest days, cannot afford much space to an island which occupies a very small portion of the habitable globe, but which engrosses more than its share of notice because it is kept by agitators in a chronic state of volcanic disturbance, and because the jealousy felt by other nations of England induces them to magnify greatly the tea-cup tempests of the Green Isle. "My wound is great because it is so small," quoth the swashbuckler, and Ireland's wound is prodigious from the same cause, and because its "vote" attracts the unscrupulous politician in England as well as America. Hence the necessity for extending one's connection and contributing to as many as time permitted. When one makes "scribbling" the business of leisure hours in lieu of other distractions, it is not unpleasant work—though rather wearying—to set down one's views about current events in verse or prose as the case may be; but in all such transactions my advice—the advice of one who has suffered considerably from the neglect of the precautions he now suggests—is for the contributor to bear in mind the golden rule, "Short accounts make long friends," and *never* to allow the editor or accountant to lapse into arrears on any pretence whatever. I did so thinking that men who uttered or wrote such charming moralities and denounced dishonesty in such high-flown and transcendent terms must have in their compositions a double dose not only of honesty but of honour too. Hence I agreed that allowing the account to run on was good business, that your deposit was in a sort of savings bank, which if it did not pay

any interest was a very Bank of England for safety. Vain imagining! My experience leads me to think that these professors of ethical purity are certainly no better than other men, while in some cases their grade in the scale of human excellence would be nearer the lowest than the highest.

An early experience was the bankruptcy of "a weekly," that had some vogue; but I believe that in this case the proprietor was certainly the victim of circumstances, and since then I can only say that in two or three cases, by allowing "arrears" to accumulate, I have sacrificed much time and, I fear, money. Most of these editors have in their day taken a tremendously high tone about Irish landlords and tenants —either personally or vicariously. They have denounced the "Plan of Campaign" with a fervour that put Leo XIII's "Rescripts" into the shade, yet the Campaigners offered the landlord half or two-thirds of his judicial rent, according to circumstances—but satisfaction from these exponents of the moralities and equities is not to be had on any terms! You may call till you are black in the face, but you will not see them, though you may have a shrewd suspicion that you have run them to ground at last. In one of these temples of "typical" virtue and equity I had been for many months cajoled by an artful tale of the cashier having levanted with "*thousands*," as if such an official ever had, or ought to have, such sums at his disposal. So I did not press for payment for many months, but when my visits began to be made pretty frequently (and perhaps other deluded victims were equally per-

sistent), a porter and an office boy seemed the sole tenants of the office. So I used to amuse myself by asking the porter if he was editor, accountant, and so on, like the story of the single officer of the brig "Nancy Lee," as told by Mr. Gilbert in the "Bab Ballads," feeling sure that my words "carried" further, even to the ears of the gentlemen in the inner shrine. In one case when a small sum was due, and seemed as hopeless of settlement as "a Pensylvanian bond" in the days of Bon Gaultier, I repaired to a gentleman who had once been interested in the paper, but had ceased to have anything to do with it. He pulled out his note-book and wrote down the name of his lawyer, adding that only through legal pressure could the debt be recovered. I said I disliked law, would he kindly tell me what the proprietor was like. He did so, and I fortunately found him "in the shop." I waited quietly till he was at leisure, and then told him my business, and was successful that time in getting paid in instalments. Another time I recovered a debt that seemed very "bad" by quoting a line of poetry to the proprietor, who had not responded previously. This fetched him completely, but I believe this man—a pleasant, genial man, by the way—was only a careless and postponing debtor. There are as honourable, generous, and large-hearted men connected with the Press as any in the world, and I speak according to my own experience, but, on the other hand, there are literary pirates and sweaters, and men as deliberately dishonest, I fear, as in any class of business, which does not profess such devotion to the cardinal virtues and the Decalogue. "Cucullus non facit

monachum," and even the *monachus*, when found, did not always turn out a Simon Pure. Let me add that in the small transactions I have had with the Dublin Press, everything has been most satisfactory.

One is reminded of the Psalmist's sentence about rising up early and going to bed late, and eating the bread of carefulness, by the recollection of these Jeremy Diddlers, only in my case I cannot arrogate to my credit the virtue of early rising. I think, so far as I am competent to form any opinion, that there is a good deal of knack and technique in writing for the Press, though perhaps this is something of a platitude, for into what calling does not knack and technique enter liberally? But what I mean to convey is this, that great depth and thoroughness is not so essential to success as felicity of style, and some command of language, together with some quickness and insight—that is to say, that the sciolist with some smartness of style will beat even a learned Don, who has devoted himself to a speciality, in general power of Press persuasion; but my range was so small and petty that I feel I am not competent to form, much less express, an opinion; this, however, I will say, that I have been impressed by the shrewdness, tact, and *savoir faire* of several editors, for it was not hard to discover that in many cases they knew very little individually about topics and subjects on which their journals held forth in an *ex cathedrâ* tone, but their tact and discrimination, and knowledge of men generally, carried them through difficulties. London editors are, as a rule, able men, and, like great and successful generals, have the faculty of choosing a good staff. I

can recall a few paragraphs that made themselves felt—for instance, the comparison I drew many years ago between Charles Stewart Parnell and the unjust steward of the famous parable in the Gospels. This I sent to Lord Desart as a joke, when he was editing "Vanity Fair," and he put it in that paper. Only a few months ago I saw it *reproduced* as original by a leading London paper, as well as a parallel between Parnell and Catiline. It is just possible that the same idea struck two minds, but mine had the start in type by many years. Another "goak" survived—that was that the average Patlander in summer was sure to ask you if you were going to the "O'Toole" (Auteuil) Races. A truce, however, to these trifles and play upon words. I thought I had secured a good summer and autumn bit of work, a couple of years ago or three, in undertaking to collect horses in Ireland for the Irish Exhibition at Olympia, which the Directors had failed to do. I collected a large number, and had naturally to travel about a good deal, crossing the channel frequently. Of course, railway and steamboat passes were to have been mine, only they never were, and when the final fiasco came in the shape of the disloyal Cork Band, I tried in vain to get paid for time and trouble expended, not to speak of travelling items. The difficulty on these occasions is to see the principals, who contrive to maintain an invisibility which, according to the classics, was the appanage of the Olympian deities. Weary of drawing coverts blank, I one day saw the Director's or Manager's carriage at the door of the office, and esconced myself in it. I secured an audience,

interview, and promise, if I did nothing else by the move; but nothing came of it, and I understand that the Manager of the concern is himself a heavy loser by the venture. Having some idea of what labour can do, I told the Directors, weeks prior to the date for opening the show, that they could *not* be ready to receive the public. They laughed me to scorn, but I was right. Since then Lord Arthur Hill paid me a small portion of my claim from his own pocket.

I should have stated that while recruiting my health in Gloucestershire I had studied law, or some of the elements that compose it; for about this time a decree had gone forth from the Benchers of the Inns that a digest of laws was required from their students as well as a digest of dinners. In a few branches I was fairly posted, and had not much dread of the result, but in "Common Law" I felt only weak and ill equipped, and besides paper work that occupied a couple of days, there was a *vivâ voce* examination as well. Mr. Broome, the author of the Commentary on this branch of legal lore was the querist, and we candidates were put on the gridiron for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. I forget what the catechist made his first question, but answered it wrongly, or imperfectly, but I did, I fancy, know *something* relative to it, and it was better, it seemed to me, to harp as long as I could on this single string rather then be led into unknown regions, and I ventured to set forth my view on the subject. The learned legist was very good natured, in pointing out the right reply in lieu of the muddled one, and asked very few more questions, when he said "That will do." I

fancied I had certainly been "spun," but I was happily undeceived by seeing my "call" duly gazetted in the course of a couple of weeks or three. My object in getting called was to qualify for a stipendiary magistracy, in which some legal lore was an advantage, if not indispensable. I never was offered the appointment, though duly noted for one, and a Lord Lieutenant assured me there were only two candidates in front of me. I had taken the trouble of ascertaining from the highest authority—the Lord Chancellor—that, having been in the Civil Service, the limit of age did not apply, or form any bar whatever. Looking back now on the appointments actually made and my strong claims on the Government, I cannot help thinking that some injustice was done me, though I cannot impute special harshness to the Irish Government, as I was not their child. Even in the matter of age the authorities used the dispensing power very freely, as I pointed out once when a gallant Officer was made an R.M. who had been a Captain in his regiment of the Line *when I was a boy*—this I ought to know, for he used to dine at my father's house. I have always fancied that the filling of places in Ireland resembled not a little the pool of Bethesda mentioned in Holy Writ, for at the critical moment the patient sufferer sees himself supplanted by a more active and enterprising *pusher* who has a friend at Court. When Mr. Clifford Lloyd was appointed a divisional magistrate a good many of the elder magistrates were forced, I believe, to retire. My cousin, Mr. William Morris Reade, was at that time reputed one of the very best and most efficient stipendiaries

in the island; he naturally resented an entire stranger and outsider being put over his head and he resigned. Mr. Clifford Lloyd was nearly the most signal failure in Ireland, though one or two others ran him close. On the whole the stipendiaries did their work, arduous enough at certain times and places, admirably, and under very trying circumstances too. This Mr. Morris Reade had a chequered career. His mother in "the bad times" put the family estate into chancery, and my cousin feeling he could not be comfortable in "the Greys," to which he had been gazetted, went out to seek his fortune in Australia. He made a living but no more, and, having married early, found himself father of an immense family, so he came back to Ireland—and dispensed justice, in which vocation, as well as in rescuing drowners, he proved eminently successful; fortunately for the large family, his wife, who had been a Miss Cookes, came in for some money, for he died not very long after his resignation of office.

I should state that during Lord Derby's administration I had sent in another memorial, signed by many members of both Houses, expressing their opinion that I had been harshly treated *in re* Jamaica. I learnt that it had received "attentive consideration."

CHAPTER XII.

"Be the day weary or never so long,
At length it ringeth to evening song."

A LADY'S postscript is said to be the most important part of her letter, which should therefore be read backwards. I wish I could say as much about the chapter that precedes "Finis" in these very *disjecta membra*, or "rambling reminiscences;" but having been written hastily (pray excuse haste) and scrappily, here a little and there a little, I have found lots of lacunes that it would be hard to interpolate into their proper places, such for instance as the story of negro life on Sir Charles Price's estate, of Worthy Park, Jamaica. Every sugar estate in the slavery era had then its "hot house," or hospital, attended by a regular practitioner at intervals, and ministered to by a hospital orderly (or two), who, of course, assumed the airs and mysterious graces of a mighty medicine man. On one occasion the surgeon was absent for a long time, and a patient was brought in, whom the orderly proceeded to treat *secundum artem*, with the result that the "case" died "a natural death." When interrogated formally as to his *praxis*, the orderly, nothing abashed by the sad sequence, replied, "Me jest gib me broder a 'spuke' (emetic) and a 'spurge' (purge), and when he no recover me order his coffin."

This Sir Charles Price, by way of benefiting the colony, introduced the Norwegian brown rat, who very soon

assumed the *rôle* of Aaron's rod, by swallowing up the rest of his indigenous cousins, who were, I believe, black, and were one of the acknowledged dainties on a sugar estate.* No one, I fancy, has ever tried the Norwegian importation *A propos* of rats, I recollect having some sport at the last "pen" I occupied in Liguanea, for the jalousies being open, I can recall my surprise at finding rats sipping a cup of tea in the dining-room, which I had not heard the butler bring in, as I was dozing on a sofa. Closing the doors and jalousies, I had something of a run after them with a fatal fork in my hand, and I found that this post-prandial tea regularly "drew them." If it had not been for rats, I fancy poultry would have increased marvellously in the island; but they had other foes in the shape of huge hawks, who would perch on cotton trees near your yard, but, wary as crows, you never got a chance of shooting one, save out of a cart, or on pony back, which disarmed suspicion. I knew a man in the island whose fad it was to raise turkeys, and I believe he succeeded in putting together a flock of a thousand, large and small, young and old.† Such a man in England might well call himself a Turkey merchant, as the plutocratic poulterer who sent his son to Eton desired the boy to speak of him there.

I think I should also have mentioned that in returning from Colorado I paid a visit to Mr. Aitcheson Alexander's horse-breeding farm in Kentucky. I saw it under great disadvantages, because there was a "cold snap" prevailing at the time, and with snow and ice on

* The mongoose has been proved since as omnivorous.

† The writer.

the ground, and the thermometer below zero, one could not see the horses comfortably, or to advantage. What I did see impressed me much, however, as to the capabilities of Kentucky as a horse-raising country. A gruesome sight met us as we went out from the house to inspect the horses. A splendid young colt, led out in a cavesson, I think, had reared and fallen back, and his head coming in contact with some ice, he was killed at once. Mr. Alexander was not in the least put out by an accident which would have led to loud lamentation in other and smaller studs. We saw the stout "Lexington," for whom an immense price was paid by Mr. Alexander for stud purposes, though I believe he was stone blind, but what struck me more than anything else was the fact of "Scythian," the Chester Cup winner, having actually been trained, and trained successfully, to trot in a sulky. We learnt that he was actually prepared for a race, but just before his first trial he met with some slight accident that threw him back, and the owner thought him too valuable as a sire to experiment on again in the trotting track. Mr. Alexander might, it is said, have successfully claimed a British peerage, but to be a peer of England, he would have had to renounce American citizenship. Just prior to my arrival, Morgan, the guerilla Confederate, had raided the farm, but with great consideration he only took the animals he actually required for warlike purposes.

I could also have better illustrated the facility there was five-and-twenty or thirty years ago of picking up a hunter in Ireland of soundness and good

performance for little money, by recording how one evening, riding home with a friend from hunting in Kildare, he mentioned that he was going abroad and wanted to sell that, his last hunter, for a "song" of £30 or so. I asked him if the horse was sound, and as he replied "perfectly," and the age was right, I bought him, *in the dark*,* as I fancied my friend would not trust himself on a bad one. A few days afterwards, riding a run in a blinding snow storm, when neither horse nor man could see distinctly, he gave me a fall at a fence, and lay on me in a deep ditch, presently using my *vile corpus* as a step wherewith to get out. He hurt me a good deal, and sent me to hospital, and so I took something of a dislike to him, but in Sir William Throckmorton's hands afterwards he turned out a horse of great value, and his owner's favourite mount, for several seasons. "Topaz" has a canvas at Buckland, I believe.

Nothing, I believe, has changed its character more than the chase in Ireland, and this fact may be attributed, I fancy, very much to the keenness and quickness introduced by pursuers who had taken their pastime in the Shires, and by a few smart huntsmen, who had been brought up in the best Midland schools. A famous M.F.H. told me a story of a neighbour of his, a brother M.F.H., who had been brought up in "the fair and aisy" school, and who never hurried himself save to catch an intruding flea. Moreover, this *faineant* fox hunter considered himself quite capable of handling hounds himself, and did so, after his fashion. To him on a notable occasion, came the covert keeper, breath-

* A dark horse, in fact.

less with excitement, to announce the fact that his fox had broken away—"The fax has just crassed the widow Moriarty's bottoms, yer anner." "Has he now, Mick?" "Troth he has so, yer anner!" "Then, Mick, move that bush out of the gap for me." This was given as, perhaps, an exaggerated sample of the old style, when men had not quite realised the fact that "who hunts quick foxes must himself be quick." But it was not only in hunting that the slow-coaches of other times have given way to the modern marvels of speed. In chasing, pace and progress have been equally perceptible. For instance, there is a record of some distinguished amateurs having started some three generations ago for a sweepstakes, when at one of "the horrid leps" that adorned or disfigured the courses of the period, it is stated that every one of the competing horses refused, and so obstinately, that further progress was simply impossible. On this one of the riders, whose residence was handy, proposed an adjournment for lunch, the race (?) to be resumed after that repast. The proposal required no seconder, and was adopted there and then.*

Very little more than a hundred years have elapsed since Arthur Young, the famous tourist, wrote an account of the Ireland of his day, when horses ploughed *by the tail*, &c. If the accomplished and observant writer could see what a century of improvement has wrought in the island, he would be, indeed, astonished

* I have been told that a few decades ago something similar happened in Scotland, when one offending lep was left out of the course by the stewards.

and delighted; or if Thackeray, *relivivus*, could only be planted for half an hour in the Shelburne Hotel, in Dublin, that he once so cruelly ridiculed in his Irish Sketch Book, to view the enormous improvements in living and comfort that fifty years had brought in their train, he could hardly credit the change. A squire of my acquaintance, who is still hale and hearty, and full of physical and intellectual vigour, on arriving on his estate in Ireland fresh from Cambridge, was challenged to ride a match by a neighbour, and accepted; the date was fixed, but my friend heard in the meantime that the tenants of his rival had announced their intention of securing the success of their chief by occupying the important fences in force, and making the opposition horse baulk. However, by timely precautions this was prevented, and a friendly garrison took possession of them early in the day. My friend won the match. But if the rival tenants had been able to carry out their intentions quietly, he would have had no chance. Such "fair play" would hardly be tolerated now, though in the co. Clare politics were imported into racing, and at a meeting not very long ago, horse and man were stoned, the former, I believe, to death. The Punchestown pilgrims now find everything connected with the meeting quite as orderly and quiet as at Sandown or Kempton Park, but some years ago true tales might have been told of "the pirates of Punchestown," who would swoop down on ham, tongue, or turkey, and carry off the contents of the hamper with great zest and some success; indeed few things show more forcibly the permeating influence of law, order,

and authority than the reunions held in Ireland, which contrast marvellously with the Gaelic sports held on Sundays, when a pitched battle between the competitors is often the sequel of the afternoon's play.

To be sure there have been "outrages" both on sport and sportsmen, but considering the way in which the credulous Celts were goaded and stimulated by peripatetic patriots, one of whom used to take a dead fox about as a "property," to emphasise his arguments against landlords and their pastimes, it is only passing strange that more outrages were not committed; it may be asked, too, are outrages unknown in England, and does not vulpecidism flourish there in ranker luxuriance of growth than it ever attained to on Irish soil, even in the heat and fury ot the land war? As a matter of fact, I rather think there were more atrocities of the sort committed in England last year than in Ireland.

If, like the wise Ulysses, I have not seen many men and cities (comparatively), yet I certainly can lay claim to having "assisted" at many meets, and to have viewed at different times and seasons some thousands of pursuers, good, bad, and indifferent. At present I would only glance at a select minority of the first category, and I think I must give the *pas* to the late Lord Clanricarde, the father of the present peer, though I must own my opportunities of witnessing his performances were scant enough. I can, however, recall a meet at Hollywood, in Kildare, where the country is rough enough, so rough indeed that many hypercritical hunting men would decline it *in toto*. The hounds were in covert, and had found, and I too had found out

that my horse was as lame as a tree. Lord Clanricarde, in the kindest way, offered me his second horse, which I am glad I declined, as his first horse was *hors de combat* after the run. The covert drawn was on high ground, and from the eyrie I could see a large field hustling and thrusting away, while his lordship, who was among the last to put his horse in motion, cantered along very quietly down the hill, taking the fences as they came, and gradually stealing along, was in a few fields among the leaders, and we may be sure that, once there, bar accident, he stayed in front while the run lasted. Another valiant veteran, Mr. George Gough, of Birdhill, a *ci devant* master of the Tipperary fox hounds, did much the same thing from one of these hill-coverts, showing his juniors by several decades how fields could be won, even at three score and ten. Another venatic veteran was Mr. Horace Rochfort, of Clogrennan, to whom it was given to skim the cream of the shires of England and Ireland up to much the same period of existence; his grey cob was undefeated to the end, and I am happy to say this cob was my suggestion, for I had seen him carry a one-handed man, Major Gresson, in very perfect style; but when I came to Kildare first, there was no man, young or old, who saw more of hounds than Mr. Wakefield—

> "A famous judge, tho' bruised to jelly,
> Of every horse's girth and belly"—

as sings Butler.

He could not have been a chicken, for he had fought at the battle of the Nile, but every horse he rode, be he slug or keen, went well with him. I was out hunting

the day he broke his leg, and, being reduced to wheels for some time, the confinement proved fatal, I believe. Mr. McIldowney was another first-class old sportsman,

Doctus sermones utriusque linguæ,

for he had made his mark at Melton before. He, too, almost died in harness, as he never quite got over a bad fall when riding with the Meath hounds in a run, I think, from Cheeverstown Gorse.* Mr. J. J. Preston, the Squire of Bellinter, looks as young and fresh in the saddle as when, on "Brunette," he defeated Allan McDonough, on "Peter Simple," some sixty years ago!

In Louth and parts of Meath Mr. Coddington, of Old Bridge, was, I believe, invincible in his seventh decade, and keen as ever, and even slightly jealous. Lord Straithnairn, when commanding the forces in Ireland, rode across country right up to the Fenian camp, in front of his staff and escort, when considerably past seventy, and General Irwin, an octogenarian, hunted in Kildare two or three days before his death, and I could mention, an I would, a pursuing *padre* who, though about seventy, gives the *pas* to no one, nor is he a light weight either.

Among those whom one has seen going particularly well, and eminently well mounted, the difficulty is in culling rather than expanding the list. I have just named a few *hors ligne* veterans; let me now add the names of younger sportsmen than those able ancients. Poor "Charlie Ford" is no more, but his memory is green, and Elliott Warburton's lines, though written about a namesake, are very applicable—

* He has died since.

"The Ford they call Charlie, how cheery
To sit by his side in a run!
At midnight or morn never weary
Of frolic, or revel, or fun!"

An Ulster man, few ever crossed Meath or Kildare in better style, in spite of welter weight, or were more popular generally. Sir James Higginson, once Governor of the Mauritius, was an eminently good man on a good horse; he was very light. Mr. Watson, a cousin of the polo paladin, was nearly unequalled in style wherever he went, whether in Dublin, Meath, or Kildare. His health gave way and he ceased hunting some years ago, but to strangers and natives alike his fine style, quiet but most effective, commended itself. Lord Annaly repeats it, and takes his place. Of all the men I have seen crossing a country, for combination of good man and good horse, perfection of style and seat, hands and horsemanship, I do not think Geoffrey Hone could be surpassed. I was disappointed in his race riding, but with hounds it was a treat to watch him, and his mounts were equally perfect. His brother "Willie" was harder, perhaps, on one or two horses, and his surviving brother, Tom Hone, late of the 7th Hussars, is stronger probably on a horse, whether at polo or in the hunting field, but Geoffrey Hone for graceful horsemanship stood (or sat) alone.

Lord Spencer went well and straight in his first Viceroyalty, though not a perfect horseman. The same thing may be said of Major Whyte Melville, his friend, and Lord Suffield went well in Ireland when fairly mounted. I recollect his going well, very well, in a run

which I had the luck to see fairly well myself (rare occurrence). His lordship had just got on a dealer's horse to try him for a few minutes at a gorse called "Turnings," in Kildare, when fox and hounds went away over the fine pastures that surround it, and a very good run was the result, the longest, I believe, ever seen from "Turnings," prodigal as it is in quick scurries and bursts. Of course, as the performance was undeniable, his lordship bought him. He was afterwards transferred to the stable of the Honourable Harry Bourke, and carried his welter weight admirably. He called him "Lord in Waiting." Lord Londonderry and his two brothers always went well in Ireland, and were very well mounted.

"Dickie" Bernard, like his cousin, "Billy Hutchinson," Lord Donoughmore's brother, was a very fine horseman, whether with hounds or between flags. Latterly he would sell an odd horse after the fashion of his compatriots, and a good story is told of a Caledonian, to whom he sold a high class, high priced horse, who wrote to this effect: "The horse I got from you carried me to perfection in a very fast thing for about four miles. I rode him in a snaffle, but could hardly hold him; what bit would you suggest to ride him in?" To which came the rather laconic reply: "Any bit in which a horse has carried you perfectly ought to be good enough. Don't change it."

Let me tell of a very hard Meath and Ward man who took over a very perfect bold hunter to the shires, and went a few runs right well there. On his return he was cross-questioned about "stake and bounds,"

"oxers," "bullfinches," &c., to which he replied, naïvely enough, "Oh, if you mean 'the little bushes,' he did them all well enough!"

The Blazer baronies have never wanted good men and true. Frank Joyce and Major Butson were among the best of the moderns; both alas! are now dead. Mr. Tully is quite first class after many seasons. But the real *hippodamos* was Mr. Dennis, who mastered the Tuam side of the county—"Black Dennis," as he was generally styled. All England was full of the fine feat of Mr. Crawley in finishing a race *minus* a bridle. Black Dennis for a bet rode a hunter over an extremely stiff course with nothing in his mouth using a cabbage stalk for a cutting whip, merely to mention one of many similar feats.

Ireland has always proved rich in steeple chase riders. No family, perhaps, ever produced such a bevy of fine riders as the Beasley, which turns out a quartet of brothers all conspicuously good;* yet, good as they are, I have my doubts if any Irish jock of modern times was better than "Denny Wynne" on the flat and over a country too. His second for the Derby on "Barbarian" showed how he could get out a horse who was hardly in the first class. The dislike and dread of timber amongst Irish jocks has now been overcome by practice and familiarity; but a story is told of two eminent artists from the Green Isle, who met quite unexpectedly near Beecher's Brook the night before the

* Alas! one of the brilliant band of brothers died from the effects of an accident at Punchestown Meeting, 1892.

Grand National was run, and by a curious coincidence each carried a saw to use on the top rail!

I recollect writing a sketch of Leonard Morrogh for "Baily" long ago, and, *à propos* of Cork, his native place, I ventured to quote Virgil's line

> "Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
> Magna virûm!"

It has certainly produced great men, great horses, and great sport, and I can only regret that I have not been able to visit it oftener. Among its eccentrics and hunting worthies was Mr. Cross (the father of the unfortunate Doctor), who kept a pack of hounds, and in his last will directed that his body, when he was dead, should be thrown to them, as his desire—a devouring desire, by the way—was to be incorporated by them—a provision which, of course, was not carried out. I believe many pages could be written about this sportsman's peculiarities and fads, his costume, and more especially his top boots, which were said to have been whitewashed once per annum; but, if not an orthodox dresser, no fault could be found with his keenness to enjoy sport and to provide it for others. Of the late Lord Fermoy, who kept a pack of the Irish breed of foxhounds, and was a decidedly clever man, as his Marylebone constituents, who appreciated him thoroughly, thought, many anecdotes are, I believe, floating about, as well as of his huntsman, "Davy," who had (and used) the liberty of an old and valued servant of the family. Both had strong and decided opinions about hounds and hunting, and one day, when the hounds had two foxes in front of them in a deep wooded glen,

there was a strong difference of opinion between master and servant, and some dissonance of horns too. Lord Fermoy, who, by the bye, had just been raised from the baronetage to the peerage, was furious at Davy's obstinacy, and kept on saying, "Who the —— made you a huntsman?" "And who the —— made you a lord?" was Davy's ready, but not respectful, reply.

Mr. Knolles, the master of the South Union hounds in Cork, was with them very nearly up to his death, though, I believe, something more than an octogenarian —a very patriarch of pursuit!

Of the Clonmult hounds, Mr. E. Fitzgerald's, I cannot speak from personal observation, but I believe that, with some cranks of composition, their owner was a sportsman, a good rider, and a fair judge of hounds and horses. He died from the effects of a fall on the road when going to join a friend's funeral. The United Hunt have bought his pack, who, I am told, hunted truly. By all accounts, their kennel management was not in accordance with "the system of Meynell," for when "flesh" was obtained for them, they were, I have heard, invited to tear the defunct animal, whether horse or donkey, to pieces, without any previous preparation or skinning, much less boiling. Actæon would have had a poor chance with them!

A good many years ago, when making a tour in the south of Ireland, I was requested by the Editor of the "Field" to find out if the meets of a pack of hounds regularly advertised in its columns were bogus or genuine. I consulted an M.F.H. on the subject, and

his advice was not to meddle in the matter, as I should incur the hostility of an entire family, who, he believed, had a few hounds, and had a special reason for advertising in the "Field" on account of some relations or friends in America, from whom they had expectations, or who had given them the pack in trust, I forget which; but he added that the mission was not quite safe, and that I had better not undertake it. I took his advice, naturally: but the general opinion was that the meets were myths, more or less—I cannot say.

Cork and Devonshire have some points of resemblance—the love of hounds, horses, and hunting is common to both. Mr. Donovan, the eminent dealer in horses and a pillar of the hunting state in Cork, will, I am sure, forgive me if I relate a story told to me about him. He was riding a run in his native county, and, "taking a heavy toss," as they put it, got mixed up with his mount and had his leg broken. While he was being extricated by the friendly field from his position of peril, the character and "honour" of his horse was the thought uppermost in his mind, and he said, "Gentlemen, I call on you all to bear witness that it was not my hunter's fault."

The combination of *res angusta domi* and devotion to sport was not uncommon in Ireland, and, amongst others, Mr. Briscoe, of Tinvane, Co. Kilkenny, one of the best judges of hounds and horses to be met with, possessed it, He mastered the Kilkenny hounds very ably, and among stories told of him is one about his being much mortified by finding a perfectly mounted

stranger out one day who, without unduly pressing the pack, rode close to them and could not be shaken off. Henry Briscoe saw that he had but one horse out, and he knew that he had in waiting a marvellous stone wall jumper for second horse, and so he soothed his soul by muttering constantly, "Wait till I get him into the pache (peach) gardens," for the walls were something of that architectural type. I never heard whether he defeated the visitor in this *champ clos*, or whether the latter obtained the "mural crown."

Squire Isted was a well-known deaf and dumb master of harriers in Northamptonshire. He always carried about, even in the field, bits of paper and a pencil to serve for conversation and the interchange of ideas with his field. Lord Carberry in Ireland had a family pack of harriers and was similarly affected. Among the straightest riders to hounds was Mr. Burke, of Carraroe, in the co. Roscommon, a one-armed sportsman. One day, in Kildare, a very large field was jammed in a long narrow lane near Bella Villa Gorse. A high gate tied with straw ropes ("suggauns," in the vernacular) blocked the way. No one would get off in the muddy track, and, seeing the *impasse*, Mr. Burke said, "I think, gentlemen, I can help you." So, with only a few yards of a run, his good hunter jumped as far as he could, and smashed it. His brother, Major Burke, of the 14th Hussars, is well known. Mr. Burke gave me a capital mount once in Galway, who topped as many walls as he could.

In the earlier portion of these recollections I ventured to make a suggestion as to the expediency of

building houses for masters near their kennels, so that masters, who occasionally, and sometimes very successfully, hunt their own hounds, might know and be known by them. As example is sometimes the best of arguments, let me illustrate the case of an absentee master from kennel, who, a good sportsman, and a very fine rider, yet was not much of a houndman, and did not often repair to his kennels. The pack had gone the night before to a friend's house, who put up men, hounds, and horses, as well as the master himself; the day had only begun to shorten perceptibly, and some one suggested a walk out to a small barn or outhouse in some fields, where the hounds had been located for the night; in an evil hour the M.F.H. took his friend out to the temporary kennels, bringing none of the whips or hunt servants, or even a horn. As soon as the doors were opened, an avalanche of hound flesh poured down from the benches, and ignoring their master and his friend, spread all over the country, to be collected together with great difficulty by their experts.

Another tale of an enthusiastic M.F.H. who was devoted to his hounds and his county merits mention here. About ten or twelve miles from the county kennels, kept at the master's place, dwelt "a mad doctor," that is to say, a sane surgeon, who kept a private asylum for the cerebrally affected. The M.F.H. was a light bob, the mad doctor a very heavy dragoon, and withal very powerful; he was as fond of hunting as the M.F.H. in question, and kept a private pack not only for his own delectation and that of his sporting

friends, but also remedially on scientific grounds, knowing that, if music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, this lovely form of hound harmony might touch responsive chords among his patients. I cannot say whether he ever "shook out a fox," but it was reported by ill-natured gossip that he did so, and the rumour reached the M.F.H., who, being hasty and choleric, ordered his trap forthwith, and drove to the mad doctor's. Admitted to the presence, he was so overpowered by his sense of anger and indignation at the violation of the canons of the chase, that he commenced an incoherent tirade against the mad medico, who conceived that here, if anywhere, was a case self-delivered into his hands, so he rang the bell, and presently an attendant of power and capacity appeared on the scene, and was desired to bring down at once a strait-waistcoat, handcuffs, and other paraphernalia of the prison house. The M.F.H., a sharp sensible man when not carried away by his hunting hobby, instantly saw the situation, and "stole away," like one of his favourite foxes, nor did he repeat the visit or the charges.

The tale reminds one of Jorrocks' great run with the sequences.

In writing about Jamaica and my horse experiences there, I mentioned how swimming in the sea had proved a successful method of training in one case, where others had failed egregiously. Let me here introduce to the reader an Irish farmer of most sporting proclivities, a capital man to hounds, a capital man between flags, and a somewhat successful trainer

withal. His name is Hanaway, a well-known figure at most courses in Ireland, who hardly looked the perfect jock in silk or satin, but was very hard to defeat, whether in the matter of cool calculation of chances or resolute riding. His most notable feat in the matter of training was winning the Conyngham Cup at Punchestown (a preliminary canter for more than one Liverpool or Auteuil chase) with "John Kane," a well-bred cast-off from some training stable, for he was by "Blue Gown"—"Tea Rose," a horse of good shape, but not quite free from some of the infirmities of nobler horses, nor could the win be deemed an accident or a surprise, for he assured me many days before the meeting that he was bound to win. I have, however, my own notion that a slushy course and the fine handling of his jockey, Mr. Phelan, who, *en amateur*, turned Mr. Burke's hounds to him, had much to do with the result. However, the method of training pursued by Mr. Hanaway was to let the horses train themselves by loosing them riderless and bridleless in his own large fields, when they could gallop about till they were tired, and jump as many fences in his course as they pleased. I believe the stimulus of a few dogs was occasionally added, though he did not copy the almost automatic spur of the Corso at Rome. I do not think this "plan of campaign" will meet with general approval or supersede the Newmarket systems I should add that stallions and mares galloped loose together, save under certain circumstances; while on the subject I may mention that in Jamaica I put a stallion and a mare in harness together with capital result; the

horse was a huge thoroughbred of great power, but with his head badly set on, and I could only match him with this large mare. With an American buggy behind them they literally seemed to "devour the ground" and despise distances. Here I may mention that an American buggy may be as handy and useful as any English trap, if built with a fifth wheel for turning easily.

I confess I was always slightly sceptical as to the tale of "Harkaway," the property of Mr. Ferguson, being regularly hunted thrice weekly, at the time £6,000 was offered for him. This Mr. Ferguson began life, I believe, in Cavan, which, though a very grassy county, is hardly an ideal hunting land, as the fields are small and the banks rather "rotten." However, at one time, *commencement, pas fin de siècle*, it was occupied by six packs of harriers, and the hunting spirit was pervasive in its borders. I recollect hearing a story of a guest who was staying in a country house there opening his window very early, and starting at seeing what he conceived must be a ghost, in a white figure careering round a field on horseback at full speed. A few minutes enabled him to discover that it was a son of the house giving himself and his hunter a breather, the costume of the rider being *slippers and a night shirt*. In this county was a family of some distinction, whose four sons carried out their proclivities for hunting, skcoting, fishing, and gardening so vigorously that their neighbours christened them respectively "Nimrod," "Ramrod," "Fishing-rod," and "Pea-rod." It was in the next county to this, Leitrim,

that a worthy flourished who commanded the county yeomanry, and was so full of poetic *afflatus*, that his friends actually claimed Campbell's beautiful poem, "the Exile of Erin," as his inspiration, whereas he had really written a poem on a similar theme in the same measure. This C.O. is said to have dismissed and dispersed his regiment in these terms:—

"Attention!
From your saddles to your straddles repair,
From your boots to your brogues,
To the mountains, you rogues,
As you were!"

It was in an adjoining county that a bucolic country gentleman lived, of whom this tale is told. He was doing the galleries, &c., in town, and was a most *cowy* (not horsey) man, and was a fine judge of bullocks and heifers, but hardly a connoisseur in art. "Just look at these Cuyps," quoth his cicerone, enthusiastically. "*Cuyps, Cuyps*, I tell you they're *heifers*, and bad heifers too for the matter of that." It was, I believe, a Cavan squire of high degree who was wont to drive his coach to the market of the county town. There he usually dined, and his "hearty" habits were so well known by his *fidus Achates*, that he had a set of reins fastened to the terrets, which he used to place in the squire's hands, while he himself tooled the team with the real ribands, safety and honour being thus provided for and respected. Irish horses have become hard to buy and dear in their native land now, but bargains are still to be picked up there. The Master of the Plains of Boyle harriers bought four years ago

from a small farmer for £28 a chestnut horse that had been purchased by the farmer at a fair for £9. The next sale was, I think, £150; the fourth, £250; and at "Tatt.'s" this horse made 560 guineas, although blemished. One of the finest welter weight horses I recollect seeing run in Ireland was "Rory of the Hills," a favourite mount of Garrett Moore's many years ago. I cannot say what he realised when sold, but some one probably bought him cheap, as 'twas said that one of his early owners, a sporting farmer, was so out of hay and straw, and perhaps corn, that he robbed a roof of its thatch to give him provender and bedding!

I introduced an anecdote about the late Lord Fermoy just now. He did not in Ireland, I believe, sacrifice greatly to the graces, though his son and heir, who follows in his sporting footsteps, does so considerably, and this is stated to explain the point of the anecdote. At his death his horses were sent to a famous repository in the south of Ireland for disposal, and the proprietor of this mart was a man of ready repartee and much shrewdness of mind and tongue. One of these hunters, a horse of great power and high character, had been his lordship's favourite mount, and so may have been presumed to have done an extra share of work, of which of course he bore the marks, high in the bone and low in the flesh; but he was well known, and many wanted him; at last a Saxon sportsman outbid all Celtic competitors in his bids (by letter), and he was transferred to a palatial establishment in England, where little work and exuberant condition was the rule of the stable. A few months after this, 'tis said, the

present Lord Fermoy, who had been invited to look over the hunting stable, saw a magnificently caparisoned horse in a box in front of him, and was asked by the owner if he recognised him, "Indeed, I do not," was the reply. "What! not recognise your father's favourite?" The metamorphosis that feeding and hours of idleness had caused, added to the splendour of sheets, however, prevented all recognition; and, upon this, *emptor's* suspicions were aroused, and he wrote a furious letter to the seller in Ireland, stating that he feared he must have been imposed upon, and sent the wrong horse. No mistake had been made, and the seller added as a postscript, "Maybe, my Lord, if Lord Fermoy were to have met his own father in a new suit of clothes he would not have recognised him!"

On another occasion a dealer in Dublin had been endeavouring in vain to find a suitable charger, blood, bone and breeding, style and action, for a smart cavalry colonel, who, educated in the Cardigan school, was fastidious to a degree. At last the despairing dealer had a happy inspiration, and said, "I think I can show you the horse you want." He drove him there and then to Foley's statue of Field Marshal Lord Gough in the Phœnix Park, who is mounted on a bronze beauty among chargers. A philhippic Bishop once wrote to "Market Harborough Brown" to ask if he thought eyes were absolutely necessary for a hunter, as he had a fine colt who had but one. "I think, my Lord," was the answer, "that hunters want at least two eyes in their heads, and, if possible, one in their tails."

I think this tale of a boot, nay, of a pair of boots,

may not prove bootless in the event of a similar emergency, and we know history has a trick of repeating itself,

New boots are one of the minor plagues of life. The wearing of a new pair of snow-boots that came up almost to my thigh in "the Rockies" nearly cost me my life, for their weight wearied me out, and when I returned to camp I fell asleep before the fire, and one foot got frost-bitten, while no medical comforts were at hand to dress it. On another occasion I was asked to a pleasant house in Ireland for a meet of the county hounds on the following day; the weather was broken, I missed a train, and had to drive a long distance on a car, not too well horsed so far as speed went, while snow retarded our progress greatly. Wishing to travel with as light a portmanteau as I could, I put on a pair of new butcher boots, and travelled in them, thereby hoping to economise space, and adapt the leather to the natural last. The dinner hour had long been passed when I arrived, and I was requested to come down as I was, after the necessary ablutions; after dinner there was a long *sederunt* in the *tabagie*, and the morning hours were beginning to wax large rather than small ere we broke up for bed. As bad luck would have it, there was no bootjack in the room I occupied, and, of course, it was too late to ring for assistance. I had tried everything, even to the bannisters, but the new leather stuck like glue, or a shirt of Nessus (if we must have a classical simile). The prospect of sitting down all night before your fire and getting broken bits of sleep only for restauration and refreshment was not

pleasant, but it seemed inevitable, when the happy thought struck me that the tongs in the grate might give one the necessary fulcrum if applied to the rung of a chair. They acted perfectly, and since then I have looked upon bootjacks as, of course, most useful, but not absolutely indispensable. The average pursuer may not be aware that in the absence of "trees" oats poured or shovelled into your boots will supply their place after a fashion.

While one is recounting *ana* of Nimrods old and Nimrods young, that "tale of a tuft" that has often been heard in "Peckwater" should not be forgotten; its hero has long since blossomed into a very leading light of the turf. The practice of "grinds" was a very favourite one at Oxford on days when from some cause or another fox-hunting or the Christ Church drag were impossible. They very often led to rows, more or less serious, but a little timely largesse, and a quiet tongue full only of the soft timely speech that turneth away wrath, generally availed to extricate the victim of bucolic fury when his horse failed to do so. On the occasion referred to half-a-dozen of these lively "larkers" were caught in a *cul de sac;* the farmer was present with his labourers, all armed of course with the instruments of husbandry. Triptolemus was on this occasion inexorable; he said his crops had been ravaged by "the hoof of the ruthless invader" for a long time, and that flesh and blood could not stand the outrages perpetrated by academic youths on "hirelings" any longer. Would they give their names and colleges? No. Well he would escort them into Oxford, and hand

them over himself to the anthorities. So with his body-guard he marched the prisoners towards the City of Spires, but on the way he indulged in friendly conversation with them, and found them all good fellows. One, the hero of the yarn, professed to be greatly struck by the cob Triptolemus was riding, and showed a desire to buy, and got down to inspect him, look at his mouth, &c. The farmer was full of selling hope, and had let go the reins, when our friend, who had furtively undone the throat-lash, whipped off the headstall, while a "pal" gave him a sharp cut with his whip, and Dobbin making a *volte-face*, galloped home with his burden—the terrified Triptolemus—while the "grinders" spurred on their hacks and escaped.

I do not know what hunting county this yarn pertains to, but I think the scene of it was in England rather than Ireland; a well-known young sportsman had come down to join a smart pack, where the M.F.H., a beau of better days, or at any rate younger ones, was a martinet so far as he could be about dress, and set a splendid example in his own well-groomed, well valeted person. This stranger sportsman was not arrayed with the neatness characteristic of the Fopshire followers, and his hireling hunter and his appointments did not show the polish customary to the cavalry of this chase; but whether his hide was psoric or not, the first thing he did when he reached the ploughed field near the covert, where the beauty and chivalry of Fopshire was congregated, was to roll in the loam, utterly regardless of his rider or appearances.

Now this rolling trick is as contagious as yawning

among humans—coughing in church or a concert room —or the tarantula dance among the Mediterranean mediævals, especially the Sicilians, and presently the master's gee-gee and half a dozen more were rolling in ecstasy, and fouling the exquisites who rode them sadly. When the M.F.H. had recovered, and got partially cleaned, he rode up to the stranger and asked him what he meant by bringing that circus horse into the field, with such horrible tricks! "Well, yes," said the visitor, "it's true he is a circus horse, but if he had not met 'the merryman' he would not have thought it necessary to *perform*."

Among *memorabilia* of hunting annals in Ireland, two cases occur to my recollection of strangers being rashly entrusted with county packs, with hardly any enquiry into credentials or recommendations. The county suffered severely in both cases. In one, a gentleman of means, whom I had met in England in the hunting field, was very anxious to be appointed to the vacancy. I duly submitted his name to the Committee, and said all I knew about him, which, however, did not amount to a great deal, as our acquaintance was slight; and I could not assure them of my own knowledge that he had all the sporting and other requisites for mastership, though he may have possessed them in an eminent degree. Instead of this solvent sportsman, the reins of office were handed over to "a gentleman from England," who, I have no doubt, had plenty of keenness and sporting "element," but he lacked cash, and the result was rather disastrous financially. Another gentleman was similarly invested

with the horn of office in a western county without enquiry or production of reference. I believe this man, too, would have succeeded had "his ship" arrived in time; as it did not, he decamped, and I fancy left a few lamenting. Gossip, too, was busy with the internal arrangements of "the castle," which he rented, and, indeed, a Surtees might have added a new novel to his charming series that tells of "Soapy sponge" and "Facey Romford," *et id genus*. How this ex-master must laugh at the recollections of his seasons in the Green Isle, and the *Green* Landers he met, for he was a humourist, and, indeed, I may add, a very pleasant fellow to ride home with. The Irish have ever been held to be *incuriosi suorum*, but experience has now taught them that native masters often prove first-rate, though, like prophets, they find scant honour in their own country. Several Irishmen have done well abroad, as, for instance, at Pau, and English countries have been offered to well known Irish masters.

I intended to have said something about the more remarkable riders I had met in the course of my journeyings to and fro—the labour would be light, for it is a pleasure to write about the doers of "deeds of derrin do" in the saddle, and to chronicle the chivalry of the chase, but when the number is so large, the nation being—*quâ* riding goes—"chivalrous," it would be both a tedious task and an invidious one. "Come here my lad and ride this horse over the river," said a well-known peer, who had made his mark in the Shires some decades previously, to a boy who was looking on from a rustic bridge at the "divarshion" of a run, "and

I'll give you half-a-crown." "Faix yer anner, I'd be glad to do that same for nothing" was the lad's reply, and a lad like this might have been found within many Irish hunting limits. A few paragraphs might, however, be devoted to distinguished hunt servants, whether born on the eastern or western side of the dividing Channel. In Kildare my memory carries me back to Stephen Goodall, who hunted the hounds during the mastership of Lords Clonmell and Mayo, a tall, thin, hatchet-faced man, sitting on his horse like a pair of tongs, intent upon what his hounds were doing, and little else. His riding looked automatic, if I may use the term, horse and man being, for the moment, machines in connection with the pack. Both masters mounted him well, and he well deserved the best that money and judgment could buy, as he hardly deviated from the direct line, and his hunters seemed one and all to sympathise with him, though he hardly touched their heads. While he was at Palmerstown, where the kennels were kept in Lord Mayo's time, a curious thing happened which can, I believe, be well vouched. Coming home one spring evening, he saw a bitch that was rearing some puppies carry off a baby that was in a perambulator towards her sucklings. Goodall was off his horse in a second and, finding a loaded gun in the hall, shot the bitch then and there; the bitch was a very valuable one, but Lord Mayo, of course, approved of the action; the baby had a wonderful escape, for it was uninjured. In the last century there were instances, I believe, of hounds eating hunt servants; now they occasionally eat each other.

Will Freeman, who hunted this pack for some seasons, was a very resolute rider, and the current joke was "where there's a Will, there's a way."

Frank Goodall, who now hunts the Kildare hounds so successfully, made his *début* in Meath, where he and Mr. Trotter were always in front (rival riders some said), although the latter was far less particular about his mount than his huntsman, and would often exchange with him. Always hard, Frank Goodall has moulded by degrees into a very judicious and fine rider over any Irish county, and as a huntsman he has managed to please an almost hypercritical field.

W. Scarth, who hunted the Kildare hounds under Sir Edward Kennedy, was a beautiful horseman, and sometimes rode to perfection. He was, however, what the French call *journalier*. He had his day, and was very uneven. Sir Edward told me that so particular was Scarth about "hanging a good boot," that he wore no stockings, not even silk ones. A serious sacrifice to τὸ πρέπον (toe).

Johnny Wallis, who hunts the hounds of the United Hunt in Cork, is said to do so admirably, and to be ever near them. But few men in Ireland have ever elicited more universal admiration than the late Lord Doneraile's huntsman, Johnny Walsh—the darling of the Duhallows; he was as quick as thought, and as good in the kennel as in the field.

Jack Press was considered by many in Meath, where he hunted the county hounds for several seasons, a first-class huntsman; a few critics placed him in the second; but of his fine riding there could be but one

opinion, for he learned the secret of getting over Meath in a very few weeks, and got wonderfully few falls considering how he rode there, hunting six days a week regularly; for, though the county pack only came out five days per week, Mr. Trotter invariably made him accompany him to the Ward meet on the sixth by way of giving him a holiday, and the distances in Meath are more than double the usual ones in England. He is now in Galway, and takes to the walls like a child of Connaught or Connemara.

In marshalling eminent hunt servants in Ireland, the illustrious name of Charley Brindley should never be passed over *sub silentio*. He was brought into Ireland from Staffordshire by the late Lord Howth, at the time he bought Sir Thomas Stanley's pack, and transferred them to the Dublin county. Charley Brindley was rather in the sere and yellow leaf when I first saw him hunting the Ward Union Staghounds, but even then he was quite a personage, as well as a *persona grata* to all hunting men; and his knowledge, good judgment, firmness, and admirable manner combined to make him an authority, and like Wordsworth's ideal woman formed "to guide, to govern, and command.' Even staghounds fail to "go on for ever" like the Tennysonian brook, and when his hounds were at fault and threatened by a thrusting mob, his "really, gentlemen, this is scandalous" brought the field to "attention." He was splendidly mounted, and the Empress of Austria purchased his well-known grey mare, "the Widow," for her own use. When he found years and infirmities creeping on him (he rode straight to the last,

but could not ride every horse), he resigned in favour of his son, Jem Brindley, who, with very scanty field support from his executive, manages to keep up the *prestige* of his pack untarnished and undiminished; though it must be confessed that a *vox auctoritatis* would help him greatly in his duties, for hounds get demoralised by constant overriding. Neither father nor son ever were *gallery* riders; but, crossing about the largest county in the world, few have ever gone straighter, with fewer falls, or smaller strain on horse flesh. Jem Brindley every now and then has "a flutter" with foxhounds, but he considers the sport very secondary to stag-hunting. Leather was considered supreme in the same way. Few men in life commanded more respect than Charley Brindley; his funeral *cortége* was enormous, and a very neat obelisk was erected to his memory, near Ashbourne.

George Woodman, now the huntsman of the County Down Staghounds, was another first-rate importation into Ireland. He turned for Jem Brindley for several seasons; then followed Lord Spencer to the North Pytchley country, and, I believe, wherever he has been he has given the utmost satisfaction. I am pleased to be able to state this, as I was responsible for bringing him over at the request of Mr. Leonard Morrogh.

Will Matthews is identified with the Westmeath Hounds. He has served many masters there, and pleased all; and though no longer in his first youth, is as fond of a good gallop, and as keen to ride as ever.

Harry Hardy, too, is almost part and parcel of the Louth establishment, with which he has been con-

nected for many years, to the great advantage of the pack.

Mick Connors, now, I believe, *emeritus*, served many years as first whip in that admirable but arduous school of Ballydarton, whose principal is Mr. Robert Watson, and who still not unfrequently, after a hard day's hunting in his Wexford country, has between twenty and thirty miles to ride to his Carlow home. Mountains here form a barrier between "the garden county" and the sea-board; mountains that are light enough to ride over in many places, but very severe in their gradients. From some unexplained cause or other, Mick's mount, as first whip on a day when the Carlow and Island Hounds met in that wild region, was a highly bred young horse, who was notorious as a hard puller, and who was wonderfully free with his hind legs. Mick was not young, but he was very brave, and remarked as he mounted, "that Slieve Buoy was a remarkably good bridle" (or as others might have put it, curb). After a fine hill run, some one asked Mick how he had fared, "Faith," said he, "by the time we were on the crest of the ridge, the baste was quite paceable, and at the end of the run, a child might have *milked* him."

The language of the country folk in regard to the chase is often very pointed and picturesque. I was asking a man about a horse's performance across country, when his description was, "Well now, he's a very *stammering* lepper." A volume of epithets could not have given a more graphic picture of a nervous, faint-hearted hunter. "Have you seen the hounds?"

quoth a belated or thrown out pursuer to a labourer. "No, Sorr, I havn't, but there's great '*horning*' going on down in the valley." "What sort of weather have you had down here this week?" "Well, yer anner, there's been a great '*wrastle*' between frost and snow of late, and the weather's mighty '*brittle.*'" "Foxy Jack" was the name by which Lord Spencer was known among the proletariat of Paddy Land, while the *haute volée* only got as far as the "Red Earl." His brother, "Bobby" Spencer, whom some of the wits of the H.C. christened the "Inarticulate Adonis," from his good looks smartness of style, and silence, used to hunt a little in Ireland, and on one occasion fancied that a brigade of brigands were about to loot him, when he was cut off from his company by his hunter's refusal of a fence, or some such cause. He had a very large note in his pocket, for whose safety he was solicitous, and when a few runners and "corner boys" swarmed round him, and told him to "stand," he compounded by tossing them all the silver he had, and riding off; really "the boys" only wanted the price of a drink, but then, even a Liberal M.P. from England does not know "all about Ireland and the Irish," though these pundits fancy they do, and claim to be the patentees of all knowledge of the Irish question.

When I wrote, a few pages ago, about the general acumen of editors, who may be, and probably are, utterly ignorant of many matters treated in their columns, I had in my mind's eye an instance within my own ken and purview. When at one of the horse shows at Olympia, I recollect I was asked to judge, along with

Lord Tredegar and Captain Ker, our proceedings were commented on in the Press, and what was my surprise to find that a writer of considerable vogue and ability had imagined that he was looking at a race or steeple-chase when the competing horses were sent round the ring or course, and wrote accordingly. His description was good enough, if he had only had *connaissance de cause*. As for sporting solecisms in the Press, and occasionally in books too, there is no lack of them! I read in a journal of immense circulation an account of a hunted stag "going to ground," though the details of this new subterranean departure were unfortunately omitted. I can hardly credit the assertion that fox-hounds hunted a fox *in a plough county* in England for an hour and three-quarters *without a check*, though I read it vouched by high authority; nor can I conceive what manner of hunters could have lived with them in this ploughy pursuit, and I may add that, having in my day found it hard enough to kill snipe with small shot, I am amazed at the accounts hazarded of their being brought to bag by rifle bullets. But this is an age of progress! On another occasion, writing about a gentleman whip to a pack of hounds, in describing his turning the pack, the editor improved the copy by substituting "returned," or some similar word! We can recollect Surtees' skit about the pack that "scorned to cry," and "the *ravishing* bouquet," but I was astonished to read in a clever, well edited paper the other day of a fox pointing *his snout* to such a place; as to "the dogs barking," as a description of hounds in full cry it is common enough.

I have said nothing about politics, which in Ireland are nearly as sickening as in America, where politicians are looked upon somewhat worse than "the pirates" were in early Attica. In the almost complete exclusion of the upper classes of all creeds from the management of the affairs of the country, circumstances, legislation, and, to a great extent, the want of patriotism and prudence in the gentry, are responsible. An O'Connell was impossible, had wise or generous counsels prevailed in England and Ireland.* The Parnell phalanx—a fighting phalanx—was the outcome of neglect, apathy, and jobbery on the part of the natural leaders of the people, a people most eminently ductile, and inclined to follow their chiefs with blind obedience. This fighting phalanx, weak, as a rule, in the advantages of birth and breeding—things greatly prized in Ireland —but strengthened by severe drill and discipline, and by its singleness of aim and purpose, and with fair business capacity, mastered the rules of the House, and became by degrees *une quantité pas négligeable.* We know its history, and how it became the arbiter of parties in the State, gradually achieving its ostensible aim and purpose, the crushing of landlord influence and power, and the aggrandisement of the peasantry. The resistance encountered was feeble to the last degree. There was no cohesion, no union to speak of, on the part of the lords of the soil, and the wedge was driven in deeper and deeper by a matchless organisation of priests and people. It is true the popular combination was occasionally led into serious mistakes, and

* Or Mr. Sharman Crawford's proposals considered.

their very successes led to arrogance and *outrecuidance* in action on several occasions; on the whole, however, they were most ably generalled; but the opposition was very weak, for it has been seen that wherever there was cohesion and organisation on the side of the landlords there complete triumph followed.

It may be said that I am a shoemaker guilty of not sticking to his last—"*ne sutor*," you know—but, on the other hand, I may say,

"Equitantem dicere verum
Quid vetat?"

and having been born and bred in the country, I may be supposed to know nearly as much about it as some of the Dulcamaras of the day. I have not ever gone into politics, or expressed opinions on the subject, till within the years of the present decade, when indifference or neutrality became something of a civic crime. I forget how many years ago—but I should think about ten or eleven—I was living at Enfield, in a house which had been the hotel of the Royal Canal in the pre-railway days, when the passengers of the fly-boats stopped for their breakfast *en route* to or from the west. Seven or eight minutes only were allowed for this rapid repast, but on one occasion a clever passenger managed to extend the time thus. There had been a crowd, and he had hardly swallowed a mouthful when the signal for starting was made. The passengers ran off, but this man stuck to his rashers and eggs, and, seeing the room clear, put all the silver spoons in the big teapot. The waiter came in, and, missing his plate, ran to the boat to give the alarm of robbery and "silver guilt;" by this

time our friend had quite assuaged his appetite, and going to the boat told the perturbed waiter to look in the "taypot." This digression over, let me state that as my hours for returning home from distant hunting grounds varied from 6 p.m. to 3 a.m., I gave a standing order that cold meat, liquors, &c., should be left on the table, with a kettle—to make tea, if desired—on the hob.

Returning one evening pretty early, I went into the dining-room and found a number of gentlemen sitting round the fire. I asked them what I could do to serve them, and so on, when their spokesman asked me if I should like to be returned to the House of Commons for my county. Of course I said "Yes, very much, but that I could not compass the expense." "Oh, never mind the expense, we'll see to that." "But then, gentlemen, I suppose I should have to take some pledges?" "Of course," was their reply. "Well then, gentlemen," I said, "let me assure you that I am greatly flattered by your proposal, but that every idea I have in the world in the matter of politics is probably directly opposed to yours; so let us have a drink together, and part the best of friends." I have not repented my decision since.

The Irish landlords, like Sarmatia, have fallen

"Unwept without a crime."

The law found them weak, and neither laws nor law makers interest themselves greatly about the weak. They were an anomaly, one of many hundreds in Ireland, having very little in common with the occu-

piers of the soil, of which they held the fee, and whose fruits they often spent in countries more congenial to their tastes. In Tudor times the "sell or sail" principle was applied to them, and absentees were forced to elect between settlement or sequestration, just as the pioneer in the Far West holds his prairie lands solely in virtue of improvement and occupation; but for subsequent centuries absenteeism flourished, and Ireland was depleted. The potato famine created a *régime* of many new men and old acres. These *novi homines* looked upon land as an investment, and required it to yield a high percentage, at the expense of their tenants; while land jobbers cleared the country wholesale of the smaller holders, who failed to meet their views. These clearances led to bloody reprisals on the part of the evicted, and brought a bad name on the landlords of Ireland, of whom the majority—and these of old family—erred far more on the side of leniency and long suffering than of hardship or inhumanity. Here is the testimony of a hostile writer from the Nationalist camp. "The majority of resident landlords did all in their power when the famine appeared. Many landowners found themselves on the verge of ruin. They had inherited property that was heavily mortgaged; the money paid for rent did not remain in their hands, but went to pay their creditors. The loss of a year's rent brought them fatally near seizure and bankruptcy; yet it must be acknowledged that a great many of them, who might have escaped disaster by hardship towards their tenants, preferred their own ruin."

Nor should it be forgotten that while a great number

of the proprietors were English or Scotch in blood and ideas, and the descendants of grantees, undertakers, and adventurers, another large proportion of proprietors were *bonâ fide* English landlords, and therefore, it may be presumed, incapable of the harrying and extortions which are laid to the charge of their class by the Parnellites, whose chief is himself a landlord and by no means a lenient one; indeed, he has confessed that, a Celtic Saul, "he persecuted the landlords" for his purpose, namely, power and aggrandisement, for it seems hard to believe that this hybrid Hibernian, said to be a clever calculator, could have calmly contemplated separation, or Home Rule, save as means to an end. He was returned for Meath on the cry of migration, or bringing the congestion of Connaught into the fertile pastures of the Royal shire; yet not a man was ever "migrated," and his own scheme in that direction attempted in Galway proved a miserable failure. As the Dictator of Ireland, holding the representation as "*pocket*" boroughs, he certainly succeeded; but even Sejanus fell as heavily as Humpty Dumpty, and Lucifer's doom was "never to rise again" after lapsing.*

There can be no doubt that the Irish farmer owes much to Mr. Gladstone; but, after all, the average farmer in three provinces is in a not much better plight than he was when the Land Bill was first passed; nor is this condition due entirely to foreign competition, as claimed, but rather to increased expenditure (especially in liquor), to relaxation of

* This was written long before the split in the camp, and Mr. Parnell's sad death in harness.

energy, the demoralisation caused by chronic agitation, and the mirage of prairie rents and abolished, disestablished landlords constantly floating before his eyes. The Land Bills have *enormously* enriched the country attorneys of these provinces, many of whom have been making judicial incomes out of judicial rents.

In ancient Athens, Mr. Gladstone would probably have been tried for the capital offence of debauching the public mind, in which he has succeeded wonderfully.

One figure rises, like that of the King of Israel, a head and shoulders above his fellow legislators and administrators, and that is Mr. Arthur Balfour's. His *æs triplex* of honesty of aim makes him invulnerable to the attacks of the Patriots, and his determination to see things for himself and brush away all cobwebs, whether official or oppositionist—as shown by his unarmed tour through the West—was a statesmanlike stroke of policy, such as this generation has not seen. "*Veni, vidi, vici*" might well be inscribed on his banner, and if ever sculptor wanted a model for a statue of "Justice to Ireland," Mr. Balfour should be taken as his model. Opinions differ greatly as to the wisdom or unwisdom of his inchoate Land Purchase Act. It is a desperate remedy for a country to weed out its highest, most loyal, and enlightened class; for it is idle to imagine that many, or at any rate the majority, of the present proprietors will stay on in Ireland, powerless and futureless; but peradventure the Gordian knot had to be cut. The attitude of the landlords who rally round Mr. Balfour under these circumstances is truly touching. It is a case of "Ave Cæsar! morituri te salutant."

No one can have lived long in Ireland without seeing how very much successive Ministries have governed and dealt with her for purely party purposes, and not in the interest of the country; from the Woolsack to the constabulary recruit, partisanship is pervasive—sometimes glaringly, in other cases sparingly—but, all the same, it is there, to the great detriment of the body politic, however advantageous it may be to the body political. This systematic jobbery partially led to the Home Rule movement, and there can be no doubt that this movement has done the State some service, and acted the part of a vigilant opposition. Of course no one for a moment supposes that if the Home Rule movement, as shaped by Mr. Gladstone in 1886, proved a reality, there would be a cessation of jobbery. It would probably be greatly aggravated, only the channels of promotion and influence would be different; but no shrewd, sensible Irishman, however he may shout for this sort of Home Rule, really craves for it, or would be satisfied to live under its sway, unless, indeed, he were in the governing circle, the ruling ring! He is perfectly aware that he is subject to no practical coercion under the present *régime*, that he is the freest agent in the world, but that under native rule he would be a comparative slave, as in many parts of Ireland he has been, more or less, all his life, between spiritual coercion that permeates his entire existence and tithes all his earnings most scrupulously, and the coercion of political tyrants, whose yoke he has lightly assumed, under the plea of patriotism; nor is it any relief to say, in the language of the poet,

"A tyrant, but our tyrants then
Were at the least our countrymen,"

for domestic tyranny is even more galling than foreign.

There is one aspect of the Home Rule cry and the agitation that has been going on for the past decade or more that has been generally overlooked. I mean the social side of the question. The diffusion of education, emigration, and the facilities of travelling, gradually opened the eyes of a younger generation of Irishmen to what they deemed the hardships and indignities of their position in life. The equals, sometimes the superiors, of the lords of the soil and their sons in knowledge and capacity, they were socially their inferiors, and quite excluded from any familiar intercourse with them, for they knew and felt that the system of caste was almost as rigid here as in India. The professions opened avenues to ambition, to be sure, for *la carrière* was *ouverte à tous les talents*, under certain conditions, but the process seemed slow, and it was an easier and more congenial work to pull down the landlord interest than to level themselves up to it, and the attitude of some agents to farmers and their sons—even more distant and haughty than that of the landlords—aggravated the mischief. Even the chase was, to a certain extent, "privileged" and exclusive, and the wisdom of broadening and popularising the institution had not revealed itself. Allan McDonough, the famous cross-country rider, for instance, who had settled in Kildare and had good means, for a long time made it a grievance that he was not allowed to ride in several races at the great county meeting, either as farmer or gentleman! Busi-

ness had not, as in England, created an aristocracy of its own, that would not be excluded, for business was considered a degradation. For instance, when a friend of mine, an English lady, remarked to the wife of a station-master, at a very petty station, that it must be a comfort to them to live so near a country town, where the shop-keepers formed a respectable class, she was quietly shut up by the reply, "We never mix with business people." This beats Castille!

The Tories have been styled "the stupid party" (though I think the reproach has been abundantly wiped away within the last *lustrum*), and the majority of the Irish gentry belonged to this stupid party, who, to a certain extent, enacted the *rôle* of ostriches, and were blind to the signs of the impending storm, blinder than the birds of whom we learn from that great naturalist Virgil that

"Nunquam imprudentibus imber
Obfuit."

However, that class has furnished both Church and State with brilliant exceptions to this incriminating sentence. From it arose our two greatest contemporary strategists; as Viceroys and diplomatists it can cite the *clara et venerabilia nomina* of Lords Monck, Dufferin, Mayo, Abercorn, Lansdowne, Londonderry, of Lawrence and Gillespie. Few men have wooed and won the muse of poetry with greater success than Aubrey de Vere. Among philanthropists, Lords Meath, Ardilaun, and Sir Edward Guinness* are contemporaneously conspicuous. Sir Howard Grubb and Sir Robert Ball have enabled

* Now Lord Iveagh.

us to learn on easier terms than before "The story of the heavens." The late Doctor Magee and Doctor Alexander are certainly not the least eloquent successors of that brilliant Barnabas whom the contemporary crowd styled Hermes—or Mercurius. In mastering Parliamentary tactics, who has shown himself more consummately skilful than Parnell? Who has read the riddle of the Sphinx more deftly than Mr. Villiers-Stewart, or who could have made a more masterly application of the law to the business of life and the facilitating of land purchase than Lord Cairns? These are but a few selections from a crowd of witnesses in proof that the intellect of the Irish gentry has not degenerated from its old high standard, though it must be confessed that the plaint of the poet as to the virility and patriotism of modern Greece found an echo in Ireland during the past crisis—

> "Of the three hundred grant but three
> To make a new Thermopylæ!"

But it may be asked why, with so much mental power, did not the landed gentry and their scions make a better stand in the battle of life? The condition of things in Ireland was mainly against them, coupled with the pervasive idea, in at least three provinces, that trade and business were derogatory to dignity. Let me take but a single instance, "e pluribus unum," as the Yankee legend has it. A good many years ago, a clever and enterprising aristocrat, Lord James Butler, uncle to the present Marquis of Ormonde, essayed to fill a vacuum, *valde deflendum*, in the milk supply of Ireland's capital. He was met with such immense indirect and semi-passive opposition from interested

parties that he had to abandon a seemingly promising enterprise. Instances of this kind could be multiplied *à volonté*. The "fair field and no favour" was wholly wanting, and even allowing that the details of such or similar projects were not always planned with perfect judgment, such failures prove abundantly that the spirit of enterprise was not wholly wanting in the upper classes, and that they were rather in advance of, than behind, the masses.

A cause, not often cited, has done a good deal to paralyse industry in Ireland—that is, the pastoral character of much of the country, in which the beasts of the field made the rent revenue, besides an ample margin of profit, by the mere process of mastication, just as their owners helped to pay a portion of the National Debt by quenching their thirst in the liquors of the land.

Agriculture is a far better school for thrift and industry than "grazing," pure and simple. "E pur si muove," Galileo's famous dictum, is true of Ireland, however poets and patriots may rave as to "the Niobe of Nations," and call Erin the Celtic Cinderella. Let us try to marshal a few names of those who have most conspicuously contributed to her advance and improvement within the last few decades, and among them I would put Sir Robert Peel and Lord Derby quite in the first rank, for the former statesman established the Constabulary Corps, who have for the most part kept the Queen's peace under all trials and circumstances; while the latter lit the torch of knowledge, "the wing whereby we mount to heaven," according to Shakespeare, in the establishment of national education.

O'Connell broke the chains of intolerance and bigotry, and achieved with apparently feeble means the emancipation of some millions of his countrymen—a Milesian Moses. Mr. Gladstone, up to a point, did good to Ireland. Michael Davitt, as the author of the National League—perverted as this great engine has been, and soiled by all ignoble use—must be looked upon as a great power in the land, and to a certain extent a benefactor to the Milesian masses. Canon Bagot found a land flowing with milk and honey indeed, but milk without method of manufacture, and butter branded as inferior. His energy and application have taught the people generally "a better way." He has been a true farmers' friend. Mr. Vere Foster, a Celtic Cadmus, has improved the writing of the masses marvellously; but he did more. He went out in an emigrant ship to America spontaneously, realised the horrors of the "middle passage," and induced the Government to correct and mitigate them. Lords Caledon, Ormonde, and Waterford were pioneers in reviving the woollen industries of Ireland, now very fairly flourishing. The Guinness family have done much to recast and recreate Dublin, while the Roes and Findlaters have aided in this cause. Harland and Wolff, Marcus Ward, and many similar Belfast worthies have raised Belfast to the summit of commercial fame. Father Davis and the Baroness Burdett Coutts have aided materially in developing the fishing industries of Ireland.

In the earlier portion of this volume, I introduced a story, possibly apocryphal, of a *padre* who had threatened to metamorphose a contumacious "gossoon" into

a goat. Here is a pendant to it, but again, like Herodotus, I must decline responsibility for its authenticity. A farmer had offended his priest for some cause or another—perhaps, like Jockon of Norfolk, he had been "too bold," but, at any rate, "the holy man" threatened to turn him into the form of a rat. The man went home to his Lares and Penates, and boasted how he had bearded the spiritual tyrant, and how the latter, discomfited in argument, menaced his metamorphosis into the form of a rat. "Of course," he added, "I know he can't do that, *but, Molly, it might be prudent not to leave the cat under the bed to-night.* The hierarchy of Ireland, with a few noble exceptions, floated on the rising tide. They have reaped their reward in loss of power and *prestige* and the respect of their flocks. But to show the duresse laid upon some priests who refused to go with the multitude to do evil, I would cite the case of a man who refused to have League meetings in his parish, and took measures to enforce his will. "The powers" sent down two curates of the National creed and cult to the parish. To these men the farmers "attorned," and gave them free-will offerings galore, while their parish priest might have starved for all they cared. The latter stood the blockade as long as he could, but seeing no relief, he in his turn became a rat, and verted round.

No one who has endeavoured to scribble even a little has failed to have relations with publishers. Now publishers, posing often as Mæcenases, are as often styled, in Swinburnese, Barabbases. As a rule, they are neither one nor the other, but shrewd factors and

middlemen, who, knowing their business and sticking to it, make money in spite of considerable risks, though their failures are occasionally conspicuous. Like the famous fat knight in the matter of wit, they are sometimes literary themselves, but always the means of the diffusion of literature in the land. They sometimes entertain angels unawares, in the shape of poets and novelists of high class in embryo, and sometimes they hit upon real rich veins and lodes, to pursue another analogy, but the mass of their material is trap rock, pure and simple. Therefore, caution marks the guarded way, and enterprise gets chilled; but the *cacoethes scribendi* may always be calculated upon, seemingly, and the vanity of the scribbler may be depended upon for an income. Of course they make hard bargains and some mistakes, but, on the other hand, how graciously have they often acted! That their rules and methods are sometimes Procrustean, I can answer by a little personal experience. I had read bits of the Baron Mandat de Grancey's little volume on Ireland, and was much taken by its insight and cleverness, and, knowing one or two mutual friends, I wrote to the Baron, proposing to translate it into English. Meanwhile, I tried in vain to get a publisher to undertake the issue of the translation. The same answer came from all, "Translations don't pay." I gave up what seemed a hopeless enterprise, but I find that the translation, admirably done as it was, has paid magnificently.

I remarked on the introduction of "law and order" into the favourite national pastime of steeple chasing or "lep racing." Let me illustrate it by an anecdote,

which I believe to be authentic, though, as I was miles from the scene of the tragedy, I cannot verify it as a personal experience. An officer in the old 36th regiment of the line, Captain Shaw, the brother of the famous chief of the London Fire Brigade, rode well, and made some money by racing in Trinidad with an old mare of mine. When he sold out of the Service he hankered after riding greatly, and would take a mount as an amateur on anything available. This raised the jealousy of the professional jocks, who said he was spoiling their trade, and vowed vengeance. Soon after this Captain Shaw was ridden on, and died from the effects of his injuries. If this was done designedly, and with malice prepense, it was akin to murder pure and simple. Such a thing could hardly occur now, the punishment would be so exemplary.

A distinguished General told me not long ago that when getting up as a subaltern to ride a chase in Ireland, he was warned to go off at score, as the jocks meant "to go for him." Ho did so, took the lead and kept it fortunately; else might the Service have lost a leading light.

En qualité de chroniqueur des chasses, I suppose I ought to relate my sole experience of organised opposition to hunting in Ireland. It happened in Kildare about 1886, when at this time, owing to poison having been laid for hounds on roads by a few malevolent miscreants, they went to covert muzzled. The earlier draws proved foxless, and as we went along some bye road or other a couple of hounds picked up something, and I rather think one died at once, while butter and mustard

promptly administered to his mate ultimately, I believe, saved his life. If I recollect right, we found a fox at "the Bowery Gorse," who was accounted for somehow, without much achievement. About a mile off, on much higher land, was the good gorse of Hatfield, that clothes a large depression between two grassy little hills. Three sides of the quasi-parallelogram which it forms can be ridden round without obstacle, the fourth was protected by two huge fosses with rather peaty banks, impassable to the ordinary hunter; in this *place forte* was a large vociferous mob, presumably hired for the purpose, for they were not natives. They had a reservoir of stones that they threw with great precision at the hounds, who had found a brace of foxes, and were driving them through and round the gorse. Every hound hit howled, but went on pursuing gallantly, and the foxes for a long time seemed loth to break. At last one went away, and broke through the opposing cordon; so did the hounds, regardless of stones, shouts, and minatory missiles, at least two-thirds of them, for the remaining third was "tied" to the second fox, and would not forego the chance of killing him. Of course the stoners concentrated their energies on this third, and would perhaps have succeeded in cutting them off had not Colonel the Hon. C. Crichton ridden at them, as they stood behind a stone-faced bank, while the tail of the field rallied to his support. There was no contest, and the stone-throwing ceased; but I am forgetting the best episode of the day. Major St. Leger Moore, though a light weight, can use his fists, and to save his hounds he rode across the gorse nearly up to the ringleader, and told

him that if he liked he would accommodate him with a round or two. The hero declined the ordeal by bare knuckles, but the crowd evidently sympathised with the Major, whom they declared to be "a very pleasant man." Two miles from this scene of strife everything was most peaceful. A fox was found, and a smart run crowned the day's divarshon.*

Land League meetings, or parochial parliaments, occupied much of the national energy and life of Ireland, and were supposed to be the precursors of that Home Rule that was to create a Milesian millennium. I only attended one, and a drearier or more dismal function I never witnessed; my presence there was in this wise. I had attended a Protestant church service in the parish church, at the top of a small village. Suddenly, while our rector had got half way through his hebdomadal homily, there was a sound of drums and fifes very audible, and the worthy homilist and pious predicator, with a fine touch of national exaggeration, turned his discourse on these martial musicalities, and pointed out the perils of his little flock, who were probably as safe in their pews as in their beds at home! After the blessing and dismissal the little flock dispersed. I went to the hotel for my trap, but on the way met the Constabulary inspector in uniform, who invited me to accompany him to *the magnificent demonstration* a few yards off. In the chair was a good sort of jolly hunting farmer, whose fast friendship with John Jameson proved ultimately fatal. He was called to the chair because pos-

* In another county an armed Amazon cut the M.F.H.'s reins with a knife.

sibly he might have had some difficulty in standing, and two young curates of sinister aspect, "sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought," perorated to thirty or forty gaping rustics about the rights of man (particularly the Irishman) and the wrongs of land tenure. I could not listen to their dialectical dulness for more than a quarter or half an hour; there was no enthusiasm, no life, no "go" about the whole thing. The meeting was *al fresco*, with a platform for the chairman and speakers, and the listeners would have been the despair of the owner of a booth at a country fair; such was my sole experience. I believe it was more "magnificent" than many.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it."

Gay.

I FEAR the following story is *not* genuinely Irish, though witty enough to come from Paddy Land. A buyer at a fair had, as he conceived, made a most eligible purchase, and for that reason suspicion was a little aroused in his breast; so, after paying the seller, he begged him to tell him of his hunter's shortcomings, if any. "Well," says the latter, "I can only think of two at this moment." "And pray what are they?" "The first is that if you put him at a fence he is certain to fall, and get away; and the second is that when you've caught him he ain't worth a cent."

Ireland is overrun every month by English dealers, amateur and professional, all seeking for that philosopher's stone—a cheap, good horse. That he exists there can be no doubt, for I have given the reader one or two "modern instances," but they are nearly as rare as a four-leaved shamrock or a Killarney fern, and far more than the price of a good horse is paid by the unwary and sanguine quester in his search, and in the number of melancholy misfits that must be the result—every sportsman fancies he knows *a* horse, or, at any rate, *his* horse—in reality, not one in a thousand is really a first-rate judge, even of his own requirements in horseflesh, and the average buyer will find much

profit and ease of mind in leaning implicitly on the authority of recognised past masters in the science of picking up hunters.

There are, however, one or two golden rules to adopt in casting about for horseflesh through the country, and the first of these is, I think, never to get on a young horse till you have seen him tried and ridden first. I recollect being asked to mount a colt at the Dublin Horse Show for a friendly farmer. A new double bridle looked suspicious, but he assured me it was *his* horse's bit, so to oblige him I got up, but was hardly in the saddle when the brave beast reared bolt upright and I fell back upon some iron tools, and was in bed for some time in consequence. The horse probably had never had a double bit in his mouth previously, and resented it. On another occasion I was staying with a master of hounds and he begged me to come and look at a very fine, blood-like colt of a neighbour of his, who, of course, was not averse to a deal. Looking down his forelegs I fancied I saw a blister trace and declined getting on, and it was fortunate I did not, as his owner, who was a first-class rider, had some difficulty in retaining his seat, so fresh and above himself was the flatcatching colt, and when he had tamed him, he proved dog lame on the leg I had suspected.

In the next place, pedigrees must be received with caution; most horses in Ireland have "family" enough for hunting purposes, and if they show breeding and quality that ought to suffice.

In the third place be sure to be accompanied in your exploration of the country by not only *a* veterinary

surgeon, but *the best* that the neighbourhood affords. It will prove infinite economy, even on the ground that two heads are better than one, and if you can, get a veterinary surgeon who is in the habit of hunting *in propriâ personâ*. Of course there are numbers of things in a horse that even veterinary acumen and your own experience cannot discover, for, in a horse, as in a woman, there are undiscovered, undiscoverable depths of goodness or perhaps its reverse—

> "Yet Chloe sure was formed without a fault,
> Nature in her then err'd not but forgot.
> With every pleasing every prudent part,
> Say what can Chloe want? She wants a heart"

—and "heart" is beyond any diagnosis.

In "faking" horses I think the English coper is supreme; but even the simple Celt in a frieze coat proves very ingenious and ready; and in the frays at fairs between buyers and sellers the Saxon is not always the victor. The story is told of a shrewd Yorkshireman who bought a horse of apparently good class, a bargain, at a fair, because he did not go quite evenly—the owner saying he thought he must have trodden on a stone; but when he was taken to the nearest forge it was found that two little pebbles had been specially inserted to make the action evener than it would otherwise be. There are magnificent diamonds to be picked up in the Transvaal, as well as nuggets of gold; but it is very long odds against any enterprising Englishman picking up either by going out as an adventurer; and it may be well to state that, in addition to the great hunter dealers, such as Messrs.

J. Daly, E. Macdonald, T. Donovan, together with a few eminent and well-known amateurs, there are legions of professional or semi-professional horse buyers throughout the country, and that every one of them has his retinue of retainers in the shape of touts, runners, and spotters; so that it would be very hard indeed for any well-bred likely horse to escape their lynx-eyed vigilance. Hence the casual coper or quester has necessarily to content himself with "their leavings;" and as the dealers I have referred to are able and willing to give very long prices for the genuine article, and, as a rule, know it, the casual has but a poor selection, for

> "Big fleas have little fleas,
> That constantly do bite 'em,
> And these again have lesser ones,
> And so *ad infinitum*."

We introduced, some pages ago, a story of a well-known good hunter escaping recognition when clothed in splendid stable sheets, and introduced to high life and high condition. Here is a sort of pendant to it:—A well-known and most accomplished Horse Gunner quartered often in Ireland, was remarkable for his admirable turn-out with hounds, though generally credited with the habitual ownership of showy "screws" rather than sound hunters. One of his friends met him at Ballinasloe fair, and was taken to a box where, bandaged up to the knees, sheeted, and double sheeted, was the outline of a blood-like horse, whom we may call "Archimedes" from his leverage. "How much for 'Archimedes'?" "250 guineas." "I'll give you 25,"

was the reply. "Done," said the owner delightedly, and with a hearty hand grasp, "Archimedes" was transferred to his new master. I recollect losing the sale of a colt in this wise: while I was living at "Old Town," near Naas, somewhere about the close of a hot July, a friend of mine drove up to the cottage and introduced me to an ex-master of hounds in England, to whom he was showing the country. As there were no lions in the vicinity, I showed him a few hunters, and sent them round a little course which was rarely hard, and could be used all the year round. Among them was a good-looking chestnut colt who got a prize at the Dublin Horse Show a few weeks subsequently, but he looked very well on that day, as his rich early coat had not begun to break up. The ex-M.F.H. or ex-M.H. became very "fond" after he had seen him ridden round, first by my man, then by myself, and kept on saying, "What would Murray of Manchester ask for a horse like that?" I said I really did not know, but that I fancied 250 guineas would be a big price for him. "Would you really take 250 guineas for him?" "Indeed I would, gladly." "May I try him?" "Of course!" In imagination I saw the cheque, and told my man to alter the stirrups, &c.; but it was a day of horse flies on the rampage, and the chestnut was black with them, and kept pawing with his forelegs, and stamping with the hind ones to get rid of the irritating incubus, though without an idea of kicking. Judge of my astonishment when I saw the would-be buyer, instead of mounting by the colt's shoulder, trying to do so from his hind quarters; and, as he was

hesitating over the job, the maddened horse hit him on the leg as he was preparing to climb, and I heard nothing but "Oh, the unmannerly brute," and so on. But really the want of manners was in the man, who ought to have known more about mounting a young horse.

Little mention has been made in these jottings about M.F.Hs.' wives! Possibly the typical M.F.H. is the unencumbered bachelor who is absorbed by his devotion to Diana, or, in other words, to his pack and pursuit; but that an M.F.H. can be materially aided by a *cara sposa* who shares his ambitions and furthers his views, and makes his house pleasant and popular is abundantly proved by several modern instances in Ireland, that need not now be referred to. In the case I am about to quote, my lady M.F.H. was rather Vere de Verish in her ways and ideas, and had not quite assimilated those democratic notions that her husband had adopted with his horn of office. On one occasion two gentlemen had come to see the M.F.H. on business, and, as it was luncheon time, he invited them to join the family party, though he was busy with something or other, and did not accompany them, merely introducing them to his wife. These gentlemen were rural rather than urban, and perhaps more at home with hounds and horses than in ladies' society, so Mrs. M.F.H., *en bonne femme*, tried to make them comfortable, and in vain pressed them to partake of the good things going. "You seem, gentlemen, to have very poor appetites," she observed to the least shy of the stranger pair; "I wish I could think of some-

thing you would really relish!" "Why yes, my Lady," observed the addressee, "I have indeed a very small and poor appetite, but what little I have *I reserve for the drink.*"

This reminds me how long ago an English or Scotch family came to settle in a midland county in Ireland for farming and other purposes. Of course their advent created some excitement in a dull Bœotian neighbourhood, and any bit of gossip that could be gathered anent them was acceptable. One *quidnunc* paying a morning visit, said he had discovered that these people dined at one o'clock, when a gentleman of the elder school interposed with the query, "And pray, sir, do you mean to tell me that they drink punch from 1.30 p.m. till they go to bed?" his respect for their capacity of absorption being evidently vastly enlarged by the conception!

A propos of punch, a story is told of an Irish landlord who was a familiar and by no means an unornamental figure on the *pavé* of Pall Mall, and the steps of its clubberies. He had business in Ireland, and crossing over to Dublin found himself in the smoking room of one of the chief clubs of that city which Lady Morgan has pelted with those adhesive alliterates of "dear and dirty." "Waiter," he said, "bring me the last 'Punch.'" It was early in the day, but the waiter probably looked upon him as a *bonâ fide* traveller, and so in two minutes he appeared with "the groceries," or "the matarials," in the shape of a small decanter of the craythur, a tumbler, hot water, sugar, lemon, &c., to the Pall Maller's infinite surprise.

Whiskies and sodas have now replaced punch, but in

my early days, even after a bottle of claret, punch was sometimes invoked as a settler and stomachic, and well I can recollect the amusement a parson's wife, who affected "the highest social flights," afforded a company of ladies and gentlemen after dinner, when asked if she would take some punch by the host, exclaiming "Punch, sir, what is punch?"*

I suppose the question will never be satisfactorily settled as to whether we moderns are equal in wit or humour to our forbears, and whether counterparts to Curran, Burke, Goldsmith, or "Father Tom" could now be found. Perhaps the fountain of wit plays as brightly and sparkingly as ever, but the opportunities for its production and reproduction are not so common as of yore, when conversation was a fine art, conversaziones a reality, and burlesques were hardly thought of. Lord Morris keeps up the tradition of Hibernian humour in London, where, if a Lord of *Appeal* titularly, he is responsible for almost as many *peals* of laughter as was in his day Sydney Smith, the comical canon! What could be neater than his reply to Lady Barbara Battleaxe, when she cross-questioned him about the use of the Druidical misletoe in Ireland? "Oh yes, of course we kiss in Ireland, but then we prefer doing it *under the rose.*"

His O'Sheana jokes are too new to quote.

Ireland hailed Charles Stuart Parnell as her "uncrowned king." Sir Oriel Foster was soon afterwards styled "the half-crowned king," because the Land Com-

* Millions of bottles of aerated waters are consumed annually in Ireland, diluted with whiskey, of course.

missioners had ordered the rent of one of his tenants "who took him into court" to be raised half a crown per acre!

There was a touch of real wit in the nicknames given to three lovely young ladies going out in Dublin, one of whom had rather weak eyes, namely, "Cherubim," "Seraphim," and "Continually do Cry."

A witty little Peer was quite "on the spot" when hearing that Mrs. ——— was engaged to the fiery-faced Commander of H.M.'s brig "Volage," declared it must be a case of "scorbutic affection," and when the same little Lothario was supposed to be in the running for a lovely widow, Dublin dubbed him forthwith as the "widow's mite."

Allusion having been made to the pleasant practicalities of joking in some families in Ireland, let me illustrate it by a sketch of a scene that actually took place in a great house somewhere about the fifties. A certain venerable M.F.H., known to be a first-class judge of hounds and horses, was also reputed an admirable sampler of the wines of France and Spain, as well as of the insular nectar concocted by John Jameson and his peers; but that sublime knowledge ("e cœlo descendit *γνῶθι σεαυτόν*") of his own powers enabled him always to order his carriage at the critical time, and on one of these convivial occasions "the convaniancy" had been ordered to the door, and as he was a general favourite he was followed to the hall, and his Cotta Mor was duly hoisted on to his manly frame. It felt ponderous to a degree, and no wonder, for one of the young bloods of the house had filled it with every

bit of loose silver that could be collected—spoons, forks, salt cellars, cups, &c.—and beneath the unwonted weight of this top and bottom hamper the hunter of foxes began to reel, and when a rug caught his foot he was entirely unable to right himself, and tottering, fell heavily, whilst the silver ballast rolled all over the place, to the intense amusement of the guests, who rushed to the hall at the silvery summons, and the hardly-disguised delight of the men in powder, while the victim looked like a bemuzed Benjamin, when the cup was found in his sack!

Mr. Beatty, for many years master of the Wexford Hounds, has been referred to before as a good specimen of a past generation of keen sportsmen. His old kennel huntsman, Morrissey, however, has not been among our *dramatis personæ*, and represented a caste of sporting servants in Ireland now, alas! nearly extinct, seeing that now service is no longer, as erst, inheritance, and that identity of interests between masters and men is almost a thing of the past. It was not so, however, with old Morrissey, who was nearly as much identified with the fortunes of the Wexford kennels as the Smiths were with those of the Brocklesby Hunt, and being a good deal senior to Mr. David Beatty, he was wont to talk of that venerable venatic as "the Gossoon," and was fearlessly outspoken to him; a Celtic Pigg in fact. "Will ye take your second horse, now master?" he said on one occasion, riding up to Mr. Beatty; and when the latter replied, "Not now; bye-and-bye I'll take him." "Faith ye'd better take him while ye can get him, for ye won't have the chance again."

The Royal Dublin Society, founded in the year 1731, is an institution of which every Irishman may well be proud; for thoroughly non-political and unsectarian, though Catholic in its aims, it has done more to develop the resources of Ireland than Acts of Parliament or Royal Commissions. One of its departments is better known, *orbi et urbi*, than any other, namely, that of horse breeding and horse culture, through its annual August exhibitions in the meadows by the banks of the devious Dodder—classic ground, for near there was held the famous fair of Donnybrook, originally a horse mart of many days' duration, but latterly devoted to the cult of the shillelagh and the Eros of Erin. With the Government grant that enabled the Society to annex these show grounds, the Exhibition sprang at once from the second to the first rank, until, for the last eight years or so, it has easily held the pride of place among all such gatherings. Every year seems to bring a fresh crop of improvements which are at once acknowledged as such, though in the previous one everything seemed nearly perfect. The highest tribute to the excellence of its arrangements is the enormous annual influx of visitors to Dublin, notwithstanding the claims of moor and mountain, foreign travel, and yachting engagements. Judging, too, has much improved, though it cannot be said to be perfect yet; witness the oversight and neglect of such a horse as "The Sinner," who combined splendid action and true shape with the highest quality, not long ago. But many of the faults that marred the show when held in Kildare Street have been eliminated, and it must be called decidedly "pro-

gressive." In one thing only is it somewhat stationary and slow, and that is in not adding to its attractive programme *a hound show*, such as that held at Peterborough every year. We have already shown that *well-bred* and cared Irish foxhounds can compete with the world. Lords Doneraile and Waterford have proved this to be a fact; but, as a rule, Irish hounds are inferior to English, and want the stimulus of science and competition to raise their standard of excellence. From the abundance of milk, Ireland is eminently fitted for hound raising, and 'twere needless to point out the impetus such a show would give to hound breeders and to hound "walkers" as well, thus broadening the basis of the chase. The Society has ample space at its command, as well as ample funds; and it need not be stated here that hunters depend upon hounds, and form a corollary to them; nor need it be shown how such an exhibition would, if merely in the matter of colour, impart much brightness to the buildings, and be a great treat to hunt servants on either side of the Channel. Rather a good story may find room here. A well-known welter weight exhibited a cob which would hardly have been placed by judges in the first or second rank, but he was thick and "stuffy," and had manners, and some Belgian buyers seemed to fancy him much. "I saw them put a 'bon' to his name in their catalogue, and as I am a *linguist* I saw my market, and asked and got £250 for him!" Moral—foreign languages should be cultivated, for where would Greek, even Gaisford's Greek, have been in such a contingency?

In the days of one's youth one constantly heard of Henry Marquis of Waterford and his practical jokes. How he had his guest's or visitor's horse whitewashed while he was busy entertaining him; and how he scared timorous neighbours by driving about with young lion whelps in his trap (by the bye, Lady Wodehouse always went about in Demerara with a tame tiger cat), in fact, there was no end to the tales of similar pleasantries, which caustic French critics might call *mauvaises plaisanteries*. One, however, of the more famous practical jokes may, perhaps, merit a revival or exhumation in this dull age, and this dull volume, for there was some fun in the conception, and some wit in the carrying out of it. It seems that his lordship was a constant visitor at his uncle's, the Irish Primate's, house in London, and was, in fact, domesticated there in his early career. To this house came one day an infuriated tailor, whose long suffering had been exhausted, to complain to the Primate of his nephew's treatment *in propriâ personâ*, and Lord Waterford knew that he had written to his uncle to the same effect before. So when he learnt who the visitor was, he desired the footman to show him into the study, and tell him his Grace would see him in a few minutes; meantime the young Peer was arraying himself in his uncle's garments and wig, and when he came into the room he asked the visitor what he wanted, and so on, whereupon the artist unfolded his tale, and unbosomed himself of his griefs, speaking in the most opprobrious manner of the defaulter. "Come, come," said the pseudo-Primate, "I cannot allow my nephew to be

vilipended in that way; he may be careless, he may be unpunctual, but a scoundrel and a swindler! never!" The man persisted in his language, whereupon the Church militant told him to defend himself as best he could, and gave him a practical proof that he had not been a bad pupil of Dutch Sam's. Needless to say, the Primate, on his return, made his nephew pay up handsomely for this little joke and Primatial personation. Dean Swift was not an Irishman, though the wittiest man in all Ireland, and the appreciator of wit in others, as evidenced by the thrice-told tale of his finding his riding boots unpolished one day when he proposed to ride from Larracor to Dublin, his butler declaring that it was not his business, while the groom declared that they would be dirty again in a few minutes, so sloppy were the roads, and that it was no use cleaning them, whereupon the rector, knowing that neither had broken his fast (though he had), ordered them to accompany him to Dublin at once, and go to the stable for their horses. It is a very long road, and when a countryman met these two hungry men in the Doctor's wake he asked them where they were bound for. "To heaven," said the readiest of the pair, "for the master's praying and we are fasting." The rector was immensely pleased with this ready repartee. The Doctor, in the evening of his life, when his brain was not always under his control, wrote the following quatrain on the Magazine which was being built in the Phœnix Park, Dublin—

"Here is a proof of Irish sense,
Here Irish wit is seen,
When there is nothing worth defence,
They build a magazine."

Who shall say that a similar censor is not required occasionally in comparatively modern Ireland? Witness the following three resolutions passed in a certain city, that is *not* known as Gotham :—

1. That a new gaol be built.
2. That the new gaol be built out of the materials of the old one.
3. That the old gaol be not pulled down until the new one be built.

The late Bernal Osborne, a citizen of the world, was Irish by domicile and by marriage ; he was the father of as many *bon mots* as any of his contemporaries, perhaps. Here is one, "*e pluribus unum.*" Cashel, in the co. Tipperary, used to return its member to the House of Commons prior to the Reform Bill ; and its corruption in the matter of votes was notorious. Some one at Newtown-Anner, his Tipperary home, was discoursing about its storied past, and its having been the capital of Munster at one time, known generally as "Cashel of the Kings." "Cashel of the Kings?" said Bernal Osborne, "nay rather, *Cashel of the sovereigns!*"*

Having alluded to Sir Edward Kennedy as one of the keenest and most earnest of M.F.Hs., let me illustrate the characteristic by an anecdote or two. A large field from Dublin had come to one of the Saturday meets, and conspicuous at the side of the gorse was a stranger to Sir Edward, who was as keen for a start as

* One of Bernal Osborne's *mieux mots* was his rejoinder to the O'Gorman Mahon at an election in Ireland, when "he hurled back the imputations of the last speaker *in his teeth, if he had any.*"

if he was riding in silk for a T.Y.C. sprint. The fox had broken and got headed back again, and one or two young hounds had followed the line, with the thruster after them. In vain did the irritated M.F.H. appeal to him to "hold hard," vociferated from the tone of appeal and entreaty to that of command. So he rode straight up to him, exclaiming, "Arretez vous, monsieur, arretez vous, je vous en prie!" The foreign tongue turned him, and he apologised in English, when Sir Edward replied, "I addressed you, Sir! several times in English, and you took no heed, so I fancied you must be a foreigner, and not accustomed to hunting." It was said "sarkastic," as Artemus Ward puts it.

He had the greatest aversion to a crowd of carriages on a road parallel to a covert over which the fox might wish to cross to make his point, and seeing a string of vehicles blocking the way where the fox would probably try to pass, he rode up to the coachman of the first, and asked who was dead. "No one, sorr," was the reply. "Oh, indeed," quoth the master, "I fancied there must be a funeral, from the throng of carriages."

A propos of funerals, a story is told of a huge funeral breaking in on a fox hunt in Kildare, when the hounds had just come to a check at a road which was bordered by woodland on both sides. The field had drawn up respectfully to let the *cortége* pass, and hats and caps had been duly doffed in respect, when one of the bier bearers turned round to the huntsman and asked, "Did yez kill him?" Needless to say, the bathos of the query took away the sense of solemnity.

From the earliest glimpses into history we see man

ever striving, and more or less successfully, to overcome the limitations put by nature to his ambitions. The "*oceanus dissociabilis*" has been bridged over by steam and sail, and a girdle has been placed round the world that in one sense annihilates space and time. Horace tells us that "wings were not given to man" ("*pennis non homini datis*"), yet man has been attempting to fly since Icarus' essay, and between the balloon and the parachute has gone some way towards the attainment of this goal; but the wings that commend themselves most to the ordinary individual are the speed and the stoutness of horses. Nor are even very heavy men deterred from adopting these means of flying over a county to the music of hounds; and there have been some very good welters among the names I would jot down, for I suppose a welter weight may range from 15 to 20 stone. Let masters or acting masters of hounds come first—Sam Reynell, the Marquises of Waterford (uncle and nephew), Captain Ker, Colonel Malone, Jack Gubbins, Frank Joyce, Pat Dunne, Lord Mayo, Simon Mangan, the Hon. Harry Bourke, James and John Meldon, J. Sawyer, J. Chapman, O'Connell Murphy, J. B. and T. Carew, Anthony Browne, Tom Gerrard, E. Purdon, Mr. McCall, A. Allen, Major Allfrey, Alfred West, Lord Carlow, General Fraser, V.C., M.P., Colonel Tomkinson, Lord Enniskillen, Captain Gore, Tom Leonard, and Wray Palliser. Most of these men I have seen going right well—a few extraordinarily well—yet their average avoirdupois would be over 16 stone considerably.

The question is sometimes asked, Can a good man

get over Ireland fairly well on a bad or very moderate horse? It is quite true that some men can make shift with a middling horse far better than others. They will find out his peculiarities promptly and humour them; but I believe that the man is not born yet who can cross an average Irish country, with or without hounds, on a bad horse, or one whose formation forbids the hope of making him a hunter. An immense number of men who "fancied themselves" have attempted the task, but in eleven cases out of twelve the failure has been signal, and within the last few weeks I saw Mr. J. O. Trotter, who had renewed his acquaintance with his old hunting grounds, completely discomfited in a few fields by a brute; and what Mr. Trotter cannot accomplish is hardly worth attempting. True it is, that natural jumpers, on whom little schooling has been bestowed, are met with occasionally in Ireland. Perhaps in these cases "heredity" asserts itself; perhaps, as Whyte Melville suggests, they have learnt while yet suckling from a lepping mother, who would wander over the country in search of fresh fields and pastures new (I believe the quotation says "woods," but that's a detail). But such a horse was "Blood Royal," Captain Davis's famous hunter and chaser sire, who passed when a colt into the possession of that very eminent Dublin dealer William McGrane. Tom Pickernell and Captain Lawrence were among his amateur jocks, and the latter was given a mount on "Blood Royal" with the Kildare hounds, whose meet was within seven or eight miles of the Milesian metropolis—Castlebagot, perhaps, or Kingswood. William

McGrane and some friends were driving on the car of the country, and Captain Lawrence was riding alongside of them on this handsome colt. A tempting looking gap, offering potentialities of a mile or two of grass pastures parallel to the hard high road, made Captain Lawrence ask Mr. McGrane, who really knew hardly anything about the colt, if he should put him into the country. "By all means," was the reply;" and McGrane and his friends were delighted, and not a little astonished, to see the horse sailing away straight for several miles just like a hunter of many seasons! He won the Downshire afterwards from thirty odd competitors when the course at Punchestown was twice as severe as it now is, for amongst other obstacles it included the wall behind the grand-stand that is now left out of the running track.

I recollect staying with a master of harriers in the south-west of Ireland a long time ago, and asking him if he knew a likely weight carrier following his hounds. "No," he said, "but yesterday I saw a big farmer going right well on a grey." Snipe shooting took me to this farm very soon, and I asked for a view. The farmer gave it readily. I asked for a bridle and a saddle, but there was no saddle in the place, and the farmer, jumping on the grey, bare-backed, performed prodigies of bank jumping, while the price was right, and I even hardened my heart to throw a lep or two myself; but when it came to a deal and looking at mouths my gallant grey proved a two-year old!

It would not be fair to dismiss the subject of Kildare and its hunting grounds without a little reference to

the founders of this great corporation of the chase that perhaps has no peer in the realm in the matter of stability and financial prosperity; for at Oxford we learnt to make due rehearsal and commemoration of the benefactors to colleges and universities. A century ago a few county gentlemen had hounds and amused themselves and their neighbours, Squire Conolly, of Castletown, being their *promachus*. This state of things lasted into the 19th century, till Sir John Kennedy, of Johnstown-Kennedy, arose and laid the foundations of the present edifice, and stretched the boundaries of his dominions into the borderlands of Meath, Dublin, Wicklow, and the Queen's County. He was by no means a rich man, even among county squires, and his subscription would go but a short way in paying damage and fowl funds in the shires; but there was sport galore going, and Kildare became very popular, and no one was more generally liked than the Baronet, or, as they called him, "the Sir" of Johnstown-Kennedy. Of course he could not pay high salaries to his officials, who were rather of the type illustrated by Surtees in the opening chapters of "Handley Cross," wherein a gallant old huntsman is described as "sending in his papers" after a run in which some warm words had been spoken, *but not till after he had done up his own hunters.*

One of the most curious records in the Kildare archives early in the century was a vote of thanks on the part of the Hunt to Miss Digby, of Landenstown, for dismissing her butler because he had shot a fox, but whether of malice prepense or by misadventure is not

stated. Nowadays a large income is supposed to be indispensable to keeping a subscription pack of hounds and perhaps it is; but a hundred years ago or more it did not involve so very much revenue to keep a pack entirely *proprio sumptu*. For instance, the famous exemplar of Hibernian hospitality, Mr. Matthews, of Thomastown, in the County Tipperary, who literally kept open house for all comers, and gave his guests of the very best of everything, maintained no less than three packs of hounds in his place—buckhounds, foxhounds, and harriers, to wit—for the use of his visitors if venatically inclined, and used to mount them, too, from his own stables. The chronicler records that this free-handed hospitality of house and hearth, *plus* hunting hospitality, was maintained on a paltry pittance of £8,000 a year.

In some of the colonies, hospitality is the *genius loci*, and knows no stint or measure. For instance, I can recollect an Englishman coming to Jamaica and staying a year at a house to which he had only come as "a casual," both host and guest being equally pleased.

The hospitality of a few families made hunting possible in some of the outlying districts, notably on the Wicklow frontier, and had it not been for such houses as Tynte Park, Grange Con, and Ballynure, a cry of hounds would seldom have gladdened these grass lands, literally flowing with milk and butter (possibly honey, too). Let me begin with the last, Ballynure. It was occupied then by a most hospitable couple, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, and their hospitality was only limited by the size of their house Mr. Carroll had been one of a

trio of hard riders in Kildare, who were sometimes, 'tis said, brought home on doors or hurdles; but he was no longer an active sportsman when I knew him, but the cause and promoter of much hunting in others. He was said to have been the last of an old Irish sept or clan, and the *mot* of one of his tenants may be recorded here. "Why, Sir," said he to a neighbour, "if I saw Mr. Carroll's head floating on that pond, I'd know 'twas the head of a gentleman." Thanks to a few enlightened "statesmen," such things are rarely said of their landlords by the tenants of 1891.

"Sic placitum vano qui nos distinxit Othoni."

Mr. Tynte, of Tynte Park, was the younger brother of Mr. Pratt, of Cabra Castle, who once mastered the Louth hounds, and finding he had to winter in Dublin one season, used to *ride* 50 and 60 miles to his meets. Mr. Tynte was perhaps the man in most esteem among gentle and simple in Kildare when I first knew it. His hospitality was boundless, and his word was law among his neighbours, who made him general arbiter in matters of dispute rather than the legal authorities. Mrs. Tynte knew more about fox hunting than any one, and was constantly appealed to. She, alas! has passed away, and Mr. Tynte's eyes have failed, so the chase knows him no more; but Tynte Park is not passed by whenever the hounds are near, for the field, no matter how large, must come in and have a hot lunch, and all the etceteras: it is a *lex non scripta*. Mr. Tynte was very particular about his own horses, weight carriers of the highest class and perfect performance. Once he had

mounted a friend of mine who was his guest, and in a good gallop this friend dropped into a lane, and his hunter presently went very tender. Though his eyes were even then weak, he saw the limp, and getting off his own fresh horse, *insisted* on his guest finishing the run on him. This I saw myself.

Grange Con is the residence of Mr. David Mahony, who has long filled the onerous office of honorary secretary to a hunt, to whose prosperity he has greatly contributed. His house is always filled with hunting guests, whenever hounds come Wicklow-wards, and when he found that his stables were not elastic enough for his wishes, he built hunting stables in his village, set up a forge, and thus enabled himself to really help hunting men. A branch line of railway has now opened out this great country. The hospitality remains, but the fields no longer depend upon these hosts, as in earlier days.

I can well recall another experience at Tynte Park. The hours were waxing small, and Punchestown was past. In the days I refer to there was invariably a meet or two of the Kildare hounds, *post* Punchestown, just to give the stranger within the gate a chance of foregathering with the pack, and more especially English masters of hounds to whom the change of venue would be agreeable (at one meet there were no less than thirteen English M.F.Hs. in the field at the Downshire Park, and the fox proved quite worthy of the occasion). Mr. Tynte had made arrangements for all his guests, but found a single solitary ex-Lancer unmounted. The Lancer had put on much avoirdupois since he had left

the Service, and the host had nothing fit to carry him, but knowing of a friend's horse that might be available, he sent off a special courier to bespeak him, and Mr. Tynte was so obliging to others, that no one could refuse him anything. Let me add, too, that the friend's house was some 12 miles distant. Well! next day we were all taken to the tryst, distant about the same mileage, and the Lancer found a hunter in almost as "jolly" a condition as himself awaiting his advent. The day was piping hot, and the ground rather dry, but after one or two petty excursions, the hounds, at one of the gorses tried, got off on the back of a good fox, who gave his field a regular steeplechase for about four miles. No one saw it better than the ex-Lancer, who finding he could not quite control his "jolly" mount with a single snaffle, trusted his honour, and had no cause to repent of the confidence reposed in the brave beast.

A propos of Tynte Park, a story may be told which is certainly *vero* if not *ben trovato*. There was a dinner party—a hunting party, as usual, with nearly every one in the evening livery of dear Diana, white and scarlet. At the table was a stranger guest, who had the doubtful taste to make conversation a monologue, and his discourse at the dinner dwelt upon great Etonians, and his intimacies with them. At last, when the magnums were becoming marines, an old sportsman, about the *doyen* of the hunt, who was himself full of anecdote and repartee, but liked to give every one a chance of airing his views, leant forward just as the illustrious *raconteur* had disposed of a duke or two, and catching the host's eye, said, "Tynte, old man, do you recollect when you

and I were at school at Armagh?" (This in an assumed brogue that you could cut with a knife.) "To be sure I do!" "Well, do you recollect when you and I were sent to the infirmary for having *the itch?*" This curiously improvised reminiscence had exactly the desired effect. The monologist was subdued, and dukes and princes were bottled up for future occasion, like the genii in the "Arabian Nights" tale.*

Lords in Ireland are no longer in the high esteem they once possessed, socially and politically, for a hundred years ago a birthright would have been freely bartered for a coronet by many silly folk, and possibly even more sacred trusts. But even forty or fifty years ago lords were in immense request; for instance, an early memory is of a country gentleman (who being of unexceptionable family, ought to have been superior to such pettinesses) meeting a neighbour, and at once telling him, "I've just had letters from Lord Scattercash, Sir John Vaurien, the Duke of Dumbbells," and so on. His neighbour, who was an M.P., a man of the world, as well as a man of sense, stopped him at once with "My dear Fred, tell me, do you *ever* hear from a commoner?"

I suppose one ought to say something about *great runs and good runs* in Ireland. Mr. Anstruther Thompson who *is* an authority, has written a charming sketch

* A pendant to this story might be found among the social *ana* of Dublin, for when Squire * * * appeared at a bachelors' dinner party in list slippers, and apologised to his host, adding, "The gout in our family is hereditary for many generations," Councillor Dogherty chimed in with, "Just like my case: we've had the mulligrubs in ours since the famine year."

of his own wonderful Waterloo run, and of others such as the Great Wood run in the Duke of Beaufort's domain, that made men talk for a season or two. Great runs are like great victories achieved by an army, more especially if they end tragically for the fugitive fox, but in a country like England, full of woods, spinneys, and hedgerows, where foxes do often congregate, and near which they were perhaps brought out, there is always the strong suspicion of a change of quarry, There have been some great runs also in Ireland, but they too labour under the same suspicion, and the narration of such episodes has often such a mythical character, that one hardly knows what to make of several such true tales of a fox, but, to come to more authentic times and records which can be verified by a cloud of witnesses, I think the great run from Copeland's Gorse, in the co. Wicklow, ending at Humewood in a kill, in which the Kildare hounds running over some snow-sprinkled heathery land, were never approached by riders, after the first two miles, is the best hound record I ever heard of; as the distance run could not be much less than twenty miles,* and no coverts or gorses, or wood lands were touched *en route*, because there were none to touch. A few years prior to this achievement, on their opening day, the Kildare hounds had a classical chase commencing, I think, at Kerdiffstown or Palmerstown, then by Bishopscourt and Kill Hill Gorse, past Kilteel, Johnstown-Kennedy, the Windmill Hill and Coolmine Gorse, to the broad-acred pastures of Kingswood, and thence towards the green hills near Dublin, where the hounds suddenly threw up their

* In a bee line.

heads and owned defeat, after some fifteen miles of good close hunting of a straight running fox. Not more than perhaps seven or eight sportsmen had persevered so far, and one of them, Colonel the Honourable C. Crichton, fancied he winded the fox himself—sure warrant for the hounds not being able to do so. At any rate, led by the aromatic chain, he went on to the next field, where, stiff but hardly cold yet, he found the quarry at the bottom of a dry ditch into which he had fallen, having been unable to compass his spring to the bank above it. This run was parallel in nearly its entire extent to the coach road between Naas and Dublin, and the point made was perhaps twelve English miles; interesting, however, as these achievements are, and glorious to the pursuing pack, the master, staff, and indeed the whole hunt, the majority of well-mounted, hard-riding men prefer something shorter and sharper, and if pace be first class, the field will be well weeded out in three or four miles. I am not going to quote the well-known lines conveying the sentiment about our fathers wanting long runs and their sons short ones, but I think the philosophy of the thing is wrapped up in the Latin couplet about an epigram, for a perfect gallop over a perfect line has more or less the nature of an epigram :—

" Omne epigramma, sit instar apis, sit aculeus illi
Sint sua mella, sit et corporis exigui."

A free translation may run thus—

" A run, like an epigram, should not be long,
Like a bee it should have a small waist;
It should have both the sting and the sweetness of song;
And so fast that the field is outpaced;"

or

" A rhythmical run, like a bee, is a treasure,
There's no lumber, some sting, and there's honey sans measure;"

or

" A recordable run, like our bees, should have stings,
Like an epigram let it be terse:
Like a bee, it should have little waist, but strong wings,
And should move with the smoothness of verse."

I think that on the whole, if a Saxon stranger wants to see Irish riding fairly sampled, he cannot do better than take a few days in spring, when English hunting grounds have begun to get hard, and scent has waned there, with the Ward Union staghounds, for there he will see collected together one of the hardest-riding fields that Ireland produces, and a fair probability of sterling sport, for though deer do sometimes run twistingly, and even macadamically, these are quite the exceptions. Moreover, the visitor will do well to make his first experience on a Wednesday, when the trysting place is somewhere in the Drumree district, and a well appointed "special" will bring him very close to the scene of action. One thing will perhaps strike him as peculiar, namely, that every single sportsman out travels with a portmanteau or kit bag, and he will do well to imitate the Roman fashion while he is at Rome; for the greater part of the Ward district is pierced by rivulets or rhenes that in depth and width are sometimes far more repelling than the ordinary brook, and with such opportunities for immersion, partial or total, no one cares to remain for hours without a change. Some have despised this precaution as effeminate, but

very seldom adhere to this view very long. Another peculiarity will perhaps impress itself on the sporting stranger, namely, the corps of "wreckers" or runners who attend the meets, and post themselves at certain spots where their services as extricators may be invaluable. These sporting commissionaires may be thoroughly trusted as a rule, and though rumour says they were styled "wreckers" because they lured the unsuspecting and unwary to put their horses at places where it was six to four or more on a fall, I think rumour was mendacious, and mixed up the regular runners, of whom poor Hartopp's henchman Hobbs is the fugleman, with some unaccredited imitators who like the fun and the cash of a catastrophe dearly.

The Ward Union country is very large, but if your hunter be bold, and your own heart beats in unison with his, it is comparatively easy as well as untrappy.

Many years ago, a gallant General who bore himself bravely in many parts of our Empire, and who now "emeritus" can tell of hard-fought fields and perils past, was serving on the Staff in Dublin, and of course hunted with the Ward or possibly with the garrison hounds, ere their amalgamation, now signified by the word "Union." He had "taken a heavy toss" one day, and the wreckers seeing him knocked out of time, laid him out on the bank and diagnosed the case. When no symptom of revival came, matters looked more serious, and they proceeded to loosen his cravat, and otherwise aid nature; in doing so, they came on layers or *strata* of under-waistcoats gorgeous of hue and silky of sheen, and one of the first of the attonied wreckers ex-

claimed, "Jabers, boys! this is no man, this a pay-cock!" Soon after this clinical exposition, the "kilt" man came to.

But Pegasus is pulling too hard, and must be stopped somehow, as otherwise, if I take him to the broad pastures of Meath, he will fairly run away with me, and the narration of much good fellowship therein, much bear fighting, mock duels, and so on, must be abandoned. One only bit of hunting history, illustrating no little heroism, must not be passed over *sub silentio*, more especially as the hero of the true tale has lately passed away—Mr. Pratt of Cabra Castle. He was hunting in Meath one day, and took a toss that fractured an arm or collar bone. He had it set by the nearest surgeon, and drove back to Cabra Castle, some 16 or 17 miles, got dressed somehow for dinner, and never told a soul of the accident he had met with, for fear it might prevent some of his party from losing the hunt ball that was to come off that night, and to which he went himself.

Nor must one or two of the kind deeds of Meath men and their many visitors be passed over, as, for instance, when one day a hunter belonging to a good sportsman dropped down dead from heart disease, how the field then and there subscribed a very substantial sum to replace him; while the Bishop of Meath (R.C.) can testify to the collections made annually for the poor of Navan by the hunting visitors. One of these venatic visitors, Mr. Henry Powell, generally known in the hunting world as "Timber" Powell, was the head and front of all liberal measures in the county of his adoption. He was a man with a history, for when his

elder brother was killed by a tribe of Abyssinians while shooting in the Dark Continent, his younger brother started off and took exemplary vengeance on the plundering sept, and recovered some of his brother's guns and property. It is said that he was able to recognize his skull by the gold stuffing of a particular tooth. Another brother, Walter, M.P. for Malmesbury, met a tragic fate while ballooning, having been carried off by a strong gale, and wrecked off the coast of Spain.

A patriotic young gentleman in Ireland was boasting one day that there were more *gentlemen in* his county than in any other. "I should think there must be," said a listener, "for I never saw one *out* of it!" Almost equally happy was the suggestion of a barrister who, when engaged in a case in which the possession of a hand-loom was the vexed question, was asked by the County Court Judge why the loom was always spoken of as "she," replied, "I suppose, your honour, because it's a *spinster*." Not quite so felicitous, perhaps, was the dictum of a magistrate who, being invoked in a case in which hubby had cruelly maltreated and maimed his *cara sposa*, and finding that the latter had relented and wished the case dismissed, adding, "We'll leave him to God," declared, *ex cathedrâ*, "Oh dear, no! *It's far too serious a matter for that.*"

But a line must be drawn at Bar stories, even if not "chesnutty," for their name is legion, and many are sparkling.

That the schoolmaster is not only abroad throughout Ireland, but very much at home, too, in most of its

provinces, has been demonstrated to the world lately, if only by the fact of a number of men perfectly ignorant of the *literæ humaniores* or public schools, having been able to hold their own in the great council of the nation without many more advantages of education than national schools, or similar aids supplied to intellect, and we no more see, or very rarely, such grotesque *affiches* as used to be conspicuously visible to passengers from Dublin to Kingstown, or *vice versâ*, large letters intimating to the world that here were "Baths for Ladies Hot Cold or Tepid."

Occasionally, however, the eye of observation will see some quaint advertisements in Irish journals, such as the following, that found its way into "Piccadilly." "Wanted respectable woman to mind baby at her own house; there must be no other children, and have a cow; of *these one sober preferred.* Address 7486, 'Freeman' Office." The comment of the editor of "Piccadilly" is worth inserting. "I quite agree with Flanagan, who says he wants an intoxicated cow to supply him with milk punch. He says that the beverage he obtains at present must certainly be procured from a temperance animal."

Does not this remind one of the young gunner who said he was going out to the West Indies to shoot "*spatch* cocks"—he heard they were so good there?

A propos of appropriate and original phraseology in connection with Hibernian horse coping, what could be more to the point than the commands of a reverend *padre* to his servant when the latter was parading and showing a mettlesome mare to an English dealer?

"Coax her, Mick, I tell ye," was the first order, as the mare came out of the stable, with a view of putting her in a good humour. "Control her, Mick!" was the second, when the mare seemed a little above herself. "Now *coort* her!" was the third, when the mare had gone through her paces and trial leps most satisfactorily, just to show how pleased her owner and rider were with the performance.

He was a crafty man who adopted the following plan of campaign to cure a sportsman who "shadowed" him and jumped fences right in his track or "pocket" after many warnings. Having a very handy horse, he rode at a hedge on the far side of which was a duck pond concealed by copious green weeds. Nearing it, he made his hunter simulate a baulk, while the shadower was soon struggling in the duck domain, having been carried on by the uncontrolled impetuosity of his horse.

Three acres and a cow! I suppose I ought to have been very fortunate, for I had about about fifteen acres and several kye, and here, without claiming any knowledge of stock beyond the most cursory, I think I hit upon a breeding secret that might prove serviceable if generally known, and hence this true tale. When I went to reside at Ashtown of course the milk supply became a serious question, and I found it necessary at once to purchase a milch cow. An auction a few miles off enabled me to satisfy this want by buying a young Devon, for what Mr. Montague Tigg would call the ridiculously small price of £7 15*s*. My boundary fence was weak in one spot, and the young cow, filled with nostalgy, discerned the penetrable place and presently

burst through it, and went to her old home, nor was she content with doing this once, and she became something of a nuisance; no one had a good word to say for her, till after a week or two she grew acclimatised and resigned to her new home, and her milk-giving power was wonderful! A neighbour had a very good short-horn bull close by, and the produce was about the roundest and fattest young heifer I ever saw, and I realised for her thirty odd pounds without having had to give her a handful of hay or cabbage or turnip or any artificial food whatever. I am not aware that there is a much better record in the kingdom than this among hybrid or rather cross-bred cattle. The Devons seem wonderfully adapted for the climate and soil of Ireland, and to nick with the short-horns.

Having horses it was necessary to have hay, and having had a little experience in haymaking in England and Ireland, I must say the method in the former country is infinitely better than in the latter, and I think the improvement in the form of hunters, chasers, and racehorses transferred to England from Ireland is mainly due to the superiority in hay. Grass is as good in Ireland, probably, as in any part of the world, the herbage there is probably better than most English, but the confection is abominable—sapless and desiccated; the reason is, chiefly, the exposure to weather in Ireland and the neglect of proper rick fermentation. In point of fact, very little is done with the grass once cut down, and the weather is the chief factor, or malefactor. A great improvement has taken place in the vicinity of Dublin of late years, and

in a few places as good hay and as aromatic can be found on some farms as any in England, the major part, however, is poor stuff, and mainly fit for packing bottles, as a captain of a trader found out when he brought over a cargo to England in an exceptionally dear year. As a rule, too, ricks are made rather too small in Ireland, for, as the miser said of his hoard,

"Suave est de magno tollere acervo."

The combination of old hay and old oats is hard to realise in Ireland, and, as a rule, the owner of hunters must be satisfied with good new hay and old oats. Of course some allowance must be made for the greater dampness of Ireland, and one wet season I recollect deriving some assistance from a framework of hurdles driven into the ground and roofed with a cross hurdle, for by this means the half-made hay is kept from the wet earth and can wait for a spell of sunshine.

The sempiternal question, whether cavalry or infantry furnish the best riders to hounds, will probably never be satisfactorily settled. The cavalry furnish most men and horses, perhaps, as might be expected, and a quartet from such corps as "the Royals," the 9th and 16th Lancers, the 10th and 7th Hussars, would, perhaps, be very hard to beat; but, on the other hand, some infantry regiments, not to speak of the Foot Guards and Gunners, have been conspicuously good in the hunting fields of Ireland, and there is no necessity to go further back than the last few seasons, when the 85th Shropshire regiment, the 23rd Fusiliers, the Royal Rifles, and the Cameronians were competing in Ireland,

and proving themselves most efficient in the field ; indeed the last-named corps had a fine tribute paid to them in Kildare, where they were quartered for some time, and where they hunted much, for Colonel Crichton, one of the leading sportsmen in that county of his adoption, got up a sort of valedictory red-coat race meeting in their honour, and presented a cup to be run for by the corps as well as by all Kildare, a sort of last ride together. It was a true point-to-point affair, several well-known gorses had to be rounded or passed in a five-mile heat, and, while the starting-place was Punchestown racecourse, over a bit of which they ran, the run home was in Colonel Crichton's racecourse. Lord Drogheda acted as clerk of the course, Mr. Percy La Touche as judge. Thirty-nine started, and though some first-class Kildare men were among the competitors, two Cameronians, Captain Kennedy and Captain Cooke, took the lead and kept it throughout. Few finer sights of the kind were ever witnessed in this part of Ireland. *A propos* of cavalry and infantry, I may tell a story here which, though it does nothing to establish superiority on one side or the other, shows that "the Grabbies" are not without their champions and admirers. The Chaplin family is by no means unknown in the annals of our cavalry. General Chaplin, long the Commanding Officer of the 4th Dragoon Guards, was remarkable for the good selection of his horses while in the Service, as well as while master of the Kilkenny hounds during two or three brilliant seasons. Another brother commanded the 8th Hussars, and gained his Victoria Cross ; in fact, the family rather gravitated

to the cavalry arm, save one brother, "Clifford," a conspicuously brilliant rider at Oxford, who, when urged to go into the cavalry branch declined decidedly, giving as his reason "that it would spoil his seat on horseback."

Lords Drogheda and Howth and a few more sportsmen founded Punchestown, and Lord Drogheda has ever since watched over its expanding prosperity, and succeeding in making it one of the most popular *réunions* of the kingdom. But Lord Drogheda has done much more than this, for he has practically been the great controlling power of the Irish turf, legitimate and illegitimate; and if he has not proved himself an absolute Hercules in purifying an Augean stable, he has certainly done much to raise its tone and *prestige* by the most vigilant watchfulness and knowledge of his subject; indeed, one of Lord Drogheda's moves in the earlier days of the National movement did much to convince "the Patriots" that they were not omnipotent; for, when they did their best to disestablish hunting in Kildare, his Lordship closed Punchestown, and thus cut off the Pactolian wave that had enriched a whole county side; and by his firmness created a revulsion of feeling in favour of the National sport, of which Punchestown is at once the corollary and the apotheosis. Lord Drogheda has certainly proved a benefactor to his country in at least one department. Father Matthew, a Welshman by nationality, saw, as a parish priest in the County Cork, the awful consequences of drunkenness and at once set to work to arrest the evil. His success was marvellous, and bore good fruit for a generation or two, but by degrees the magic of his name lost its

quickening spell, and though his centenary has led to demonstrations and the promise of a statue, there can be no doubt but that a second Father Mathew would be a great blessing in a drink-devoured land! "Sure," said a *padre*, "it not only debases ye, but it prevents yee're aiming straight at your enemies—the landlords" (or words to that effect).

Bianconi came to Ireland as an Italian pedlar or pedlar's assistant. He very soon saw that the country wanted to be opened out by means of locomotion. This end he accomplished by the aid of his long cars, the last of which, in the Dublin district, was only recently supplanted by a steam tramway. He died rich and honoured, as such a benefactor should be. Mr. Peter Purcell aided much in the same line.

In a minor manner the Honourable Horace Plunkett has done the State good service, by successfully spreading the co-operative principle, and giving it wide extension in stores, creameries, &c., while Mrs. Power Lalor has vindicated the rights of her sex by extending their spheres of usefulness, and making them self-reliant.

I have ventured to tender advice to horse questers invading Ireland from parts beyond the seas in the hopes of picking up wonderful bargains in horseflesh, and, so far as I could, I have pointed out the difficulties of bringing the search to a successful issue. Let me, however, in all fairness, state the "pros" of the case as well as the "cons;" beginning with "Bendigo"—certainly one of the cracks of the century—it may possibly surprise some to hear that he was picked up in Ireland

at what may be called hunter's price; while "The Sinner" and several others proved wonderful bargains to their purchasers. "Scots Grey," who was nearly a first-class chaser, if not absolutely within that rank, was, *on dit*, a trooper cast by the Colonel of the Scots Greys; while "Jonah" was another case of rejected addresses, size, perhaps, being his weak point; and "Bryan," who proved quite a triton among military minnows, in the hands of his owner, Captain Gilroy, of the 11th Hussars, and who always ran up well in high-class company, though never perhaps absolutely done full justice to, was a horse without any particular pedigree, a first-class hunter, and bought solely, I believe, with a view to hunting; and I may add that, seeing Mr. Cyril Lambart with a colt that he had just bought at Ballinasloe Fair, out with the Meath hounds, I ventured to suggest that he looked worth training, though he had no authenticated pedigree so far as I could gather at the time. He took my advice, and the horse has proved very useful ever since, and won a very fair share of races He is known as "The Drummer" by "Tattoo." These are a few of the "pros" that suggest themselves in favour of enterprise.

It must not be imagined that the art of blending and mixing of metaphors in speeches delivered even in Saint Stephen's expired with the past master of such rhetorical ornaments as the famous Lord Castlereagh. Only a session or two (more or less) ago, an Irish Member delivered himself, *à propos* of rent arrears and legislation on the subject, somewhat in this fashion, "I tell you, sir, that evictions in Ireland are falling as

fast as flakes of snow in a snow storm. They may be mild now, comparatively speaking, as a shower in April. But believe me, sir, they will soon blossom forth into a tornado or a hurricane." Nor was the utterer of these tangled tropes a native.

Among Davisiana that may perhaps be worth reproducing is the following: We had been talking horses more or less for some time, and the theme led the Englishmen present to say something about hunters and hunting. Mr. Davis had been listening attentively, and when there was a pause in the conversation he remarked, "You know, gentlemen, I've never seen a hunter, perhaps not even a picture of one; but my idea of a really good hunter is an animal that at the bidding of a thoroughly resolute rider would face fire, and jump over it or through it if required. The voice was semi-prophetic, for at that time no one had ever seen horses or hunters jumping hurdles with gas jets on top of them, as *we* have many times and oft probably, at the Westminster Aquarium and other places. Lord Waterford at Loseby jumped a hunter over a five-barred gate placed in front of a roaring fire in a room.* Mr. Davis had a black Rarey on his premises who after a few hours (alone) with a colt could do almost anything with him; but the *how* was never explained.

It would perhaps be hard to find in any language a more powerful and expressive figure of speech than that contained in a description of a keen cutting blast

* The Rev. J. Allgood, as an undergraduate, did something similar.

of Eurus—"Why its sharp eno' to cut the *pearl* out of a blind man's eye."

Even the terse Tim Healy, if reporters report accurately, gets a little mixed in his metaphorical flights occasionally, as when he asserted that if Parnell remained the leader of the Irish party, "Mr. Gladstone could not carry the cause of Ireland to a successful issue with the *millstone* of the Divorce Court, *like a knapsack of foulness*, clogging the wheels of his car of victory."

A learned Thane of Northern Britain wrote an erudite disquisition on "Progression by Antagonism." This is embodied in the common car-driver's advice to a new Jehu—"Hit him and hould him"— advice which is sometimes given to a rider as well when his steed is rather recalcitrant.

Here is another illustration of the *verve* and force of common country talk in Ireland. A Saxon stranger was driving on a car (outsider of course), when at a turn of the road they were encountered by a huge funeral *cortége*, and the stranger naturally asked who was the tenant of the coffin, borne on stalwart shoulders, and followed by such a crowd of sympathetic mourners! "Oh, y'er anner, that's Mick Muldoon, of Curraghweena, down there, as fine a young fellow as ever you clapped eyes on!" "And pray what did he die of?" quoth the querist. "Well, now, he died of a fatague!" "A fatigue, man, why that surely would never kill any young fellow!" "Well! no! not a common fatague, your anner, but a whaskey fatague, and there's plenty dies of that complaint in this country!"

"Will he jump, Mick?" asked a buyer of a countryman who was trying to sell him a horse. "Why, if you was to bring him to the Hill of Howth, and let him know what you wanted, he'd spring as far as he could towards the Holy head (Holyhead)."

A big bet had been made by a young squire that he would ride his hunter in and out of a certain churchyard, where not only did the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep, but his own ancestors too, with many slabs and headstones commemorating their styles and titles and ages, &c. The squire jumped in over the wall all right, but "*revocare gradum*" was the difficulty, and the hunter seemed frightened by the gravestones, and unwilling to repeat the spring. There was a great deal of money on it, and his younger brother bade him force him on to the paternal tombstone, which commanded the wall, and on which the newly-carved capitals and arms would give the horse some foothold. "Keep him among the letters, Frank, dart the spurs in, and he'll clear it, never fear." The family won their wager.

Something of a pendant to the story of the mail cart* (meal cart) in the years of the real sore famine in Ireland may be found in one that happened during the consulship of Secretary Morley, when more men were killed and wounded in Belfast than in one or two of the *recent rebellions*, such as that one in which Mrs. Steel describes Mr. Arthur McMurrough Kavanagh, for

* The tale runs that, after the famine, the relieving officer drove about in a red-bodied trap, which was at once christened "The *Meal* Phaeton" (Meal).

instance, as riding out (his custom of a moonlight night) to make observations on the enemy's "outposts." Then parts of the west of Ireland were given daily doles of out-door relief. One of "the relieving officers" was found out to have relieved a considerable number more individuals than the townland or barony—his bailiwick—contained; he confessed to the extra rations, and when pressed to say where he got the names of the recipients from, owned that he had taken them *from the tombstones!*

A rather good story is told of a slightly autocratic M.F.H., in Ireland, who was leaving a district without drawing a certain holt or haunt from which a run might have been obtained, at a comparatively early hour, when a pertinacious pursuer, who lived "convanient," pressed him hard, and with iteration, to draw it there and then. The master had a long journey home, and declined, politely at first, but after the request had been urged once too often, he told the postulant to hie him to a worse and warmer place. "I fear, my lord, it ain't stopped," said the latter, and the ready wit disarmed all wrath.

This hunting yarn reminds me of an electioneering one, when P. Magan, of Clonearl, aspired to represent Westmeath on moderately Conservative principles. In his canvass he called on Father ——, and explained his views, asking the *padre* for his vote and interest. "My vote, sir?" said the latter, "Why I'd rather give it to the Devil;" "but suppose your friend won't stand," replied Magan, "What then?"

In the course of hunting in Ireland it has naturally

been my fortune to meet several statesmen and senators and people of all degrees who have emerged from the crowd "virûm volitare per ora." The greatest lady that honoured the hunting grounds of Ireland in my time was the Empress of Austria, of whom I have already said something, but may add now one or two more impressions, from what I can recollect. Of Her Majesty's horsewomanship there could be but one opinion. She had learned the art of riding thoroughly by theory and practice, could do circus manœuvres, and maintain her equilibrium perfectly, even over fences, *without reins*—a very high trial indeed. I think, too, she had more than ordinary insight into a hunter's qualifications and capabilities, as I recollect her saying, when a new purchase was being discussed, "I fear 'Sennacherib,' brilliant as he certainly is, will prove but *a holyday horse*"—in other words, one that would not come out very often. I do not know whether the Empress was a customer of Busvine's or not, but her habits were very perfect, and the most hypercritical could only cavil at two of her hunting properties—the fan which she used freely, and the high heels of her hunting boots. Her Majesty's rule was never to ride a second time a horse that made the slightest mistake, which, considering the inequalities of ground in Ireland, was a severe one. The Empress thought that there could be no comparison made between hunting in Ireland and England, giving the palm to the former.

Of H.R.H. General the Duke of Connaught I have already spoken. He showed infinite tact and the *savoir*

faire of his family in his Irish experiences, making many friends and no enemies: a happy consummation, to which his equerry, the Knight of Kerry, contributed in no small degree. He had some good horses, as shown by the way they won when tried in public, and on some he went right well; but I am not sure that all his hunters were *quite his* horses. Perhaps the same thing might be said of the studs of other great men, but *il faut souffrir*, occasionally, *pour être beau*. One of the best horses I ever saw going was one H.R.H. the Prince of Wales rode in a good gallop with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, from Beanwood through the Sodbury Vale. I believe he refused 500 guineas for him, but that standard was not always maintained.

Count Maffei (now Marquis and Ambassador) was, when I knew him, Secretary to the Italian Legation in London. He used to share my little hut occasionally in Gloucestershire, and have a turn with the Duke of Beaufort's and Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds, when, if not the best mounted cavalier, he was about the best dressed and the most amusing.

The late Earl of Mayo was one of the best and most thorough sportsmen I ever met. Heavily handicapped by weight, he managed, while master of his county hounds, to stay very near them by jumping moderate places *on* his horse, and very big ones *with* his horse, being very active and a fine fencer. So popular was he with the farmers that they enclosed a gorse for him, known since as "Farmers' Gorse." His two brothers, "Charlie" and "Harry," are well-known figures in various hunting fields, and so well mounted that they

can be Charles the First (though he got rather a bad fall) and Harry the First pretty often if they so will. "Bobby" Bourke was not so often seen in Irish hunting fields, but when he was, he rode like a boy, *con amore*, and actually slipped a Meath field once from Corbalton on a hireling. Mr. Horsman (good name for a sportsman), when Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant in Ireland, declared that to fill up time it was necessary to hunt. Irish members had not developed obstruction and political catechisms in his day; so he hunted pretty regularly, and several of his successors have followed in his footsteps since. Of those I have seen, I think Mr. James Lowther and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach made the best track; indeed, the former I can recollect quite in the first flight, though he seldom came out. I have seen Lord Hartington, too, going well with the Ward Union staghounds.

Lord Spencer devoted himself greatly to sport during his first Viceroyalty, and then he was well mounted, and able to enjoy himself in his progresses of pursuit throughout his dominion, when he paid visits *en route* to country houses, and was *le bien venu* at all. He had a fine eye for country, and knew what hounds were doing. In his second Viceroyalty things were different. Good horses—and only good ones can get over Ireland, as a rule—had been getting scarcer and dearer, and his new mounts were not, invariably, good; hence ridiculous situations; for what can be more out of character than to go out hunting with horse, foot, and dragoons following, and get "dyked," or thrown out, very early in the fray? Lord Spencer, too, made rather a mistake in hunting *invito populo*, but then he was a Radical!

However, Lord Spencer was a great promoter of sport, and his Staff chases became an institution. Lord Londonderry hunted, as he did most things, *en prince*. He was well mounted and rode straight and hard, though perhaps not quite so hard as one of his brothers. When in the turmoil of party it was hinted to him that some malcontents disliked his presence in the field, he at once retired from the fray, to the general regret. A lawn meet at Mount Stewart, his place in the County Down, is a thing to see. Like O'Rourke's famous feast, "it will ne'er be forgot by those who were there and by those who were not." Some eight or nine hundred lunching sumptuously, prior to the enlargement of the stag, is a phase of *fin de siècle* hunting not often seen.

Lord Cowper hunted very little during his Viceroyalty, and was, I think, unlucky in his days.

Major Whyte Melville, though holding Northamptonshire in great affection, was enamoured of Ireland and its hunting grounds, as his books show. Lord Spencer asked him over several times to The Lodge, and in Kilkenny he was the friend of Mr. George Bryan, of Jenkinstown, and of Mr. Smithwick, both first-class sportsmen. Few men have ever described hunting of all kinds more graphically and poetically; few have been so correct in their theories. Perhaps it was only a poetic licence that he took when he enjoined his hero to *hustle* his horse at a brook, for I cannot help thinking that "hustling" is fatal to a generous horse, and very apt to fail with a slug, a nervous, or a craven horse. It seems mechanically wrong, and almost as absurd as the old idea of "lifting" a horse over a lep, which is

putting the cart before the horse, for he lifts the rider. Tom Oliver was supposed to be an adept in this impossible art. I think he knew better. Mr. Marum, M.P., was quite a first-class man in his day. Mr. Logan, M.P., when mounted on one of Captain Steeds' hunters, is never very far from the Ward Union hounds, be the country never so big. The following skit about his election was picked up somewhere near the Reform Club:—

"Our Logan at timber's a topper!
Sure the laying of rails is his trade,
But 'Hardy,' poor lad! got a cropper,
Tho' he picked himself up undismay'd."

Among other M.P.'s who have gone right well in Meath and Dublin may be named Mr. Watson Jarvis and Mr. Mildmay. Lord Cork and Lord Dungarvan are quite at home in Eastern Ireland. Lieut.-General Sir Charles Crawford Fraser was a right good welter till weight for age beat him. The three brothers Beresford charging the ultimate or penultimate fence at Williamstown, all together in a line in a chase, is still talked of. Lord Cholmondeley finds Meath very pleasant, and Lord Greville goes sometimes as if mindful of the time when the flying "Fulke" was master of the Household drag.

Among the lights of the chasing world Garrett Moore, Tommy Beasley, the late W. B. Morris, Jem Barry, Mr. Cullen, Mr. Cunningham, and many more were good to hounds, while, among men who have graduated between flags and in the hunting fields, few illustrated the French proverb (*vielle école, bonne école*) better than Colonel Frank Forster and Mr. J. J. Preston, the late Squire of Bellinter, and the owner and rider of

"Brunette." I cannot recollect seeing more than two Duchesses in the hunting fields of Ireland, her (literal) Grace of Leinster, who comes out only too rarely, and the Duchess of Hamilton, who flew over Meath and Dublin as if they had been her early schooling grounds. Lady Clarendon also took kindly to Irish fences, while Lady Hesketh, once a visitor only, is now looked upon as one of Meath's habited *habitués*.

The Duke of Marlborough's sporting propensities during his Viceroyalty in Ireland only led him to the banks of the Boyne, to kill salmon in the Blackcastle reaches; but her Grace drove to meets within reach of Dublin, and may be said to have hunted vicariously through Lady Curzon and Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, who were generally very happily mounted, and went well in Meath and Dublin. After his departure from the Private Secretary's Lodge, Lord Randolph started a pack of harriers for a short time in England, I believe.

I cannot say that I ever met the late Mr. George Moore in the hunting field, though he had made his mark there before my time; but I came across him in several country houses, and have rarely seen a man of more versatile accomplishments or brighter intellect. Perhaps it may be said of him that

"He gave to horses what was meant for man;"

but *il faut hurler avec ses loups*, and the men of his day were much given to horses.* He was a great friend of the late Earl of Howth, who, with a small stud, gained

* According to Heine, the Patricians were *asses* always talking about *horses*.

more successes than most of his contemporaries, racing the horses of his own breeding. But Mr. Moore was for some time the partner of Henry, Lord Waterford, and I think they shared the famous "Wolf Dog," eponymous to George Moore, who rode him in the Corinthian Stakes. One of his greatest *coups* was with "Coranna," whom I think he bred himself. At that time the Chester Cup was a great wagering race, specially for Irishmen, and when Frank Butler came to him a few hours prior to the race and announced that "Coranna" was "dog" lame, it was too late to hedge, so he told that fine rider he must do what he could. and bide his time. He did so, and the owner netted £28,000. Luck is volatile, and for some time he had none, but a horse he bred, called "Croagh-Patrick," showed fair form at the Curragh, got a few gallops at Howth, and eventually won a couple of good stakes at Goodwood that proved a rate in aid to a rent-roll rather curtailed by liberalities. He represented his native county in Parliament, on rather Radical principles. Heredity is shown in the talents he transmitted to his sons, who have proved their power of writing well, if, in the opinion of some, not always wisely.

Foreigners sometimes afford our insular sportsmen a fund of amusement, which is really as often as not wholly misplaced and mistaken; for there can be no greater mistake than the laying down of Procrustean rules and canons, and measuring everything by them. Foreigners do us honour by joining in our sports and pastimes, and not seldom, after a little experience and practice, prove quite as successful as the best natives;

and we may recollect that our own canons of woodcraft and venerie, as well as its terminology, are derived from foreign sources. We may be quite sure that some of our visitors to Continental chases are quite capable of making the same sporting solecisms as the Frenchman who, when asked if he wanted to catch the fox himself, replied that at any rate "he would try to do so," or of another who would talk of the "dogs' meets!" We have had some gallant sporting strangers in Ireland, and none more so than those from Southern Germany, who have taken their pleasure most pleasantly with the Meath, Kildare, and Ward Union hounds. The earnestness in pursuit of a couple of young gentlemen from the banks of the Danube led to a rather funny little incident not long ago. Lord Fingall was the master of the Meath hounds, and a fox who had run a short ring was just being broken up by the pack, when one of these gentlemen, taking him for whip or huntsman, rode up to him and told him he would give him a sovereign, or even more, for the mask, pads, and brush of the quarry. It was a pity Lord F. did not take the money; but he at once directed the *spolia opima* to be given to his venatic visitor. However, we have heard of a similar mistake being made in England, and the master crowning the joke by touching his cap to the stranger, and saying something about "Christmas time," which extracted gold from the querist. I recollect an old M.F.H. telling me of his having been followed through a sharpish run by a foreigner who, at its close, congratulated him on his wonderful keenness of vision; for, said he, "I

suppose you never had your eye off the fox, while I never once saw him."

A good many years have elapsed since the S. Warwickshire had a notable run from Debdale, in the first stages of which many were engaged, but the close of which few saw. It was a quasi-Billesdon-Coplow chase, and found its laureate in a most accomplished Hibernian hunting-man, whose headquarters were Leamington. The run was described with great topographical accuracy and considerable spirit, and the heroic fuglemen and first-class funkers were dealt with most impartially. Here is one verse—

> "But talk of a Paddy! there's *Plunkett*,
> Who says that he rode like a man;
> But his name sounds so very like *funk it*
> That (*credat*) believe it who can."

Mr. Plunkett was, I believe, seen in the club with a horsewhip prepared to castigate the author of this aspersion; but it turned out that this was what Jorrocks calls a "rouse" (ruse) to divert attention from himself, for he had been "Jim the Penman." A story is told of a powerful politician, who was once terribly objurgated by an M.F.H. of a provincial pack, who went so far as to ask him what he meant by coming out with his hounds. Time brought its revenge, for a few days afterwards the man of politics was speaking in the town hall *de rebus omnibus*, and the M.F.H. in question was there. He declared himself devoted to hounds and hunting, and, of course, specially to the chase of the fox, when possible. "But," he added, "failing foxes, I would hunt stags; failing stags, I

would hunt hares; failing hares, I'd try rabbits; and failing rabbits, I'd try *rats;* and if even that resource failed I'd hunt in the country presided over so ably by your M.F.H.!"

I believe few more splendid specimens of perseverance in pursuit could be found than when on one occasion Mr. J. Going, the M.F.H. of Tipperary, after drawing a series of coverts blank, declared that, as there was a most luminous moon shining, he would draw on till he found; and I believe patience and perseverance were rewarded.

One of the great difficulties inseparable from fox-hunting is the fowl fund, wherewithal to pay the losses, real and fictitious, of poultry keepers, by fox raids, and of course the poorer the county is the more important is it that all damage claims should be met promptly and liberally and that too stern an inquisition into the validity of any statement made should not be held; that in fact the fox should have the benefit of the doubt like the prisoner in our courts of justice. That the fox is felonious by nature and practice is universally admitted. It is not so many years since the majority of a Kildare field saw a fox evicted from Major Borrowes' good gorse at Giltown, take up a young rabbit who had the misfortune to cross his path, as he was fleeing for his life; nor did he abandon the prize till he had, so far as I can recollect, secured salvation. A duck of mine was said to have been carried off in a similar fashion by one of the Duke of Beaufort's foxes in a run, but to the best of my belief that was the sole bit of feather lost in two or three years from my little homestead,

though it lay in the run of foxes, and between coverts. Chancellors of the Exchequer have invented various little income taxes in aid of this important fund, and I recollect a concert being given in Meath for the purpose that realised a very fair amount, my wife being one of the *corps de cantatrices*. In Galway, where in some districts *la petite culture* prevails, and it is of the utmost importance to satisfy all claims promptly, Lady Clanmorris, sister to the famous Burton Persse, M.F.H., undertook for some years the collection of this subsidy for the sufferers from fox forays, and the following spirited lines, written expressly for her, and appropriately etched and illuminated, may be seen framed and glazed in the hall at Cregclare, the family residence in the Co. Galway:—

> "The witches in Macbeth declare
> That fair is foul and foul is fair;
> The truth of this is plain to show,
> For foxes' fare is fowl we know.
> So sportsmen all should be agreed
> To pay for fowl is fair indeed."

The *jeu de mots* here is well sustained, and the moral well drawn: indeed it is only a matter of common prudence to secure the female suffrage by liberal fowl payments, for the noctivagous marauder can be easily killed by those who know his habits, and I can well recollect a warm spring afternoon on Cullenagh Hill, in the Queen's County, a stronghold of foxes, when a Meg Merrilies sort of virago appeared, and boasted before the master, Lord Spencer, and a very large field, that she herself had done away with nine foxes, owing to some

neglect, real or fancied, of her claims. At the same time liberality must be tempered by justice and even-handedness, for many a fox has been sacrificed on account of what seemed partiality to a favoured suitor. In an article I wrote in "Bailey's Magazine" some years ago, I tried to prove—and I think I succeeded in doing so—that the fox hunted by *scent* as well as *sight*.

Curran is generally credited with more sparkling witticisms than any single member of the Irish Bar or Bench. What, for instance, could be wittier, neater, or more classical than the motto he selected for a rich client of his, who, a tobacconist, had just started a carriage and a coat of arms—"*Quid rides?*" But even within comparatively recent times, Baron Dowse was esteemed the wittiest man in the House of Commons, while many of Judge Dogherty's *bon mots* are still current. One occurs to me while writing, though it has, I think, been sometimes attributed to Archbishop Whately, who, though a logician, was a mine of wit and puns. "Did you ever see anything so *décolletée?*" said a guest at an evening party in Dublin, to the Judge, pointing out a very fashionable lady; "I certainly never did *since I was born.*" "Can't say I ever did *either since I was weaned,*" was the Judge's ready rejoinder. Nor would it be easy to beat the apology made by some forensic wit of the day for a rather famous publicist of the period, by name Æneas Macdonald, who walked home rather erratically, after dining with Dr. Troy, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin—"Oh! its only *pius Æneas* returning home from the *sack* of Troy."

Foote, the actor, too, was very happy in his reply

when some one asked him if he had ever seen the city of Cork. "No," he said, "but I've seen *many drawings of it*;" though, after all, this is but a variation on a very well worn theme. Here is another bit of wit of legal stamp, uttered when a peerage was offered to Sir John Scott, the Attorney-General of the period, and which may be quoted, as so many rob the Earl of *Clonmell* of his final L. Clonmel is the capital of Tipperary, as even a lesser luminary than Macaulay's schoolboy could tell us, and it was selected by the Attorney-General for his title, but he *insisted* that it should be spelt with the double L; in vain did the authorities resist the demand as unreasonable. They had to yield, "for," as a barrister remarked, "John Scott is that sort of man that if you give him an inch he'll take an ell" (L).

The famous Duke of Wellington has never, perhaps, been quoted as a wit, but who ever said a more pregnant or mordent thing than his reply to Soult, who, notorious for his acquisitions of spoil and loot in Spain, asked his Grace on one occasion after dinner, if he had been equally fortunate. "Non, monsieur," replied the Iron Irishman, "car je vous ai suivi."

I think it was Lady Morgan, the "wild Irish girl," who told us of Dr. Higgins, who declared in a lecture that "Roger Boyle was the *father* of chemistry, and *son* to the Earl of Cork."

The famous pentameter of our school days put in the classic lips of a Roman "masher" in the days Imperial,

"Nec tecum possum vivere nec sine te,"

may be said to be applicable to the horse fancier in

Ireland in the matter of veterinary surgeons, however much he may rely on his own judgment and experience. However, vets. are not always infallible, as this anecdote will show. I was sending up seven or eight hunters to the Dublin show, then held in Kildare Street, and they were being done up at Sewell's for the night after walking up from the country, when a dealer came in and bid me a long price for two of them. By Mr. Sewell's advice I agreed to take it, and the horses were to be sent to Mr. D. Paley's yard early in the morning to be examined. I arrived there about 9 a.m., and asked Mr. Paley if the horses were sound. He said, "Sound eno', only one of them has been 'unnerved.'" I was staggered, for this horse was only five years old, and had come to me direct from the breeder; and I asked Mr. Paley to show me where the operation had been performed, when he pointed to a scar on his fetlock. I tried a rough test at once, and came to the conclusion Mr. Paley was wrong, but went to the breeder, who assured me the horse had never been under veterinary treatment, while an M.F.H. gave me a certificate that the scar was done in the hunting field, under his own eyes, at a coped wall. However, Mr. Paley persisted, and, of course, the deal was off. Naturally the affair was much talked of; the horse went to the show, and the whole lot were under severe taboo, while the chaff and persiflage of one's hunting friends and acquaintances, at first amusing, became at last an infliction, and I determined to take the *unnerved* horse to the Veterinary College in London, and have the question decided; but while I was considering poor Paley broke his leg, and

this disarmed me; and, to satisfy myself, I submitted the animal to the veterinary talent of Dublin, commencing with Professor Ferguson (a consummate judge), and they all pronounced the horse perfectly sound and in possession of every nerve he had at his birth. Not long after this unfortunate episode, that cost me a good deal of money, Mr. Paley became insane. He was a fine fellow, a first-rate man to hounds, and a stone wall, with a fearful drop into a road at Russborough Park, in the Kildare hunting country, which he jumped in a run with the Kildare hounds, is still pointed out. Let me state that this much "vetted" horse was sold by me for a very small figure to a master of hounds, that he turned "whistler" with him, and that he even then made more than a third over my price, that he went to England, and, as a huntsman's horse, gained, I hear, a great character.

In my experience—*valeat quantum*—I think the "Lawyer"-sired horses made about the best hunters I came across in Ireland; for a rather plain son of his I was bid, I think, about the highest price I have known offered for a hunter for many years. I fancied him perfectly sound, but the acute ear of Mr. Charles Allen, V.S., after a very long examination, detected the little rift within the lute which mine could not; he made 155 guineas as a "cast" horse at Sewell's auction. I got a mount on him next season, when, after a good summering, he looked 50 per cent. improved, and heavy ground presently revealed how correct was the professional diagnosis.

If there be one thing more significant than another

of how "tempora mutantur" and how "nos mutamur in illis," it is the abandonment as a rule by M.F.Hs. of their special privilege of "bargeing" *ad libitum*, and talking at individuals with a licence of language that would not be tolerated anywhere else than in the hunting field, where the M.F.H. *was* a chartered libertine in his lingo, too often, with an anthology of abuse specially his own, and a commination service at his command at a minute's notice. "To butter a booby and snub a snob" was his special privilege, and constantly used and abused too! *Nous avous changés tout çela*, and moderation in language is now the rule in Ireland. In Meath, Mr. Trotter, who was almost always near his hounds, was hardly ever heard to raise his voice, and Lord Fingall and Mr. W. Waller were equally mild of speech; while, in Kildare, Major St. Leger Moore rarely, if ever, speaks unadvisedly with his lips, though the temptation to do so must be very great at times. The counsel as to hospitality in holy writ is coupled with the consideration that "angels" have been entertained unawares, and that what has been may be historically repeated. In England, latitude of "language" obtains far more than in Ireland, and "a customer" has sometimes been confounded with a maledicted mob of thrusters, termed generically "tinkers and tailors and candlestick makers." On one occasion a choleric M.F.H. stopped hounds, including in his abuse of a promiscuous field a genuine Irish "customer," who, if a manufacturer, was "a rum 'un to follow a bad 'un to beat," and in no way ashamed of the business or of "the dips" that brought in "the dibs." In the evening it

fortuned that he and the choleric M.F.H., whose coat was in ribands, were left alone after a great gallop, and the stranger did all he could to turn hounds to him and help him in every way! The M.F.H. recognised him as one on whom the vials of his venatic wrath had been freely poured out in the morning, and was as nice to him as he could be, and almost apologetic. "I'm not a tailor," quoth the visitor, "and I'm really sorry for it, as I'd try to sew up your coat for you, nor am I a candlestick maker, tho' I make the things they hold, and what's more am proud of my profession."

Hunting may have been said to have been at its zenith in Ireland in some respects twenty years ago, for at a famous dinner party at a country house, the owner insisted on taking in a certain great M.F.H.'s daughter before all the ladies of rank in the room, saying as his reason that he held her father to be the first man in Ireland.

Room may be made for one little anecdote, illustrative of poor Chicken Hartopp, as it is more or less typical. His own special wrecker and runner asked him one day at a crowded covert side for "a few shillings," on the ground that he was hard up. Upon this Hartopp tossed him a sovereign, which was thankfully accepted. A rich and antient member of the Hunt, who was not given to lavishness, seeing this, rode up to the Captain, and remonstrated with him on his extravagance. "You know," said he, "the man only asked for 'a few shillings,' and I could have given you change." "Indeed!" quoth the Captain, "that alters the case! Here, Pat, give me back the sovereign," and

he repocketed it; then getting twenty shillings from the remonstrant sportsman, he handed them to Pat as a gift from the money-changer, with, of course, the original sovereign, convulsing the field, as might be expected, by this practical joke and charity sermon, for there may be sermons in *shillings*, I trow, as well as in *stones*.

I fear that the divinity that used to hedge round the M.F.H., and gave him the quasi-regal privilege of being incapable of doing wrong (in the opinion of his admirers) has vanished, like Astræa, from this work-a-day world of ours. Precise punctuality is now expected, from a master of subscription hounds at any rate, and the *dégagé* master, as depicted in one of Whyte Melville's delightful tales, cantering up a quarter of an hour late, and pleading the necessity of reading over Parliamentary papers and letters by way of an apology to his field, would hardly be encouraged in such *lâches* by them now. In the good old days of "Divine right" mastership, I recollect seeing a funny little episode. A well-mounted sportsman towards the close of a smart run, when the fox was probably sinking, and falling back on strategy to make up for want of condition and "go," was seen to be tremendously excited as to the issue of the run, and to be quite ready to take command of the pack when any difficulty arose. "Perhaps, sir," said the master, with withering sarcasm, "you'd like to hunt my hounds." "Indeed, I would," said the stranger, and began to cap them on. It turned out that the impetuous sportsman had just come out of a *maison de santé*, and the excitement of the chase had

upset his faculties, and led to this curious conduct. Few masters of hounds rush into print in praise of their own packs; but this lapse from good taste is not unknown; and in one instance where the authorship was traced, the hunt went by the *sobriquet* of "the paper chase" ever after. I think it was Mowbray Morris, of the "Times," who went by the name of "the Leading Article" whenever he appeared in the shires.

"From the Minister down to the Clerk of the Crown all were cracking their jokes," may have once been said of groups of Irishmen of all sorts and conditions collected together. The beggar man and woman were as full of *bon mots* and ready repartees as the baron and baroness, possibly fuller; *ecce signum!* A very learned prelate, whose thorn in the flesh was a strong determination of gout to the feet, was taking his walks abroad beyond the confines of his palace, when he encountered a beggar-woman *cum* baby, for whom she craved coppers with the earnestness and celestial appeals common to her class. The prelate was penceless on the occasion, or at any rate would not *part*, so when the peripatetic postulant found that her prayers were not likely to be fruitful, she turned to philosophy and cynicism and remarked, "Well your holy reverence, if your heart were only half as tender as your toes, you'd grant mee prayer." "Is your servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" was the well-known witty reply of Sydney Smith to Landseer, the great animal painter, when he asked him for a sitting. Something of a parallel to it may be found in the reply of a doctor to his patient, when the former was trying to convince him of his

peril if he did not pull up at once—"Ah, doctor dear, I've the constitution of a *horse*." "I know that," was the latter's reply, and "that you've always used it like an *ass*."

Even the drill sergeant of Irish corps could not go through his manœuvres without a little leaven of wit, punning on the names and peculiarities of his "squad." This to Private "Common"—"Yes, common ye are by name, and common by nature, and common, I fear, ye'll ever be," while, to a fat recruit, conspicuous by his protrusive abdomen he would remark:—

"Now Plunkett Kelly
Tuck in your belly,"

and so on throughout the piece.

"Poor Noodles has got brain fever, I hear," said Colonel H. to Dr. B. one morning. "Brain fever, did you say? Nay, that's impossible, for Noodles never had any brains to inflame." "Is it true that the ruffian knocked Major B. *senseless*?" said a *quidnunc* in a club to his pal. "Nay," said the latter; "that could hardly be, for the Major never had any sense." "Did you tap Sir Francis?" said an eminent surgeon to his assistant, "and what did you draw off?" "Why two quarts of water," was the reply. "Indeed you did *not*, but two quarts of *whiskey and water*."

The beggar-woman's yarn may be capped by another, who, standing at an hotel door in Dublin, begged an alms from a passenger. He refused her, when his valet, coming up, "my-lorded" him, whereupon she remarked, "Well! if the likes of him be lords, from lords Good

Lord deliver us." *A propos* of sturdy beggars, I recollect going up to Calton Hill to get fresh views from it of beautiful Edinburgh. After a while I was joined by an extremely well-dressed Northern Briton, who expounded the scenery to me, and quoted largely from Sir Walter Scott's poetical works. When Calton Hill was duly done, I wished my cicerone good-bye, but he had no idea of letting me off so cheap, and informed me that he expected "*a graateueety.*" Mild measures were, I saw, useless, so I repeated "'a graateueety?' why, I took you for a gentleman, not a beggar!" He blessed me in strong terms ere I departed.

There was rather a good story going about a *mot* of Lord Chelmsford's, when somebody remarked how Lord Campbell had *murdered* the French tongue, on some public occasion. "Don't say 'murdered,'" was the reply; "he only '*Scotched*' it." This reminds one of the tale of Louis Napoleon and a certain Mayor of Cork, who, with one or two of his fellow-townsmen, went on a deputation to the Emperor, and was graciously received by him at the Tuileries. The Mayor, in virtue of his office, was the spokesman, and proceeded to read his memorial in what he conceived to be intelligible French; but after a minute or two Louis Napoleon enquired if an interpreter was to be found, "for," he added, to the deputation in admirable English, "German I know, Italian, and English, but I regret extremely that I have had no opportunities of mastering the Irish tongue." A botanist, newly arrived in Jamaica, one day was talking to a witty lady there of the native flora, to which he gave, one and all, Latin titles; "Dear me," said the fair florist,

"I did not know that our blooms had such grand titles, I fancied there were only two flowers in the island with Latin *soubriquets*, namely, the *Aurora borealis* and *Delirium tremens*.

There was a time, and not many decades ago, when Irishmen in Ireland were judged very much by their pronunciation of their mother tongue, which was English, of course, for Gaelic has not been generally spoken for several generations, save by the peasantry in remote districts, and "hillside" men and women. Thackeray's quick ear soon detected the mincing dialect of would-be "genteel" folk, who talked to him of the "Bee" of Neeples, to which they compared that of Dublin; while the story of the finickin Judge who told his tipstaff to bring in three *cheers* for the *leedies*, and was surprised to find that functionary huzzahing *à pleins poumons* is old, and Lady Morgan is severe on the "Meejors" of her day. So inveterate was this mincing meanness of tongue that even in Sir Jonah Barrington's time, a worthy Lord Mayor of Dublin, who was baronetted on the occasion of the Jubilee of the third George, was forced by public opinion to change his patronymic of "*Stammer*" into "*Steemer*," as more grateful to English ears and euphony, as he tells us in a very amusing chapter of his "personal sketches;" and the habit was so common that the multiplication of instances in illustration would be quite superfluous. Of course the affectation was ridiculous, and we can well afford to laugh at it now that tongues are suffered to wag more naturally; but who of age mediæval does not recollect with what jealous care the youthful tongue was guarded from the contagion of

"brogue" by a cordon of English servants, tutors, and governesses galore, till English schools could effectually train ingenuous youth into the pure *timbre* of Saxon speech?

All that is changed now, and a little Doric is now not only no disgrace, but is sometimes accounted quite an accomplishment, and a sort of key in which Irish tales and stories are to be said or sung. Indeed, one of the most *répandu* men in London Society talks certainly with a *bócca Hibernica* not to be easily mistaken. It was of this eminent jurisconsult that this tale is told, that when old shoes or slippers were wanting to cast after the departing figures of a bride and groom, along with the rice, &c., a young lady suggested that he should cast his brogue after them, as it would answer every purpose. Brogue *Hibernice* means a shoe of the rougher order.

Shooting in Ireland has, even in my day, undergone great revolutions! Time was when snipe were nearly as plentiful as sparrows, but drainage and breechloaders have thinned their numbers, till, save in exceptional spots, 8 or 10 couple is a very good day's work for one gun. Last season I heard of 25 couple being shot in the kingdom of Kerry, and Colonel Vernon bagged 40 brace of snipe in one day in the co. Waterford, but then he "holds" very straight. Woodcock, too, are not as plentiful as they were; but last winter Lord Ardilaun's party shot over 200 birds in one day, at Ashford; and at Castle Hacket, near Tuam, Mr. Percy Bernard's party got 115 cock in a short day. Hares are in some places nearly extinct in Ireland, but wherever they are fairly preserved, as in the park of Howth Castle, they are as

numerous as in any part of England. Within a few miles of Dublin, 100 brace of grouse may be bagged in a day's driving; while at Lord Carysfort's place, Glenart, the pheasant shooting is extremely good, as it is also at Slane Castle.

I recollect a good many years ago going with a friend to Kerry, which we heard was full of snipe. We made our headquarters Listowel, where there was a fair hotel, but it was a very good day that we picked up more than 20 birds between us! My friend left in utter disgust. I stayed on, as mine host assured me that at a certain period of the moon things would improve. They did not, however, and I soon learnt the cause when taken to a game-dealer's place, whence quantities of game of every kind were sent off periodically to the English markets. On my expostulating with mine host, he told me that he had heard I was a very bad shot (which was not wholly untrue), and that when Major Snapshot came immense bags would be made. The Major came and I made a little wager with the landlord that if he would concede me a brace or two by way of a handicap, I would back myself against him. We shot all day, "from morn till dewy eve," and I won, if not by a head, by a bill or two. Poachers in Ireland are often desperate men, living in glens and sequestered places, and maintained in everything by the local game dealers, who export by the thousand head weekly.

Ireland being a lepping land, *par excellence*, something ought to be said or sung as to the feats of its centaurs; but unfortunately one does not go about with a measuring tape, and one can only speak approximately. Irish

horses have not attained to the best performances of American nags, as recorded, and perhaps Australian "whalers" can beat them, too, but 6 feet of height has been jumped in the Royal Dublin Society's show yard, in Kildare Street, which has not been quite equalled in their apparently springier arena at Ball's Bridge. I believe the late Major Butson and the late Frank Joyce attained to this standard, but did not transcend it; and this without disturbing a sod or stone.

Of Mr. Drought's single feat of clearing a high coped wall of masonry, solid and very broad, I have spoken, I think, already; and Mr. Harry Croker jumped a very similar obstacle in cold blood, without the stimulus of hounds in full cry, and when asked why he did it, he replied that he had been looking at the wall for years, and always intended to have a try at it. I was pointed out a broad wall in Upper Meath, by Mr. Trotter and one of the whips, which must have been about 5 feet, and was coped with sharp flags, that, if touched, must have cut a horse to pieces, that was jumped by Captain Hall and his sister, while hunting. Mr. C. Allen, V.S., on a well known grey mare, has jumped iron gates galore while hunting with the Ward Union staghounds, and Mr. Ritchie, of Newtown, has been equally venturesome in Kildare. For "drops" Mr. Trotter had few peers, and Mr. Tom Leonard, a welter weight, jumped a huge stone-faced bank, near Culmullen, that puzzled the following field. Mr. "St. James," and two others only, at intervals, jumped the boundary fence of the Bush Farm, which is an awesome chasm, and Captain Cotton, in his day, cleared "the loch of the bay,"

in a very wide place. Colonel Forester's "Lady Langford" was a prodigy at width, and indeed, as a rule, the best of the Ward Union hunters cross great *breadth* some time or other in the course of the season, though not often called upon to compass any great height. One of the biggest jumps within my recollection was made by a hunter of Captain Kincaid Smith's, in Meath. This horse had just won a red-coat race, and had so much "way" on him that, after passing the winning flags, which were on a slight hill, he cleared a chasm of 18 feet with steep sides a hundred yards or so beyond them; of course it was not a judicious thing to have put the flags in such a position, but it was hard to realise that at the end of a severe four miles, interspersed with large leps, any horse would have much superfluous steam left.

D'Israeli, in "Coningsby," makes a young officer discourse eloquently about the size of the jumps in Kildare. There are considerably bigger boundaries in Meath; indeed a good many of them are "caviare to the general," and only to be attempted by extraordinary men on exceptional hunters. This is certainly a drawback in parts of that pleasant land.

Sir William Fraser, in his pleasant volume on the subject of "D'Israeli and his Day," talks about his hero having ridden for 30 miles across country, and having *stopped at nothing!* Such a feat could not be achieved in Royal Meath by mortal man. I should question its being very feasible anywhere; but Burnaby talks of the Kirghese starting for a race of 28 miles over the steppes!

To the list of high jumps recently lepped in Ireland may be named a park wall near Thomastown, cleared

by Mr. J. Phelan, the well-known amateur, and Mr. R. Burke, M.F.H. of Tipperary.*

A wide gulf separates the manners and customs of the chase in Ireland from those recorded in the personal sketches of Sir Jonah Barrington. In a Meath or Kildare field will be found many of the elements that compose a Cottesbrooke crowd, a Meltonian miscellany, or a Badminton bevy; and country houses in both are not dissimilar in their modern methods to those on the eastern side of the Channel, whereas Sir Jonah's picture of a frost recess at a hunting lodge in the Queen's County shows very differently—a hogshead of claret was put on the tap, not to speak of strong waters, a cow was killed and hung up, a piper was procured, gamecocks galore were kept handy, and with these preparations the orgy went on till the supplies were exhausted. In the guest chamber where the shake downs were distributed, the walls had just been fresh plastered, and some of the *convives*, laying their heads too near the damp wall, found themselves fixtures in the morning, and had to be cut out of the wall with mason's tools, not without loss of hair and scalp. Something similar to this may be found in Miss O'Flaherty's "Jug of Claret," as narrated in the first vol. of Lady Morgan's life.

There is a capital account too of a *paterfamilias* of the day arguing the point about the *début* of his daughters with *materfamilias* who wanted them to be launched into some neighbouring gaieties, to which the

* This measured over 5 feet, and the approach to it was up a rather steep hill.

former would not consent. "'Fore Gad, Kate, you had better send the girls a visiting to the ANTIPODES than be turning them upside down at Blandsfort. No rational man would have anything to do with them afterwards. There it is, pull-haul and the devil take the hindmost. Eh?' 'And for Heaven's sake, Stephen,' replied my aunt (who was no cosmographer), what *family* are these *Antipodes* whom you would send our daughters to visit in preference to their nearest relations? I never heard of them: they must be upstarts, Stephen; I thought I knew every family in the county.' 'Fore gad, Kate,' rejoined my uncle, laughing heartily, 'your father, old Sir John, ought to be tied to the cart's tail for so neglecting your education. Why, Kate, the *Antipodes* are at this moment standing on their heads immediately under you—upside down, just as you see a fly on the ceiling, without the danger of falling down from it.' 'And for heaven's sake, Stephen' said my puzzled aunt, 'how do the ladies keep down their petticoats in that position?' 'Ask Sir Isaac Newton that,' said my uncle, 'but let me hear no more of the topsy-turvy of Blandsfort.'"*

I am reminded of a hunting yarn here that has the merit of being *vero*. In a certain southern county came out one day a visitor from a neighbouring shire who if not a very hard rider claimed to be an enthusiastic houndsman, and addressing himself to one of the fliers of the field, kept on asking the name of every hound within eye range; "Can't think of it just now," was the reply, but as the querist persisted, and it was

* Barrington's "Personal Sketches."

necessary to say something forcible, he told him once for all. "I can only recollect 'War Horse' (ware horse)." This proved final.

I think it was St. Ruth who in narrating his experiences in Ireland declared it was a country in which he had found *ni pain, ni vin, ni vérité.* Of course, as a Frenchman, he was bound to be epigrammatic and terse, even if guilty of some little exaggeration, but in the main his description of what the political economists of the day style the congested country is tolerably true. Untruthful agitators and conspirators had lured him as they had the Spaniards in the days of the Virgin Queen to hopeless enterprise, and given him and his countrymen scanty support when they arrived. Ireland, by a very slight transposition, can be made to sound very like *Liar land*, and as it was then so is it still, and truth is set such slight store by that the great majority of the population accepted with their eyes open for their leader and champion a man to whom misrepresentation was not strange, and who acknowledged in open court that he had attempted to deceive the great council of the nation, who had commenced his career as an exacting landlord, till, circumstances favouring, he thought fit to pose as a patriot and the leader of "our race," with which he had not one quarter part as close a connection in blood as had some of the landlords against whom he waged a war *à outrance.* It may truly be said of Ireland, *Populus vult decipi et decipitur.* It is probable, however, that light has been let into the Celtic or Cimmerian darkness, and that duping will not be quite as simple a process as in times past. That the

Irish have always been extremely ductile and liable to be led astray by strong will and masterly purposeful men is evident frem a treatise written by an Englishman in Queen Elizabeth's reign, who was apparently a Philo-Celt, and could see much good in the country and most of its denizens. This is what he says anent the latter:—

"First the people are of three sorts. The better sort are very civil and honestly given: the most of them greatly inclined to husbandry, although as yet unskilful, notwithstanding, through their great travail, many of them are rich in cattle; some one man there milketh one hundred kine, and two or three hundred ewes and goates, and reareth yearly most of their breed."

Then the writer gives a very favourable picture of this class, whom we should put down as good citizens.

"The second sort being least in number are called *kernes:* they are warlike men: most of that sort were slain in the late wars.

"The third sort are a very idle people, not unlike our English beggars, yet for the most part of pure complexion and good constitution of body; one of the greatest oversights of the better sort is for that they made not that idle sort give account of their lives." From Queen Elizabeth's time the worst and idlest sort has ruled the better disposed. The tail has wagged the head, instead of *vice versâ*, and the "corner boy" element has dominated the more peacefully disposed by threats and terrorism.

This pair of stories was not picked up in my Irish experience, but in England, and as I have *not* heard of

them much in the currency of the chaff of the chase, I give them for what they are worth, though I must say they do not do credit to the hospitable habits of the district they come from.

A squire who certainly had the merit of being very hard to beat in the field, as he was to "draw" when at at home, once astonished a sportsman who had ridden homewards with him, and who was an immense distance from his own *lares* and *penates*, to turn in and have a glass of wine. The offer was welcome, because the wayfarer did not take it in its literal sense at all, but had visions of "fixins" of some sort or another, beef "fixins" or chicken "fixins," and "the way was long and the wind was cold," and he fancied too that hospitality might be extended in the shape of a white drink, oatmeal or flour, to his jaded hunter. He had, however, reckoned without his host, for the latter opened his *garde de vin* in the dining room, and ostentatiously filled him out a tiny glass of some white wine, adding, "You will find it good, my boy; *hic, hæc, hoc*, you know, as we used to say at school." Looking out he saw his horse being led about, and tossing off the *petit verre*, bid his host farewell, adding, by way of a Parthian parting shot, "Yes, the wine is *hock*, but your glasses certainly are not *hujus, hujus, hujus*."

It was the same squire who enticed another witty wayfarer in, and, pouring out a glass of claret for him from a half-filled decanter, added "There's not a headache in a hogshead of it." "No, but," said his guest when he had swallowed the Gladstonian black draught, "I should think there was a severe stomach-ache in a

pint of it." In Ireland such meannesses could hardly occur, for the *vin de pays* abounds, and is offered without stint, a third glass being constantly pressed on the *bonâ fide* traveller after he has been beguiled into the second, on the plea that "a bird cannot fly without two wings."

Having been the first to introduce Irish hunting and hunting grounds to the reading public of Great Britain and Ireland, it may readily be imagined that I have had an immense deal of travelling about, and received many mounts through the kindness of friends in general and masters of hounds in particular, though for several years I maintained a great staff of hunters, hacks, and harness horses, prepared to go anywhere to see as much as I could of the various phases of the chase; and I may state here, as a specimen of the *arriéré* condition of railways and their directors in Ireland, that, except latterly on one line—the Midland and Great Western—I never received the slightest assistance in the shape of passes, though I have spent a great deal of money on their lines in travelling and training horses; and the directors, who in some cases say that they disapprove of the *principle* of passes, evidently do not discountenance the *practice*, as they travel free over the United Kingdom, and sometimes further, by means of their passes. In Kildare, when I began to scribble about sport, I naturally at first did not want mounts, save in out-of-the-way places, but I have a very grateful recollection of getting an admirable conveyance from the honorary secretary to the Hunt, Mr. David Mahony, of Grange Con, who gave me a bay horse to ride, named

"Six days shalt thou labour," for, whether in leather or in the saddle, he was at work every day in the week, and I am not at all sure that his sabbath was always held Levitically sacrosanct. I cannot recall more than one ride upon this brave beast, a great strong animal, with perfect temper and manners, fit for the plough one day and pursuit the next, and with, moreover, a slight infirmity of respiration, which did not affect his going in the least, and improved, apparently, the further he travelled. On this useful horse I saw the beginning, middle, and close of one of the best hunting runs that ever came off in that part of Ireland (we finished in Carlow); and I speak gratefully of my mount, as I rarely am able to see so much on the ordinary animal, be the fault mine or his—probably the former. I recollect, in the course of that run, seeing a heavy (but very capable) rough rider steering a rather wilful young horse, who, from pulling and greenness, must have gone, if not over half as much again of ground as we did, at least over a third more, and the moment my visit was over I wrote to the owner of the horse with a view to negotiate a purchase forthwith. My letter probably stimulated a sporting farmer in the neighbourhood to "spring" in his offers for him, as he there and then secured him, and won the Farmers' race at Punchestown on him from a large field, in a common canter, a few weeks subsequently. A Milesian millionaire then bought him, at a long price, to chase, and he was sent to a training stable; but his head was badly set on, and when they tied him up, by way of "flexing" his neck, instead of that result, they broke it.

I got a charming mare to ride from Lord Doneraile (M.F.H.). It was in this wise. My first mount was an old chaser, 4 stone, at least, under my weight, but a very perfect animal; it overjumped itself every time, nearly, and his lordship, seeing this, said he feared I must have very bad hands. I said I had about the worst going, but, I added, I see your breaker on a young mare that I think I *could* manage. He consented, and when we found our fox in a beautiful gorse late in the evening, hounds went off at score, and I suppose my "bad hands" put the mare down very early. However, Antæus-like, she was the better and bolder for the contact with mother earth, and we went on very comfortably in a rapid stern chase, to find the field and huntsman on the brink of a nice Meath or Kildare fence—a rarity there, for it consisted of a little brook, a broad bank, and a little brook on the far side. "Johnny Walsh," the huntsman, was on a valuable piebald four-year old, that has carried Mr. J. J. Preston, the squire of Bellinter, so well since, and he said to me, "Go on, sir; that young mare will do it, I'm certain," and so she did. Meantime, darkness came on, the hounds ran up to the hills, and I turned towards Doneraile Court. The present Lord De Ramsay, then on the Duke of Marlborough's staff, had a very similar experience on her a few weeks afterwards. She was perfectly sound then, but the next thing I heard of her was that she had turned "roarer;" so sad it is to think that a perfect hunter, or even racer, is but "the Cynthia of the minute!"

"Nedum gratus honos caballûm aut gratia vivax."

Of another mount I have a most affectionate recollection, namely, of "the Butler," lent me by Captain Claude Cane, of St. Wolstans: a trapper who knew *all about banks*, a rare merit in a hunter in Ireland, and whom you could hardly throw down if you did not tempt fate by putting him at a wide, or too large a flying fence. From Major St. Leger Moore I have had a few very good mounts; nor can I recollect riding any horses in better condition or fitter than his. Colonel the Honourable C. Crichton has put me on one or two very perfect performers, and so have Major and Mr. St. Leger Woods, Mr. Richard Burke, M.F.H., and Sir Charles Crawford Fraser, V.C., M.P., but I can hardly, at this moment, recollect ever riding a more perfect animal than a cob lent me by Major Butson, then Master of the County Galway hounds, in spite of the burden of *seventeen* seasons, and slight noisiness. This cob was so level, and had such good shoulders, that I feel sure even a Washbally-seated rider could hold a couple of full wine-glasses in either hand and hardly spill a drop over any ordinary fence. The day I rode him we found three foxes, and had three short gallops, with much "schooling" between coverts; winding up with a capital lunch at Eyre Court, then the residence of that fine sportsman of the old school, "Johnny Eyre." In the evening Major Butson asked us who would volunteer for a school home, and, full of lunch and confidence in the cob, I joined the party, nor was my faith (or seat) shaken in the least.

From Mr. Carew (a brother of the M.P.) I have had one or two particularly good mounts; and from the

Honourable Harry Bourke I got a pony, a dwarf horse, once to ride over Meath, that proved a marvel of resolution and achievement; and I owe two very good rides with the Roscommon staghounds to Captain Waldron, R.A., and to Mr. Sweeney. To Lords Howth, Kilmaine, and Fingall, to Mr. A. Biddulph, Mr. W. Waller, Mr. J. Watson, Mr. Cliffe, Mr. Trotter, Colonel P. Carew, Captain Towers-Clarke, Mr. Longworth Dames, Colonel Dease, Captain Tuthill, Captain Featherstonhaugh, Mr. Locke, Colonel Malone, Mr. L. Morrough, Sir T. Hesketh, Mr. Ritchie, my thanks are due for some pleasant rides. Whatever Mr. Henry Thompson puts you on is sure to be very well trained; and I can well recollect riding a young Haymaker horse of Lord Greville's, who was said to be a very slight "whistler," and thinking, at the end of a good run—a very good run in Westmeath—that I had *never* ridden so well-winded or clear-piped an animal, or, let me add, a much better fencer. The late Captain Fosberry and the late Captain Ralph Smythe also put me on good hunters. I can't say I have equally pleasant recollections of all the horses I was mounted on; as, for instance, of a loose-necked, star-gazing hunter I was put on once, when, passing by a classical hussar, at a rapider pace perhaps than I cared for, I delivered myself of the appropriate quotation:

"Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri."

To this day I have a recollection of being put on a very smart-looking horse, that might not have looked out of place at Aintree. I was astonished at getting

such a gee to ride, and I thought I detected a snigger on the countenance of the stud and other grooms in the yard. His back was ominously roached, and seeing, as I thought, some beautiful turf in front, I galloped on for it, but found a barrier of wire between me and it; upon this the brute reared bolt upright, repeating the operation *à volonté*. A pad-groom, on foot, was going to the meet, and I asked him what ailed the horse, when his reply came quickly, "He's a blessed rogue" (he did not say "blessed," though), "and you'll never get to the meet unless I lead him for you." So he did, and when we were within measurable distance of the hamlet where it took place, I thought dignity should be consulted: so I asked the lad to let go the bridle, and, no sooner had he done so than he stood on his hind legs and deposited me on the bank above a foul sewer that I just missed, though he had not. I held on to the reins, but the throat lash was loose, so off came the head stall! The horse galloped home, and I walked thither with the bridle on my arm. Once there, I asked for another and more peaceable horse; but the master of the horse was absent, and the second in command was unable to comply with my request, so the rearer was re-saddled for me, and I got on very well for half the way, when he began his old tricks, and I made no progress till a belated sportsman came up, and we caught the hounds very soon at a gorse. Let me add that I never rode a better or pleasanter horse than he proved for the rest of the day—when in company.

This true tale of being ignominiously led to a meet reminds me of an earlier episode in the history of a

certain baronet of long pedigree and wonderful pedestrian powers. The baronet belonged to a regiment quartered in the south of Ireland in which was a captain who figured in the Grand National several times, and won the Goodwood Cup with a horse of his own subsequently. The sporting centurion used to keep the baronet in constant training, backing him freely as a runner and walker, a sprinter and stayer, with, I believe, great success. Let me add the bart. was a very poor if highly honourable man, and, probably on account of the *res angusta domi*, his saddle education had been wholly neglected, while his running and walking proclivities had been greatly stimulated; the journeys such as you and I, gentle reader, would take by rail or on wheels he negotiated on foot. Moreover this bart., though a clever man, was decidedly short of worldly wisdom, or the power of coping adequately with rogues. As he was returning from one of these journeys over a muddy road, a horsebreaker, riding a smart young horse, accosted him, with a "Morning, Sir Francis," and was duly and courteously replied to. Then the breaker, who had a glib tongue and the craft of his calling, assured him "How grieved and 'desolated' he was to see a jintleman like 'his honour' padding the hoof, while the likes of him rode." In the end he over-persuaded the bart. to mount (much against his will), while he walked along "discoorsing" him, and giving the bumping bart. a riding lesson. When they neared the terminus the latter wanted to dismount, but the mare was near home, keen to get to her stable, and so fidgetty that she would not "stand at

ease" to favour the descent, and we may be sure the breaker did nothing to facilitate the operation, so the bart. had to unloose his purse strings, and hand the wily breaker all the silver he had, ere he was permitted to get down quietly.

A friend once asked a neighbour why he had taken to "mains of cocks" instead of a stud of racehorses, and the reply was "because rogues don't ride the former." Perhaps, however, he ascertained, ere long, that "the tricks of the trade" can be introduced even here, in "spurring and cutting out." Cock fighting is carried on very extensively in Ireland just now; so it is in parts of America and the Spanish Main, where large sums are staked on the issue of a battle. It was the solace of the declining years of St. Anna, and represented to him "the image of war," as there was no hunting carried on in those parts.

A *quasi*-pendant to the anecdote of the houndy man and "Ware Horse" may be found in the following true tale:—A lady who used to hunt regularly in Daisyshire, and was mounted on horses that would jump anything in reason, but were rather deficient in quality and galloping power, found herself one day towards the end of a run over a "pewy" ploughy country in a situation that was rather unusual to her, considerably in the rear of the fun. Fox and hounds had just run through a small spinney, and a certain hound, who perhaps considered fox-hunting an overrated amusement, and had devoted himself to breaking up a coney in the aforesaid spinney for a few seconds, ran out of it right in front of her horse, who, having no steam left in him, galloping with high action

in a mechanical sort of fashion, struck him with a fore-foot in the centre of his back, causing an *ululatus* to be heard far and near. A gentleman who was coming up at the time said, "How unlucky! I hope his Grace won't hear the howling." "I don't think he will," said the sporting spinster; "the hound ain't really much hurt, and if he were it would not matter much, as he must be a very bad one to be so far behind!"

I think for my own part that, if there is one sight more impressive than another, it is to watch hounds who have perhaps been engaged with another fox in gorse or spinney, threading their way through the ranks of horsemen to regain their companions in front, conscious of their danger, but animated solely by the irresistible impulse of "be with them we will."

I have alluded to wrecks and wreckers several times. As an institution, this useful corps is only to be found in Meath and Dublin and a bit of Kildare; there are also *pseudo*-wreckers whose main object seems to be to get hold of some gate near an impassable fence, and then levy black mail, or white mail, rather, in the shape of shillings, on unwary and unsuspecting pursuers. In the county hunts (I will not call them provincial) the natives have not been educated up to this fertility of resource, but, as a rule, are willing and eager to facilitate the progress of pursuit, by opening the gates and similar courtesies of the chase free *gratis* and for nothing, though glad to accept a shilling or even sixpence when gracefully given.

I have in my mind's eye a young nobleman of very ancient lineage, who came out hunting one day on an

indifferent young horse, just as the Iron Duke was said to have ridden to Badajos on too bad a horse to take it, before which town, from lack of artillery and ammunition, other wits of the period averred that he "sat down" *in formâ pauperis*. Well! the country run over was one of deep ditches and drains, and his lordship's green young mare fell wholly or partially into several. At the thirteenth peccadillo she got involved in a deep chasm and wanted much extrication and many hands! His lordship's shillings and sixpences had fallen like snowflakes at the earlier lapses, and fifteenpence only remained to remunerate eight or ten "stalwarts" to whom he was a total stranger. He told them the state of things, but they cheered him for his candour, put the mare on *terra firma*, and I have no doubt drank his health afterwards.

Not very long ago, Westmeath attained to a bad eminence in the annals of assassination. A small band of desperadoes terrorised the entire county, and like the gallery in the old gladiatorial contests at Rome,

> "Verso pollice vulgi
> Quemlibet occidunt populariter."

A short Act gave the police increased powers, and in a few months, the brigands and cut-throats were forced to clear out of the country, and no shire has been more orderly or peaceful than Westmeath ever since their departure. Mr. Forster divined the exact state of things when he began to wage war with "the village tyrants," but he dealt with the system in too pedagoguish a style, arresting as "suspects" men who, in

many cases, were wholly guiltless in thought or act, as I can state from my own little experience, as I can recollect my second horseman coming to me and asking for leave to go into Dublin to see a play. He had not returned next day, so I went into the Milesian metropolis, some four miles off, and ascertained that the little man, who was as free from political proclivities as Canning's knife-grinder, had been locked up all night as a "suspect." Thinking that he might have "had a glass," I asked the sergeant of police, but he told me that he was perfectly sober, and on my going to court the magistrate ordered his immediate release. He had probably been mistaken for someone else. To Lord Salisbury's Government is due the pacification of Ireland, and more especially to the able administration of the law by his nephew Mr. A. J. Balfour. This was called "Coercion," but, so far as I can ascertain, no innocent law-abiding man suffered in purse or person from its exercise, and probably no country in the world was so free as Ireland during the last five years! The scales have fallen from men's eyes, as erst from those of Saul, and the selfish tyranny of their spiritual and political guides has been exposed.

> "That spell upon the minds of men
> Breaks, never to unite again,
> That led them to adore
> Those pagod things of sceptre sway
> With head of brass and feet of clay!"

If the agitation of the past decade has done nothing more, it has let a flood of light in upon Ireland and England too. The inhabitants of the two islands need

no longer misunderstand each other, or require the interested intervention of intermediaries to remedy any legally curable ills. The revulsion of public feeling has been enormous, and is nowhere, perhaps, more patent than in the hunting fields of the country. Hounds and horsemen are welcomed now as in old times, and perorating patriots carrying about dead foxes as properties, to point the moral of feudal tyranny and the down-trodden condition of the peasantry, would make little impression upon audiences who have learnt that hunting means the circulation of much money in the country, as well as the injection of new capital into a land that cries and craves for capital. The old slogans of "I'm a poor *dissolute* (desolate) Protestant orphan," and "I'm agin the Government" are no longer efficacious as of yore, and a wave of partial prosperity, acknowledged by bank dividends and railway returns, has done much to exorcise the demons of discontent and agitation, and to open out vistas of industrial progress; in fact, much of the stock-in-trade of the political firebrand has been removed, and the advantages of union with England clearly demonstrated.

With regard to Continental travelling, I may remark that no capital commended itself half so much in its store and variety of *agrémens* as Vienna, which, to my taste, exceeds even *la ville lumière* of Victor Hugo. I saw it under what ought to have been the gloomiest auspices, just after the disastrous close of the six or seven weeks' war, and the fatal fight of Königgratz, but the gaiety of the population seemed unquenchable by calamity. As we moved northwards towards the battle-

field we heard it openly stated, without contradiction, that the Austrian advance had been considerably delayed by the necessity of making a detour to avoid marching over Count Clam-Gallas' cultivated farms and estates. This may be only gossip, but it impressed me at the time greatly, nor do I think aristocratic influence could for centuries have been carried to such a pitch in England! I forget whether I stated that I was travelling with an officer of our 14th Hussars, who assured me that the officers of his corps had the privilege of going to Court functions at Vienna without further passport than their uniform, on account of some special services rendered to the House of Hapsburg. We are wont to rail at our unmilitariness, but I hardly think that in any of our regiments such a thing could have occurred as we saw at the Hofburg. The familiar manœuvre of "trooping the colour" was attempted before the Emperor, who was looking out of a window of his palace, but the officer in command clubbed the men, and failed *in toto;* a sergeant having to take his place! The Semmering line of railway is child's play to sundry engineering feats of modern times; *then* it seemed wonderful and awesome. At one station in Styria where we "descended," we saw the biggest boar hounds that ever came within our eye range; they seemed as tall as well-grown calves! No one should leave Vienna without paying a visit to the fashionable Baths of Baden, where a grape diet can also be pleasantly tried. The salt mines of Salzburg should also be visited, with all the beautiful mountain scenery around it for many miles. I confess that nothing for a

few seconds or moments filled me with greater dread than the sensation of being whirled about in a salt car or truck over the rails, in the Cimmerian darkness of those salt mines, many hundred feet below the earth's crust. Walking under the Falls of Niagara on a semi-slippery ledge is a joke to it, for there you hold the guide's hand all the time. It adds greatly to the interest of your tour through Southern Germany to take your Thiers with you, and follow Napoleon and his victorious eagles from place to place.

The Pinakothek of Dresden, or whatever they call it, holds the picture that, of all I have ever seen, enthralled me most with "the might, the majesty of loveliness," Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto!

What impressed me more than anything else at Berlin was the supremacy of authority. As an instance, I may mention that in one of the galleries a well-dressed "tout" rather fastened upon us, and wanted to do cicerone; he did not annoy me, but he did my companion, who reported him to one of the authorities, whereupon the poor fellow was "haled" off like a common malefactor. On some grounds near Potsdam a race meeting was held. We went there, and nothing could be more primitive than the arrangements. The most curious spectacle was the chargers' race, ridden in full uniform, and, I think, catch weights. The day was piercingly cold, and there were any number of "princes and sceptred men" there. They were continually coming down from their stand (a paltry affair) to eat hot hard-boiled eggs and drink *petits verres de Cognac* (so styled).

No object lesson could be better for some of our Irish patriots than to see how hard the Pomeranian peasant, man and woman alike, has to work for a scanty living, when they are too full of the down-troddenness of their compatriot dupes.

Tramway Trail was once a conspicuous figure in London, where, however, he found that the carriage interest was too strong for his most beneficial, if democratic, schemes, whose usefulness is now universally acknowledged and adopted. He was also unsuccessful in Dublin, where he was actually imprisoned; and, in fact, he was a pioneer man in advance of his contemporaries. We were staying at the same hotel in New York, and, of his "yarns," only one has escaped the Lethe of long years. He was talking of a wonderful day's duck shooting he had somewhere South or West, "and how many ducks do you think we totalled up at the end of the day? Why 999!" "What a curious circumstance," said an ingenuous youth from his arm-chair in the smoking-room, with a suspicion of incredulity in his tone. "Do you doubt me, sir?" shouted Traill, "do you think I'd tell a lie for one blessed duck?"

I recollect driving about in the State of Missouri when a curious-looking, ruined tower struck one of our party, and he asked our coachman if it had ever been a windmill or a fort. "No, sirree," was the reply, "but in the infancy of this yere State the buffaloes were that numerous, and that fierce, that they used to charge in platoons on our citizens who were out hunting, and the State Government, for their protection, erected this building." The story did not quite take in the querist;

but I daresay not a few tales, almost equally far-fetched, were poured into the willing ears of the English travellers (as to landlord atrocities) who came over for three or four weeks during the Long Vacation in autumn, to learn the entire Irish question *on the spot.*

In no county, perhaps, is the principle of heredity better illustrated as applicable to those gifts and graces that go towards fine riding than in Ireland. The Watson's are hereditary hunters of foxes, so are the De Robeck family, who, men and women, all seem imbued with "the genius genuine." The Fowler family, in Royal Meath, seems to run on the same lines; the Halls and Fetherstonhaughs in West Meath, the Beaumans and Blackers in Kildare, and, whether the gift be avital or not, few families have been so well represented by ladies in the hunting field as the Howards of the County Wicklow, for all the daughters have proved very perfect artists in the saddle, and few would care to deny to Mrs. S. Garnett* the qualities and externals that made up the perfect horsewoman.

It is a rather curious circumstance, too, that ladies in Ireland are very large owners of horses, Miss Magan keeping some hundreds for the most part in happy idleness at Killynon, in Meath, and Miss Anderson having a large breeding stud in Ulster, while latterly the Duchess of Hamilton has commenced to lay the foundation of a hunting stud in West Meath

I have already given a specimen of hound vagaries in an instance which has been fully authenticated to me, as has also the following freak of hound nature

* Now Lady H. Paulet.

that only occurred last season! Lord Greville does not van his hounds to his more distant fixtures, but uses the Midland and Great Western trains whenever available, or else sends them on overnight, so as to be fresh for the day's work, and the return journey in the evening to kennels, sometimes a very long one. Clonyn Castle, his brother's place in Westmeath, a splendid pile of building erected by the late Lord, has a spacious riding school attached to it, and here the hounds are lodged and bedded for the night. One morning early Will Matthews, the huntsman, counted his hounds after they had "lain out" in the riding school, but one was missing; there were no windows available for his escape, and not a trace of him could be discovered, so Will took on the remainder of the pack to the fixture of the day, and when he was gone one of the helpers took a fork and dug up a lot of the peat mould that forms the floor of the school, and soon came on the skeleton that the other hounds had carefully buried, and put out of their sight. I cannot say I ever heard of a similar case, though only last year there were several instances in Ireland, especially in the idler months, of obnoxious hounds having been killed by their fellows in kennel, but the distinction in the case I have recorded is *the burial.* Within my time there has been no instance of hounds in Ireland turning upon whip or huntsman and rending them, but such things were not unknown 100 years ago, when hunt servants were far more brutal to their charges than they are now, for mutual confidence is now the keystone of kennel treatment and discipline, and of service in the field, too. Assheton Smith was

said to have been beloved by his hounds, so was the late Burton Persse, of Moyode Castle, and so is Mr. Robert Watson, the *doyen* among Irish M.F.H.'s. And here I would, in the interest of hounds and humanity, venture a suggestion. Hounds, as we all know, get kicked, and ridden on, and maimed, and it is necessary occasionally to destroy them in the field, there and then, a painful process, accomplished by knocking them on the skull with a loaded hunting crop; but surely a strychnined meat lozenge would do the work far more effectually, more quickly, and more mercifully. As I have seen foxes hunting by scent with their noses to the ground, I should think they might be utilised for sporting purposes as cormorants are, but I never saw it attempted; nor, after the terrible fate of a late Duke of Richmond and the late Lord Doneraile, are foxes likely to grow in favour as parlour pets. Mr. Henry Persse, of the county Galway, had a fox a few years ago that was quite as tame as any dog, and followed him in his walks abroad everywhere. He disappeared mysteriously one night, some Lurline having probably enticed him away from civilised life to her wilder woods and waters. Foxes, as we all know, are great "pilgrims of love," a fact which leads in spring very often to long runs.

Steeplechasing is the corollary of hunting, or ought to be, at present it fills the popular mind far more than the chase, and, in some respects, never flourished more in Ireland than in 1891, that is to say, more horses are bred and trained with a view to chasing than ever, and bigger prices are obtained for the *élite* of such horses, even if they have only made their mark in such

minor meetings as the law actually overlooks, for here as elsewhere the rule holds good, *De minimis non curat lex.* Such little meetings spring up here, there, and everywhere like mushrooms, are well attended, and create betting; but in such characteristic and truly national *réunions* as Punchestown fields dwindle more and more every year, while the gallery grows. This points to some radical defect in management and administration, and requires remedy. Possibly the once swelling fields of horses were more or less brought together by ignorance of the elements of chasing, and now that "form" can be gauged more correctly, "the off chance" is not considered good enough to venture a home trained animal against Curragh cracks, who, it is contended, can by constant schooling be made greater certainties for chases than they once could be for flat races; and it is agreed that Curragh supremacy stalls off competition and starves fields. Perhaps the first remedial measure will be found in abolishing the distinction between hunters and handicap horses.* For my own part, I do not think that, given equal horses, the Curragh need scare away competition. I have in my recollection a certain thoroughbred horse who was bought for an old song by Mr. Granby Burke, who trained him in the hunting field, giving him an odd gallop at long intervals. This animal, ridden by his owner, who was not much used to silk, easily defeated a large professionally trained field for "the Ward Hunt Cup," though his rider lost some ground in the track he took, and the horse would probably have repeated his

* This has been done.

triumph a short time afterwards at Baldoyle, had he not broken his fetlock in the hole made by a hurdle, which owing to some negligence had not been filled up.

The Curragh is a magnificent galloping area, but horses can be, and are, very well trained outside of it. Among the best chasers I have seen I should be inclined to name "Héraut D'Armes" and "Royal Meath," giving the palm to the latter, who if he had not been put to jumping, might have done very well on the flat.* Of Irish flat-racers, pure and simple, I would name "Barcaldine," "Bendigo," "Lady Patricia," and "Umpire" as the best of the comparatively modern ones. "St. Gatien" I should place as among the best goers I ever saw, though not a very taking horse otherwise.

Nothing shows how natural hunting is to Ireland better than the easy manner in which the chase in that country seems to draw all sorts and conditions of men and women into its vortex. The Quaker would not generally be credited with hunting proclivities, but the sons of the Quakers are in many parts of Ireland the very keenest and best supporters of hunting, the hardest to go, and the most liberal to subscribe. They are also in some cases famous judges of horses. Thus, I well recollect "a Friend" telling me, as we came home one day, when I noticed his riding a very high-class young hunter, that he had given a longer price than he generally did for horses, and in his father's absence too on the Continent. When the latter returned, he told him at once that he had given £250 for a bay hunter of promise, adding "I hope you are not angry

* Usna ought to be joined to this pair.

with me for going so high." Whereupon the father replied, "No! but I'd have been *very* angry if you had *not* bought him, for I've seen him!"

A propos of Quakers, I think, on the whole, among the religious sects that sway the Irish conscience, none have done more good generally than they have by precept and example, for they have not been a church militant save against the evil in the world, and have not fought against the existence of other forms of Christian development, while they clung tenaciously to their own ritual, as in their opinion the best.*

Shrewd business men, too, have taken very kindly to the chase in the distressful country. Judges and high lights of the law may often be seen "pursuing." The Scotchman takes to it as he does to "Mountain Dew." The college Don recollects with pleasurable pride that even the porters of his *alma mater* wear velvet hunting caps, and why should not he sport a hunting hat, and the other properties of pursuit? and I have heard of a famous Dublin doctor who relaxed the overtaut bow by an occasional gallop with hounds, having previously instructed his butler, or *fidus Achates*, to tell callers in the *interim* that he had gone off to an important consultation "With Dr. Fox." Nay even "mad doctors" prescribe the chase for patients and keep packs in their asylums for this purpose. Cardinal Cullen, whose mind was cast in a rather ascetic or monkish mould, banned hunting in his clergy in Ireland, to their own great regret and that of the county gentry, and to a certain extent to a widening of the

* Was Jacob a Quaker?

breach between classes, who could find a common and pleasant platform in the hunting field. However canon law, it is said, does not debar them from hare hunting, or even a fleeting flutter with the stag Only one *padre*, however, hunts regularly, and *de jure*, for he holds a dispensation from the Pope, permitting him to join the chase for the good of his health. He is always admirably mounted, and, though no longer young, leads nearly all the young men in the field. It seems not long ago when a co. Leitrim labourer, to whom I had shown some small kindness when I was living near the Phœnix Park of Dublin, said as he was going off westwards, "Good bye, sir, I'm going back to *Ireland*, for I look on this part of the country as *England*." There is, however, a very considerable difference, and, I think, that an hour—a single hour—spent in driving or walking about Dublin would convince the most sceptical that a very wide gulf separated even this capital city from a close likeness to any portion of England. This difference may be advantageous to Dublin, or the reverse, but it exists. Let us suppose the observer has got on to an outsider, he will be struck by the reverential way in which the Jarvie or Jehu takes off his hat as he passes any chapel, and the profound obeisance he makes whenever he passes by a priest. He may have been told that the priests are *une quantité négligeable*, that their power temporal and spiritual has waned and is waning. Here is some little evidence to the contrary. In some streets he will see shops full of holy images, which iconoclastic Protestants would term Nehustan like the famous King of Judah.

In others he will see *affichés* inviting him to hear the errors of Rome demonstrated and denounced. Here he will see the curious titles "Roman Catholic Bookseller or Publisher," while the term "Habits sold here" will puzzle him greatly until he learns the secret of these mortuary costumes.* In Sackville Street he will notice one house marked "No. 43, Upper O'Connell Street," though curiously enough he will have observed other streets and places called by the Liberator's name as well. This is the home of the National League that a few years ago used to hold its select *séances* in a *ὑπερῷον*, or upper chamber, nearly opposite, over a tobacconist's shop. Then a few yards further on he will see on the eastern side of Rutland Square two good square brick houses, of which one styles itself on a big brass plate, "The Orange Hall," while the second is "The National Club," with symbolical emblems and wolfhounds on the blinds. In another thoroughfare he will observe a Masonic Hall, which is regarded as a Tophet by sundry pious Papists. But why go on further through this Scandinavian city, whose oldest fane tells of Danish dominion? No! Dublin is occupied by several "nations," or septs, or factions. And the central authority of England is absolutely necessary to maintain the Queen's peace, at least till peasant proprietaryship, creating an *entente cordiale* with England, induces the advent of a Milesian millennium.

In the partnership between man and horse, or man and hunter, over a country, there is no manner of doubt

* "Biduums, Triduums, Novenas," "Retreats for men," "Retreats for women," "Months' minds," are among the notices that puzzle the stranger.

but that both partners must use their *heads* as well as their *heels* in any country whatever, but this is eminently the case in Ireland, where fences vary so very much, as well as conditions of ground, and I think the familiar proverb "Qui va piano va sano, et va lontano" is eminently applicable to the latter country, and was certainly the guide and rule of the most successful sportsmen, among whom Mr. J. O. Trotter and Mr. Leonard Morrogh were pre-eminent. There are parts of Ireland where when a horse jumps on to a bank he may find the spring to the far side impracticable, or extremely dangerous, and the course then is to walk along the top of the bank till you come to *a* or *the* practicable place, and this manœuvre, on which your continuance in the chase depends, involves training and common sense in both horse and rider, and would be perfectly impossible if a horse were driven too fast at its obstacles; indeed such a recognised canon of the chase is this in Ireland, that it is often observed that when a man puts on extra pace he must be losing his nerve; and here I am reminded of a very wise saw of Charlie Brindley's, namely, that even temper was almost the first requisite in a weight-carrying hunter, a fact that most observing welters will not fail to acknowledge.

One of the commonest expressions used among hunting men is "He cannot ride a yard." I have heard it recklessly misapplied to the very best exponents of the science of crossing a country in England, as, for instance, to Colonel Anstruther Thompson when he first took the Pytchley country, and made his horses

creep through fences and down drops which some of his critics could not accomplish from the lack of his head, hands, and judgment. I have also heard the same thing said of huntsmen because they nursed there horses as much as they could when they thought they were in for a long run. But critics do not always understand the subject on which they dogmatise *à discrétion*.

No one could deny that emulation and rivalry is a powerful factor in making men (and particularly "the lesser man") ride hard, more especially in the opening chapters of their hunting lives. I saw a funny instance, or rather I should have seen it had I not been too far behind, of this sort of rivalry in a good gallop which terminated at the top of a sharp hill, up which a number of old hands would not bustle their hunters. "The regiment did well," said a smart subaltern, all aglow with excitement, who had not hunted much, and fancied the finish was something like a race; "Captain Narcissus was third; Jorrocks was fourth, and I was sixth." Well, it was a good performance for a green man on a green horse; but the *placing* of the field was a standing joke for some time.

There is a species of literature in connection with sport that boasts its professors and anthologists, and secures a large number of faithful (I will not say confiding) readers. I mean the *dossiers* and descriptions of the individual horses in studs, some of which amuse me greatly; and I confess whenever I read of a *brilliant* fencer I think of potential galaxies of stars that such a performer might cause me to see against

my will! The professors, however, are sometimes *literally* correct; as, for instance, in the case of one horse whom I have in my mind's eye at this moment, who was described "as hard to beat over any country," and so he was, for he took any amount of "stick" kindly.

It has been my fortune to go a good deal about Germany. I owe something to its thermal therapeutics, for, after being given up by Sir Prescott Hewitt, I found recovery in the hot springs at Aix-la-Chapelle, where I received much kindness from many fellow sufferers, amongst others from the late Lord Hampden, then Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Julian Goldsmid, and Lord Dunkellin, who had just made himself famous by upsetting a Government. Wishing to return for another course of waters, I found the place choke full of pious pilgrims, who had come to view the sacred relics of the Madonna and the Holy Family and others, some of which were hanging like banners from the outward walls of the Döm Kirche. Perhaps the sight would have much moved the British bile of pious Puritan Protestants! (after all, however, George Washington's "pants" and paraphernalia are carefully enclosed in a glass case in a museum in Washington, U.S.); but the effect on myself was annoyance at not being able to get quarters in the ancient city of Charlemagne, and at having to go on to its suburb, Borcette. Here I saw a sight that I think worthy of mention—possibly of imitation in some shape or another. The marriage state in England is, as we know, becoming every year more difficult for people of limited means and some

cultivation. Possibly one of the causes of this decadence of an institution described as "honourable" by a celibate Apostle is the decline in housewifery among our young spinsters, who hardly know how to order a dinner, much less how to buy one, or cook one, and are therefore at the mercy of servants, butchers, bakers, &c. Now, in the hotel at Borcette were a number of *fraulein*s who had been sent by their parents or guardians to the lady of the establishment to learn, on a large scale, the duties of the *haus frau;* far be it from me to say that a month or two at Borcette would make these young ladies accomplished cooks. German cookery does not stand very high beyond the national boundaries, but they had here an opportunity of learning something about culinary mysteries, that practically remain mysteries to many thousands of our maids and matrons during their natural lives.

I have tried to point out a few of the great natural superiorities of Ireland over other countries in the matter of the chase, but it must be owned there are drawbacks and deductions. The Irish have few points in common with the Dutch, but in the commerce of life they do rather resemble them in one respect,

> "For in matters commercial the fault of the Dutch
> Is in giving too little and asking too much,"

and for such matters of accommodation as hunting boxes and the like Irish proprietors *do* open their mouths considerably wide. For instance, in my own humble capacity of a scribe of sport, I could never, save in one instance, get my lodgings under £100 for a season of a few months, and then there were extras

that mounted up very considerably; while in the last place I took I was forced to billet my biggest horses elsewhere, as the boxes were small, and I had to procure a boiler, as there was none on the premises; and if I, who knew something of the country and had but a modest establishment, have experienced a difficulty in getting what I wanted, strangers must have been in a much worse case.

I was rather amused with one little experience I had —a bit of rough shooting went with the place; but on the day I entered into possession, the landlord besought me in most *larmoyant* fashion not to shoot a hare on the property, as he had given leave to some friends to course over the lands, and, above all, not to shoot a pheasant, as they were ornamental! I did not shoot a pheasant, and but one hare, but I got a few duck and snipe in outlying places. In that place, too, I shot a woodcock in September, therefore, probably, Irish bred. He "panned out," or rather dished out, badly enough.

There are hotels in Ireland, but very few and far between, and they hardly affect the hunting population, for they merely tap the tourist traffic to such lovely spots as Killarney and Glengariffe. Hotel accommodation is one of the main wants of Ireland, though it has improved in this respect since Sir Jonah Barrington's time, when he tells a tale of a traveller who, complaining that he fancied the sheets on his bed were rather damp, was countered by the reply that every gentleman that had come to the house, for I forget how long a period, had regularly slept in the same! There was a tale current in my time in Jamaica of a pro-

prietor who had neglected to send proper stores of linen to his various properties, and when, on one occasion, he took a friend or two about, one of the latter, who was weary and sleepy, was forced to tumble out in the morning by the sable housekeeper informing him *that she could not lay the breakfast table till she got "de big sheet off de buckra's bed!"* Ireland loses many hundreds and thousands of pounds yearly by the want of good hotels, and I am quite sure the great guide, philosopher, and friend of the tourist tribe, Mr. Cook, will confirm these observations. At Dunshaughlin, in the co. Meath, some notable efforts have been made to meet this want.

I do not think I mentioned in my Transatlantic reminiscences a levée at the White House, held by the great rail splitter—President Lincoln: a man whom all Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Celts must admire, however much they may differ from him in thought. A duller or more depressing function 'twere hard to conceive; 20,000, including the writer, attended it. We crushed through rooms and corridors, tightly wedged together, till we passed a door, behind which the great man, in funereal black, was posted, and as everyone passed by he had the honour of a grip from an iron fist which everyone felt belonged to an honest man. I do not believe he exchanged a word with anyone till this vast human wave had passed by. Twenty thousand hand-grips is rather an undertaking; and they say that my Lady Presidentess, or Mrs. Presidentess, has to order right-hand gloves a size or half a size larger *after a season at the White House.* I have had the honour to belong

to four clubs in the United Kingdom. My first was "The Alfred," in Albemarle Street, which Sir William Fraser tells us was called the "Halfread;" but of this I know nothing. It was an extremely nice, well-ordered club, and when I came back to England from Jamaica' I found that it had merged into the Oriental or "Rice and Curry Club," which, if rather out of the way and archaic, had the merit of being fairly well administered, specially in its guest department, which was admirable. Here, of an afternoon, you could see Prince Dhuleep Singh—all rings and bangles—playing pool, and our British Bayard, Sir James Outram, reduced to gout shoes:

"Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore."

The Unionist Club, in Pall Mall, has the best situation in London, but it has not been made the most of. Kildare Street Club, in Dublin, is said to be "The Landlords' Rest," and no doubt it is largely leavened with the acred aristocracy; but other elements come in and prevent one good custom (or class) from corrupting "the microcosm." For instance, a man came to see me there, an Englishman, a few years ago, and I showed him over some of the rooms till we came to the morning room, which was pretty full at the time. At the door I said to my friend, "Would you like to see the richest man in Ireland, the hardest rider, and one of its best orators?" Whereupon I pointed out to him Lord Iveagh, Mr. J. O. Trotter, and either Lord Ashbourne or Mr. David Plunket, I forget which. With a few admirable things about it, I fear this great club rather symbolises the lapsed and lapsing fortunes of those who were its

raison d'être, for it is too big for its members, and represents the overbuilding so common in Ireland. It is an off-shoot of Daly's Coffee House, so famous in Lever literature, and has many very good peculiarities, to one of which only we can refer now. On the 20th of February in every recurrent year there is a house dinner, and the Club gives wine *à discrétion*—very good wine, too. Then, after dinner, a list of members who have forgotten or neglected to send their subscription to the secretary is read out; and any member may *answer* for his friend; the consequence is that no one loses the number of his mess. This is real fraternity and *camaraderie!* On this night only gambling is permitted: hazard being the favourite; baccarat does not find favour there yet.

One of the things one learns by going about the world is the absurdity of many of our social stud-book shams and pretensions as to purity of race and blueness of blood. As a matter of fact, some of our great houses have a little infusion of black or brown blood in their veins, which, so far from doing them any harm, seems to gift them with piquancy and brightness.

In the Jamaica days—though there were some very nice "coloured folk" to be found there—public feeling ruled against miscegenation, as the Yankees style the cross. But England rises superior to these pettinesses, and takes black and brown blood under her broad social *ægis*, as well as the azure-hued ichor of eclectic aristocrats.

I recollect attending a very pleasant function in western Kent, some years ago, on the occasion of a

presentation of plate being made to the old retiring honorary secretary to the Hunt.* There were many yeomen and farmers present—the best of good company, too, full of song and speech; but when one of them got up and praised the landowners of Kent for their *liberality*, contrasting them with Irish landlords, whom he denounced, I pitied his ignorance, more especially when he added that he felt sure that there was not one drop of Irish landlord blood in any of their territorial magnates. Why! many of the best and oldest families in England have a very considerable infusion, not only of Irish landlord blood in their veins, but of a far older Celtic strain! Moreover, this enthusiastic speaker might have known, had he only inquired, that many English landlords are Irish landlords as well; though ever since the famine the number has been dwindling somewhat!

I do not think wire jumping will ever become a popular pastime with English hunting men or women. Australian "whalers" are familiar with wire from colthood. Our horses, happily, are not, and the fierce light of an Antipodean sun makes the bearings of the "lep" better defined than they would be in our dimmer and duller latitudes. But conceive the valour of a sportsman who, *after a fast* 27 *miles of a drag hunt* in Australia, would face 5 feet of wire! Yet this is not an ideal picture. I read the record of mileage myself last winter in one of our great oracles. I recollect an Irishman, Mr. Elliott Armstrong, riding an Irish hunter over iron hurdles in the Duke of Beaufort's country;

* Mr. Russell.

but this is the nearest approach I have seen to the audacity of the Antipodean!

Since writing a few paragraphs about the alleged decay of wit in Ireland, it occurred to me that I ought to have stated that much of that wit that found its *essor* and end in *sâlons* and *symposia* now flows into weekly wit motors, such as "Punch" and its fellows, and, for aught we know, an Irishman may have originated the well-known degrees of comparison in the House of Commons: "Spoon, Spooner Newdigate," or invested Lord Alcester with his shore-going title, "The Swell of the Ocean." *Qui'en sabe?* Of happy puns in a dead language, what could be happier than this one, uttered by a Don to an undergraduate 40 years ago? The quotation comes from one of Juvenal's Satires—

"Nullum numen (Newman) habes si sit prudentia."

The inhabitants of Ireland may be roughly divided into two groups or bodies, namely, those who, from various reasons, hold on to the English connection, and those who abjure allegiance to it; and without any special personal reason for disliking either England or the English, are taught, from their youth up, to detest them. As everyone should have a reason for the political faith that is in him, I give here the main articles of my *credo.*

1stly. Ireland, from its circumscribed area, must belong to some great Power. As a matter of fact and history, it belongs to England, and has done so for some seven hundred years and more; and, as self preservation is the first law of state as of individual

existence, no English statesman could, unless traitorously inclined, consent to sever the ties between the two countries, any more than he would try to sever Cornwall from Kent, seeing that *l'union fait la force*, a recognised principle.

2ndly. That no argument founded on race is of the slightest weight, seeing that the elements of racial distinctions, if admitted for a second, are as rife in England as in Ireland.

3rdly. That Ireland never was united or homogeneous, so far as we can gather from history, as, even at the great battle of Clontarf, the Danes found Irish allies.

4thly. That English rule in Ireland has, on the whole, been beneficent rather than maleficent. That she has preserved her from invasion. That the population has increased wonderfully under her sway, till it even exceeded the resources of the land, and that the only foreign invasions of Ireland were induced by Irish malcontents.

5thly. That freedom such as no other country has known has been enjoyed by Irishmen in Ireland.

6thly. That the penal laws and commercial restrictions, utterly indefensible as we acknowledge them to be, must be judged by the existing standards, that made a revocation of the Edict of Nantes possible.

7thly. That the intervention of England is necessary to maintain peace between the warring elements of which Ireland is composed, a fact evidenced at every recent election.

8thly. That prosperity being the goal of statesman-

ship, such prosperity is more attainable under English rule than that of any other Power, while Home Rule would increase taxation greatly.

9thly. That, even allowing that improvement might be made in the Irish administration of affairs, in the cutting down of ridiculously redundant officials, and more especially the Bench; and in the purchase and centralisation of Irish railways by Government, and the devotion of some of the money thus saved to the creation of a quicker route to America, together with the redress of the social stigma involved in having no Irish Guards—allowing that improvements and alterations are called for in many quarters—it must be evident to moderate-minded men that a revolution, such as the proposed Home Rule would be, is not necessary to effect many, if not most of them.

In writing about the chivalrous sports of Ireland, polo should not be omitted from the category. It was introduced into Ireland almost simultaneously by the 10th Hussars and the 9th Lancers, and, with the support of a large garrison strong in cavalry, has flourished there exceedingly ever since; indeed, *duce* John Watson, it was the local habitation of "The Freebooters," who made a successful invasion of America, and performed other polo prodigies. One of the fiercest polo battles ever fought in Ireland was between the Carlow team and that of "All Ireland," when two of the former quartette had to retire from the fray, *hors de combat*, Mr. Watson, M.F.H., *père*, having broken his leg, Mr. John Watson, *fils*, having had his eye nearly knocked out. Mr. W. Stewart did much in connection with the

All Ireland Polo Club, whose lists are on "the nine acres of the Phoenix Park," as he was its honorary secretary for many years, as well as a regular playing member. Of cavalry corps distinguished for their polo play in Ireland, may be named the 7th, 3rd, 4th, 15th, and 18th Hussars, the 5th, 9th and 16th Lancers, and the Scots Greys; and among infantry regiments, the 7th Fusiliers and the 5th Fusiliers furnished many good players.

It is not easy to cast an Hibernian horoscope. The heroic legislation of the past decade may have been a State necessity, but it has perils manifold in front of it. If the Irish Land Purchase Bill get a good start of a few prosperous years, it may do wonders for the island by the growing sense of proprietorship; but a few storms might wreck it. As in the days of Queen Elizabeth, there is a class opposed to order and industry, nor, indeed, is sustained and continuous labour much more popular than when Mickey Free liberated his soul in song—

> "I'm not very partial to work!
> It's not in the blood of the Bradies,
> But I'd make a most illigant Turk;
> For I'm fond of tobacco and ladies!"

Nor are national habits often reformed by Act of Parliament!

We are constantly told of Irish farmers—they are really few and far between, if by a farmer is meant a man who makes the most of his land by capital and industry. The land of Ireland is expected to be like that Milanese of which Virgil wrote—

"Quibus ipsa procul discordibus armis
Fundit humi facilem victum justissima tellus."

It is not easy to believe in farmers who leave their cattle out all the winter months!

Here is an account of an early steeplechase which may serve to illustrate one or two anecdotes I introduced about the early efforts of the promoters of that art in Ireland and Scotland. The race, that came off I think early in the century, was a sort of triangular match between Mr. Bullivant, of Sproxton, Mr. Day, of Wymondham, and Mr. Frisby, of Waltham, for a sweepstakes of 100 guineas, and the course was from Womack's Lodge round Woodal Head and back, estimated at a little more than eight miles; it was not flagged, but the riders were bound to take as straight a line as they could. After keeping together for upwards of six miles, Mr. Bullivant shot ahead on "Sentinel." Mr. Day, who was next, collided against a gate post and was thrown, but, remounting, gained second place from Mr. Frisby by only half a neck, and the race was run, 'tis said, in 25 minutes 32 seconds, admirable time if correct.

In Ireland, differences of opinion have occurred on several memorable occasions between master and huntsman, and we have alluded to one or two impromptu repartees on such occasions; another may be added to them, when a very keen, hard-riding huntsman had, after a lot of desultory hunting and checking, got his hounds well on the line, the M.F.H. was heard shouting out to him, "Bill, stop the pack, stop the pack!" "D'ye take me for a fool?" was the huntsman's first ejaculation, but, seeing the M.F.H. was in real earnest, he, with the aid of the

whips, did stop the pack, and then learnt that the M.F.H. was afraid the fox would lead them near a house where a lady—one of the ornaments of the hunt—was lying ill. However, such a *contretemps* as the following never, so far as I know, occurred in the annals of the chase in the Green Isle. An M.F.H. in England, remarkable for "nagging," provoked his huntsman to give him a rather sharp reply, and the consequence was instant dismissal. The huntsman gave up his horse and left the field, but next day, as the master was bringing out the pack, the *ci-devant* huntsman, who was perched in the fork of a tree, began hallooing, and the hounds, recognising the well-known voice of their leader and feeder, guide, philosopher, and friend, swarmed round the tree, and could not be induced to leave it. The ruse led to the reinstatement of the huntsman.

Since the world began there have probably been questers for bargains in horseflesh, for pint pots that would hold a quart, nowhere more than in Ireland, where the four-leafed shamrock is supposed to grow "spontaneous." To such, the practical joke played by an Irish peer, Lord Barrymore, on a crowd may be commended. After the preface of Oyez! Oyez! his lordship, addressing the gapers, said, "Who wants to buy a horse that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen, and gallop twenty?" "I do," said one man with *empressement*. Then replied the noble joker, "If I see such an animal to be sold, I'll be sure to let you know."

Here is a rare definition of an "honest horse," which the purchaser requested to have explained to him by

the seller (after delivery). "'Honest!' why I never rode the brute that he did not *threaten* to throw me, and hang me if he ever *deceived* me."

We have spoken of the keenness of Quakers or their descendants in Ireland, but in the more primitive ages of that illustrious body, the members were not so well up in hunting etiquette as many are now; for instance, with the Duke of Grafton's hounds, when the pack had got well on to their fox, a Quaker on a hill, seeing the fox afar off, took off his hat and gave a rattling view halloo, which got the hounds' heads up, whereupon his Grace rode up to Mr. Broadbrim and asked him, "Art thou a Quaker?" "I am, friend," was the reply. "Well, then," rejoined his Grace, who was in no gracious mood, "as you will not take off your hat to a Christian, pray do not do so again to a fox."

Herodotus tells us that some of the yarns the Egyptian priests (or others) wove for him inclined greatly to the mythical; so do several of the "well authenticated extraordinary chases" of a hundred years ago. Thus we read how "a stag was once hunted from Wingfield Park, in the county of Westmoreland, until by fatigue, or by accident, the whole pack was thrown out, except *two fox hounds*, bred by Lord Thanet, who continued the chase during the greater part of the day. The stag returned to the park from whence it had been driven, and as a last effort leapt the wall, and died as soon as he had accomplished it. One of the hounds ran to the wall, but being unable to get over it, lay down, and almost immediately expired. The other was found dead about

half a mile from the park. The length of this chase is uncertain, but as they were seen at Red Kirks, in Scotland, distant by the post road about forty-six miles, it is conjectured that the circuitous course they took could not amount to less than one hundred and twenty miles.

Another extraordinary, very extraordinary, fox chase may be cited as a companion to the last recorded stag hunt. "A pack of fox hounds, consisting of twenty-three couples, belonging to Thomas Panton, Esq., of Newmarket, found a fox at Abyssey Wood, near Thurlow, in the county of Cambridge, which immediately quitted the cover, and ran two rings to Blunt's Park and back to Abyssey. He then flew his country, and went in a line through Lawn Wood, Temple Wood, to Hart Wood, where there was a brace of fresh foxes. The pack then divided, fifteen couples and a-half went away close (as it is supposed) at the hunted fox, to West Wickham Common, then to Weston Circle, near Charlton Wood, and over Willingham Green. He then took the open country to Balsham, turned to the right, and away to the Six Mile Bottom, going to Newmarket. He was headed by a chaise, turned short to the left, and stood away from the heath in a line to Gog Magog Hills, and was run from scent to view, lay down, and was killed upon the open Heath at the bottom of the hill. He stood an hour and three-quarters without a minute's check; and it is supposed in that time he ran a space of near thirty miles. The only gentlemen who were in at the death were Thomas Panton and Benjamin Keene, Esqs., with the hunts-

man, Thoman Harrison. The pack, as observed before, divided at Hart Wood; six couple and a-half of hounds went away with one of the fresh foxes, and killed him without any assistance, at Wether's Field, near Haversham. The remaining couples of hounds went away with the other fox, and killed him at Thurlow Park Gates."

Dominie Sampson's comment of "Prodigious" alone meets this narrative!

I think I have stated somewhere in these random reminiscences that the Irish Agamemnons of the chase had long lain in the night of oblivion till the "seventies," from the lack of the *vates sacer*. This is true, as a general proposition, but not absolutely; for a lively recorder, who subscribed himself "Little Legs," occasionally chronicled in "Bell's Life" some of the red letter runs of the Ward Union Hunt. Here is one of the most memorable in "the fifties," and I may add that a good sportsman, who rode his own horse to the meet and back again, and saw the run as well as most out, vouched for the accuracy of the topographical details—seven horses were either killed or broken down from its severity. "Mr. Editor, the great Dunshaughlin event came off on Saturday, in presence of the most numerous fields that ever yet assembled with 'the Wards,' and in thus attempting a description of the longest and by far the most trying run of the season, my only regret is that some abler pen than my humble one does not undertake the onerous task. As the affair will speak for itself, without any of my usual notes or comments, and as your space is just at the present time

rather limited, here goes to begin this plain, unvarnished tale.

"The *élite* of the Meath as well as the Ballinter men were out upon this great occasion, and as the *Invincibles* belonging to the Ward were fully resolved either to do or die, it is much easier to imagine than describe the splendour of the entire scene. The day was everything the most ardent lover of the chase could desire, and the country being rather heavy and holding was a further inducement for those who were resolved upon finishing the run to adopt the hold-harding system, and reserve all the go in their nags for the final struggle.

"In consequence of the distance of the meet from the good city of Dublin, the Messrs. Allen kindly allowed an additional half hour's law for the sportsmen to arrive, and a field of nearly one hundred and fifty having assembled, the deer, a large red one, was *unearthed* about one mile from the meet, upon the lands of Bonestown; and the pack having been laid on the hunt commenced at a respectable but not very fast pace, heading away towards the bog of Dunshaughlin, and pointing to Rosetown, the pace gradually increasing up to the Trivett, away forward into Jarristown, or as some call it Gerrardstown. skirting the demesne of Killeen, running through the lands of Lishenstown, straight ahead at a clipping pace into Warrenstown; the pace increasing, and the fencing being of the most testing description for a hunter, bearing again away and pointing for Culmoylan. 'Catch them now if you can, my lads,' being now the cry, away through Curraghtown, and into Kilmore, through Aghar, the field here getting

'smaller by degrees and beautifully less,' those being with the hounds riding with all their strength and might —away still onwards, 'Forward, forward,' still being the word; and through the fallow lands of Ardrum, wheeling to the right, and up to the Ferns Lock at the Grand Canal, through Cappagh, and up to Mr. Coates' of Cloncurry, where this unparalleled run was brought to a termination after a splitter of twenty Irish miles (not hunting ones mind) over as intricate a country as ever was ridden."

My friend rode a well-known hunter, "The Tanner," to the meet, about twenty English miles. The run was about twenty-eight miles, and from Cloncurry to Dublin twenty-six miles, altogether about seventy-four miles—a great day's work for a horse, as must be admitted; the rider was a rather light weight. One or two other celebrities among the Ashbourne red deer—such as "Boyne Water" and "Fog-horn"—rivalled this long run subsequently.

Had space permitted, something might have been added to this mingled yarn, in the shape of reminiscences of partridge shooting at that "urbs aquensis, urbs regalis" Aachen. Any one who has vigour enough left in him after making his cure, and is on good terms with his landlord, can, I fancy, get permission to join a few of the jolly burghers in the vast unfenced tracts outside the walls of the ancient city of Charlemagne. There are plenty of birds, and they lie well, so far as my experience went, but when an unfortunate hare is wounded then the real fun begins. Instinctively when the lamed leporine passes within forty yards of your

gun, you cover her to put her out of her misery, but this is not orthodox in Rhineland, and you will soon hear a chorus of "Schissen nicht, schissen nicht" (Don't shoot) all around, and laying down your "piece" you will see that your fellow sportsmen are very excited about the catching and retrieving properties of their pointers, who course the wounded ones like greyhounds, and he is a proud man whose pointer brings him the hare in his mouth. Thirst is quenched by liberal libations of Rhine wine, and perhaps the shooting is not quite so straight in the evening as in the morning; probably a westering sun becomes dazzlingly bright.

I own I quite agree with John Jorrocks that a fall is a "hawful" thing, and a calamity to be avoided by every, legitimate means. I have always used such means, and yet I have had not a few that reminded me at the time, and remind me still, of the brittleness of this *vile corpus*. I recollect getting a bad one in a curious way. I wanted to go one way; my hunter had his eye on the hounds, and was loth to leave them, and stood bolt upright in sign of non-acquiescence. I do not think he meant to turn over, but the ground he stood on was honey-combed by rabbit burrows, and he turned turtle, crushing me rather disagreeably. But the crop of falls I got off horses and out of traps when my neck was twisted, and I had lost much power of gripping the saddle and maintaining my equilibrium in it, nearly did for me, and for several years I was obliged to have a second horseman always in my wake to pick me up if I fell, and to help me to remount.

On the whole, though I have seen a fair crop of

accidents, I do not think the falls in Ireland are generally nearly so bad in their sequences as those sustained in riding to hounds in England. As a rule, Irish horses are better trained than English, and the instinct of self-preservation leads them nearly always to steady themselves in approaching an obstacle; while the lightness and elasticity of Irish turf—perennial in many cases—takes much less out of a hunter than the average English fields, be they pasture or plough. But the secret of success in an Irish hunter is the art of "changing his feet" on almost any perching place. The story goes that, on one occasion, a smart Saxon sportsman was looking at the performance of a young horse in a dealer's schooling ground; he bounded over everything, and seemed to do doubles as featly as the best old stager; but he never "changed" on the bank. The Saxon was enchanted, declared the horse a prodigy of talent, and so roused the bile of a veteran present that he went up to him, and remarked: "I'd give any reasonable sum for your ignorance!" However, ignorance of horse flesh is often great bliss.

I think there is little doubt but that hunting in Ireland was at its zenith when the Empress of Austria determined to visit the Green Isle, and see and try for herself the hunting grounds of which she had read so much in the "Field," and heard so much from Lord Spencer and other Solons of sport. Her Majesty was very *difficile* in the selection of her hunters, and wanted a perfect combination of caste, perfect performance, with good looks and manners, that is not easily found. I recollect that on hearing that the Kaiserin's stud was

located near Dunboyne, at Mr. Wardell's stud farm, I went across from Enfield, where I was living, to look them over. I found the groom in charge had been servant to an old friend of mine, and he showed me the entire stud willingly. They were undeniably a good-looking lot, but when I asked the groom if they were really hunters of character, he—an Englishman—said, "that is a question I cannot answer, but I do know that they are being severely schooled almost every day, and are in a very fair way of becoming hunters." Thereupon I asked him if he would like to see a lady's horse that I had actually followed in a good, if twisty, run in Meath, and felt proud of having been able to stay for a time in the lady's wake. He said he would, and took down the address. Soon after this I met the purveyor of hunters to the Kaiserin, and he told me "that H.M. would not be seen on such a horse, no matter how good he might be." I said, "Very well, but I think H.M. would prefer being carried over fences safely, to sounding their depths" (and they are very deep in Meath). In the meantime the horse, a grey, was bought by Mrs. W. Jameson, who on his back was never far from hounds; and I had the satisfaction of hearing that a blank cheque had been sent by the Empress to Mrs. Jameson to fill in for the horse, but that the owner declined parting with such a faithful servant. In reality the grey, if not a hunter of the highest class, *quâ* looks, had plenty of good hunting shape and quality, but a grey very often looks less "classy" than a bay or brown. I cannot recollect this grey, highly tried as it often was, ever giving Mrs. W. Jameson a fall during several seasons.

Among men in Ireland whom even physical disabilities could not restrain from joining "the glad throng" was the late Mr. Arthur MacMorrogh Kavanagh, of Borris House, Co. Carlow, who may be said to have proved "*adversis rerum immersabilis undis*," for while nature had been niggardly to him in the matter of limbs, she had been prodigal and lavish in the endowment of his heart and mind, and he was thus enabled to overcome almost all impediments, and to have even excelled in what one may term the curriculum of sports and pastimes, having proved an able yachtsman (*vide* his "Cruise of the 'Eva'"), a successful shot, and an intrepid follower of hounds. This is not the place, perhaps, to marshal his services to his county, his country, and his class; whether as member of Parliament, organizer, and champion of his brother landlords, they were great, ready, and spontaneous, and if the Kavanagh courage had been contagious or catching the landlords of Ireland would have fared better.

Mr. Rodney Purdon, of Westmeath, is another instance of indomitable resolution to act up to the motto "Be with them I will," for in spite of a series of minor and major accidents, of legs cruelly crippled by an infantile misfortune, and a chronic tightness in the "chest," he rarely misses a chance of joining the county pack, and even goes long distances occasionally for the purpose. From the causes I have mentioned, he has to be put on his horse at starting, and hoisted up again in the event of a fall. Horses seem to go well and kindly with him, so he must have good hands,

and under all difficulties he steers his own course apparently without effort or aid. In the Kaffir War he got attached to a corps of mounted tirailleurs, and his gallantry was referred to in "General Orders." For years he rode a thoroughbred sire of the late Mr. Gully's—"Athens," who fathered some good hunters. I know few greater instances of the triumph of mind over matter—

"Ce noble courage périt mal-aisément."

Another instance that occurs to my recollection of physical infirmity being overcome by strong will was that of Mr. Kenny, who, though deaf and dumb, rode steeplechases regularly as an amateur, and with some success. Of course every sense is required in race riding, and though the ear is not so often called into play, one can easily conceive a win being snatched from your grasp by a horse stealing up from the inside, or even the outside, when acute hearing would have detected his approach. In hunting he was terribly handicapped by his deafness. *A propos* of hearing, I recollect a tall welter weight declaring that he rejoiced in noisy hunters, because the trumpeting saved him the trouble of shouting at the men in front of him as he put on steam for a big fence, and this reminds me of a widow woman (of quality) who had been left with a large farm to cultivate in a poor part of Ireland. She was her own steward, and when some one suggested that her cart wheels that shrieked and squealed most dolorously should be greased, she remarked, "I leave

them like that on purpose, because the noise tells me my men are at work."

In some respects the wave of lawlessness that passed over Ireland during the last decade has proved detrimental to sport; in others we hold that it may have improved its prospects by broadening the foundations on which sport rests, and making its maintenance a matter of general interest socially and pecuniarily. After all, sport must depend mainly on the good will of the public. If the public approve of its conditions, it is likely to flourish in the land; if the public be antagonistic, it must lead a very chequered existence, and eventually disappear; in fact, sport should be like the throne of Great Britain—"broad based upon the people's will." One of the first outward and visible signs of the hostility between the masses and classes in Ireland was the opposition to the chase and the wholesale raids made by parties of poachers on the preserves of obnoxious landlords. The great majority of the attacks made upon sport and sportsmen were not spontaneous ebullitions of an injured peasantry, but organised demonstrations, got up for political and partisan purposes, paid for in coin of the realm, and stimulated by liquor *ad libitum*. But this sort of thing soon died out when the fuel that fed it began to wax scarce, and the classes interested in the welfare of sport began to see that they were being martyred for no adequate aim or end, while the resources of the country were being visibly sapped and weakened for the aggrandisement of a clique of mushroom patriots, or patriotic "Grand Pensioners." Hence hunting, which is the mainstay

and *raison d'être* of the great horse industry of Ireland, has revived, and is probably established now on a better footing than ever. Shooting, in the same way, will revive when pains are taken in preservation, and co-operation is maintained among the owners of contiguous estates; for all must see that it is not for the public welfare that game should die out in a country naturally prolific, and that professional poachers, who are far more feared than loved by the farmers and graziers, should monopolise its game supply for their own sole enrichment. As a rule, the people have been sickened by the terrorising tyranny of political factions, and would willingly place themselves under the ægis of law were they only convinced that the law could and would protect, as well as avenge, them, and that its shield was broad enough to cover them; for the inefficiency of the law has been the source of much of the agrarian crime of the country; and, surely, much allowance should be made for a peasantry placed between two fires: the one close and frequent, the other magnificent in the roar and echo of its great guns, but distant and remote, and uncertain in its aim. One cause that tended considerably to weaken the beneficial influences of the chase in Ireland was a certain Pharisaism that was very observable in several hunting corporations. The Pharisees of pursuit kept aloof from the vulgar herd, and constituted themselves a sort of *corps d'élite*, which was not looked on favourably by their Republican *confrères;* for the chase *is* a Republic, with a "carrière ouverte à tous les talents et tous les ambitions."

Now, some of these Pharisees were not only good fellows in themselves, but, by virtue of good hearts, good heads, and good mounts, the natural leaders of the chase; many of their brethren, however, were nothing of the sort, and were only like them in the cut of their coats and the hang of their boots and spurs; and it was only the exclusivism and clanship of the Pharisaic phalanx that made it obnoxious and unpopular to many. These coteries and cliques have greatly disappeared of late years, and much good has been done by widening and extending the suffrage of sport, and admitting many into the corporation who were long held as rather outside the pale—the pale-makers having, in the first instance, no divine or human right for their eclecticism.

Of course it is not meant in these observations to decry neatness of costume and propriety of panoply for the preliminary parade. Dandies ride hard and fight hard, too, and if hunting is to be maintained as the image of war, some uniformity is desirable; but then these details should not exclude the weightier matters of the laws social as well as venatic. I fear if the ukase went forth from competent authority that men were henceforth to pursue in sad or "subfuscous" raiment, fields would be thinned considerably, though less in Ireland perhaps than anywhere. Here I am reminded of a little anecdote that bears upon this question more or less. I was going to stay at the hunting box of an ex-captain in the Navy, in, say, Mudshire. Trains or something made us both late, and we arrived at the box with barely five minutes to get into our hunting

things and canter on to the meet, which was at a magnificent magnate's a few miles off. My things were all right, but what was my friend's digust to find that a brother salt, a kinsman whom he had mounted, had hurried off before us, having encased his legs in two odd top boots, thus spoiling the only eligible two pairs that were in the boot case. I don't know what the choleric captain would have done had he been alone; but I took care to point out to him that only one leg could be seen at a time, and that no one was going to ride round his horse to see if one top was nut-coloured, the other creamy of hue; at any rate, we rode to the rendezvous, and though I never heard what passed between the brother salts, I feel sure there was no drawback to their complete enjoyment. On another occasion I recollect a particularly well-got-up pursuer was cannoned by an unclipped, woolly-coated colt, who was lathering freely early in the day; the consequences may be imagined, and the besmirched and soiled sportsman liberated his soul by exclaiming, "I wish you'd mind where you're going," when the other retorted, "I'm really very sorry, but it can't matter much, as I'm sure you don't clean your own clothes."

It is not so very long since a practical joke was played on a peer who was always boasting of his sartorial skill; his "continuations" were abstracted from his room, which he found locked from the outside, but scissors, needles, and thread, and a plentiful supply of green baize were left in the chamber, and in less time than might be fancied he rang his bell so furiously that somebody came to the door and released him, when

he went downstairs in what he had every right to call "his own trousers." How few could have gone and done likewise!

A propos of things sartorial and the eccentricities of costume, the late Mr. McIldowney, who was a beautiful horseman, and fastidious about his hunters, never was seen in the hunting field save in white cord continuations; nor can I recollect ever seeing the late Major Whyte Melville in leathers or top boots. Mr. Cross, of Shanley Hall, a famous Cork sportsman, was, save in the hunting field, always conspicuous in white "ducks;" and the story goes that at some wreckage sale he had purchased several hundred pairs made for soldiers or sailors, and liked them so much that they were ever after his sole wear, both in summer and winter; doubling them in very cold weather. Of course there is some natural affinity between *foxes* and *ducks!*

A good many decades have run their course since the Wizard of the North wrote his famous poem, based on the tale of a melancholy and depressed Sultan, who learned from his Hakim that his spirits and gaiety could only be restored to their normal level by his taking and wearing the shirt of the merriest mortal to be found in the course of his globe trotting. This merriest mortal was found in the person of an Irish pauper, whose laughter was out of proportion to his linen, for he literally had no shirt to his name or body! Something of a similar sort may still be noticed in the poorer parts of the country, when two "corner boys," at fair or market, quarrel, and one "dars" the other to take off his coat, and fight it out, "if he has any

confidence in his shirt," *i.e.*, if it is in good enough condition to expose to the public gaze. The confidence in his shirt must have been unbounded when a late "chieftain" proposed never putting on his coat again till the last links that attached Ireland to England were riven.

It is impossible not to admire the pluck and tenacity of that "chieftain," ever since his party deserted him; and one is reminded of Byron's lines—

> "He dared depart in utter scorn,
> Of men who such a yoke had borne,
> And left him such a doom."

But admiration has its limits! As a public man he posed simply as "a conspirator," and threw in his lot with "conspirators," reckless of the means employed. His attempts at constructive measures were ill-devised, and worse executed, and it is very hard to say how far any of the ideas he broached in his speeches were original or not. As a ruler of "our race" he showed great qualities, but it seems rather ridiculous to find men talking and writing didactically about a lost leader who did not even confide his address to their keeping.

It is, perhaps, not a perfect argument against Home Rule to say that its advocates have not shown any great civic or home capabilities. Home Rule is simply a translation of *οἰκονομία*, the ruling of a home, and I can recollect telling an ardent propagandist of Home Rule doctrines, with whom I travelled right across Ireland some years ago, that I would give some con-

sideration to his theories if he could show me one single sample of a well-managed farm or estate on either side of the line in the possession of a "patriot;" he gave it up. The thing sought might be found now, but not easily. Home Rule, like Saturn, has devoured its own offspring.

Old men have not only the vice of garrulity, but apply that garrulity to the laudation *temporis acti*, or the "good old times." Heaven forbid that I should join in the chorus! The improvement of Ireland, both in Church and State, has, even within my day, been prodigious. The "Established" Church was full of scandal. The Disestablished Church, if poorer, is purer, while the State has not only striven to dispense justice and maintain law and order among the Queen's *present* subjects, but has shown a disposition to make some atonement for *past* harshness and inequity, even at the risk of alienating its most loyal adherents.

The stars, in their courses, have fought against Home Rule, which means in Ireland practical independence or autonomy. The first great blow was struck when Imperial France succumbed to Germany under the hegemony of Prussia, the second when England and America began to pull amicably together. Why the Castle, symbol of provincialism, and in these days anachronistic, should be retained in Dublin, passes comprehension. The Secretary is *the Power;* the Viceroy—well! the Queen's representative. Scotland does without a Vice King or Queen!

As for sport, I think it never was in so healthy a state as at present, or, perhaps, better conducted in its

great centres, such as Meath, Kildare, Louth, Tipperary, Galway, and Westmeath, nor was horse culture ever placed upon a better footing.

I had intended, had space permitted, to have sampled a few notable runs from different hunts in Ireland, and I have already referred to two or three in Kildare. No better run is recollected in Royal Meath than that metrically (and geometrically) told in verse by a first-class sportsman, who was in the van all throughout, though I am sure his modesty would shrink from his name appearing. The Master was J. O. Trotter, the huntsman, Jack Press; the lady was Miss de Moleyns, now Lady Hopetoun; "The Dormstown lad," is J. Roberts; "Ewing-Orr," Captain Orr-Ewing of the 16th Lancers; and the line was almost mathematically straight till the fugitive fox turned, or was turned, at the Dublin road. The line led over the cream of Meath, and was, of course, "grass and all grass"—

THE GERARDSTOWN RUN.

Found at Gerardstown Gorse, killed close to Priestown, 1 hour exactly, 8½ miles as the crow flies. Nov. 30th, 1886.

I sing a fox's glory, I sing a mighty hunt;
I tell the stirring story of those who rode in front;
Although my muse is feeble, I'll do the best I can,
To honour give, where honour's due, to horse, to hound, to man.

The day November's last one, Lismullen was the meet,
Each, hoping for a fast one, had brought his courser fleet;
The morning we'll pass over, though, if the truth be told,
He was no bad red rover that half the field then sold.

At Gerardstown united, once more the gorse we draw,
No chance for those benighted, we started off at score;
Once more we cross the double, and o'er Trivett's grassy plain,
We haste with toil and trouble, we urge with spur and rein.

We cross the road at Galston, on to Lagore we press,
We feel he is no false one that leads us thus express;
The boggy wood safe passed, one moment brief we pause,
One moment only—Forrard! by the Fox Eviction Clause.

The Poor-house gorse he enters not, its earths he scorns to try,
His life is on the venture, to-day he'll do or die;
Alas! brave fox, you know it not, your tide has seen its flood,
Those bitches, with their hackles up, are racing for your blood.

Across the grass we onward fleet, for Fairyhouse he points,
No time to think of horses beat, of curbs or gummy joints;
If at the end you'd wish to be with glory to your horse,
I prithee lose no time, but quick urge on your merry course.

The lane of Fairyhouse we reach. Fow tell me, Muse, I pray,
Who up to this of man and horse were foremost in the fray?
Hone, Ev'rard, Haig, our Master, one lady by their side,
Across the fences as they came right cheerily did ride.

The laird of Mountainstown was there, Steeds, Barnewall, Mack'son, Gore,
The Dormstown lad, John Press, of course,—excuse me, Ewing-Orr!
Your name transpose I surely must, or else it will not rhyme,—
And Watkins, too, the roll call here no more would bring to time.

The lane they cross not, though 't was crossed, with shoulders up, by Gore:
Alas! he made a fatal cast, we never saw him more.
On to Rathbeggan sped the hounds, we followed keen as keen,
Our joy it surely knew no bounds, our *horses* did, I ween.

Back from the Dublin road he turned, his course was nearly run,
But still across the pastures wide his gallant way he won;
The earths at Molinam are stopped, once more he holds his way,
No coward this, no craven brute, he 'll go while go he may.

Alas! brave fox, 'tis all in vain, you've never once looked back,
Nor all your speed nor all your pluck can cheat the lady pack;

Within two fields of Priestown your earthly race was run;
All honour to you! how I hope you've left a gallant son!

The circle charmed is quickly formed, the hounds are baying round;
One or two more the fleeting pack before the death have found;
Mat D'Arcy, Owens, Murphy, were at hand to see the kill;
Who-hoop! who-hoop! that glorious shout!—my ears are tingling still!

In wine that pours out creaming, in wine of rosy red,
In bumpers hot and steaming, before we went to bed,
We drank the health of Master, fox, of huntsman, horse, and hound,
Of the lady, of each other, of our glorious battle ground.

And now my story's finished, to its faults be, reader, blind,
And if our gallant fox has left one of the gallant kind,
I'll try, when next like this we have an out and out good run,
To those who were not there, in rhyme, to tell how it was done.

WANDERER.

During Mr. John Watson's short term of mastership two of the best runs ever seen in Royal Meath have come off: the first from Mulhussey Gorse, crowned by a kill near Lagore; the second from Harry Bourke's Gorse. Its points measure eleven miles.

A fine and almost sensational run occurred in Galway a few seasons ago with a well-known fox, hight "Dempsey's," who used to occupy some tall heather in a huge tract of wild country vestured with heath and grass; he ran nearly straight for ten miles, even to the verge of Galway Bay; but he did not pick a line very attractive to riders! It was one of the sights in Galway to view Dempsey's fox breaking away from his heather home, and looking not unlike an Irish red setter.

APPENDIX.

MR. MAURICE O'CONNOR MORRIS, lately Deputy Postmaster-General of the Island of Jamaica, begs leave to submit the following statement of circumstances connected with the abolition of the office he held, consequent upon the transfer of the Post Office Department in the West Indies from Imperial to Local Government.

That having been a scholar of Worcester College, Oxford, on an open foundation, which would have led to a Fellowship and a College living, and having passed the final examination for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, he was appointed in 1850 to the office of Deputy Postmaster-General of Jamaica, having previously been employed as a clerk in the Secretary's Branch of the General Post Office in London.

That at the time of his accepting the appointment in question, Mr. MORRIS had every reason to be assured that the office was, like all similar offices, a life tenure, subject of course to the condition of the faithful discharge of the duties involved; and in virtue of such belief he elected to forego his prospects at the University and in the London Post Office Department.

That from the year 1850, to July, 1860, when it was abolished, the emoluments of the office in question considerably exceeded the sum of £1,000 per annum.

That during this period of nearly ten years, Mr. MORRIS was in receipt of the emoluments of the office referred to, and fulfilled the duties of the same, as he submits, faithfully and successfully, in proof of which he begs to refer to several votes of the Legislature of Jamaica, approving of his administration of the department, to the letter from his Excellency the Governor of the Colony, dated 13th April, 1860, in which reference is made to the public tribute to the success of Mr. MORRIS' administration of his office, to the very numerous addresses Mr. MORRIS received from his employés, and from all parts of the Colony, expressing entire satisfaction with his conduct during his tenure of office, and to the fact that his Crown Bond, which in 1850 required two securities of £5,000 each, was reduced to £1,500.

That by the statute, 23rd Vict., cap. I, sect. 3, the office of Deputy Postmaster-General of Jamaica was abolished, and that no provision was made in this Act for compensation or retiring allowance.

That on the 13th of April, 1860, the Governor of Jamaica, on whom devolved the duty of carrying out the Act referred to, and effecting such abolition, wrote through his Secretary the letter marked A, to which Mr. MORRIS begs to refer, and which he submits was an intimation that he must vacate his office of Deputy Postmaster-General of Jamaica, without any offer of compensation or re-employment.

That on the 16th April, 1860, Mr. MORRIS wrote in reply the letter marked B, to which he begs leave to refer.

That on the 26th of April, 1860, the Governor of Jamaica wrote through his Secretary to Mr. MORRIS, the letter marked C, to which he begs to refer, and which Mr. MORRIS submits contains only the intimation that only under some unexplained contingencies could Mr. MORRIS have even an offer of re-employment under the Colonial Executive, as Postmaster of Jamaica, with a salary only guaranteed for a few months.

That on the 28th of April, 1860, Mr. MORRIS wrote in reply the letter marked D, to which he begs to refer.

That Mr. MORRIS having submitted his entire correspondence with the Colonial authorities to the Postmaster-General of England, he received the letter marked E, to which he begs to refer, from Mr. F. HILL, Assistant Secretary to the General Post Office, which Mr. MORRIS submits is merely an intimation that if the contingencies alluded to in the letter of 26th April should arise, Mr. MORRIS would act wisely in accepting employment under the Colony.

That Mr. MORRIS submitted a copy of this letter, on the same day he received it, to the Governor of Jamaica's Secretary.

That on the 7th July, 1860, the Governor of Jamaica caused the letter marked F, to which Mr. MORRIS begs leave to refer, to be written to him, stating that the contingency had not arisen upon which Mr. MORRIS was even to have the offer of re-employment under the Colony as Postmaster of Jamaica.

That on the 31st July, 1860, the office of Deputy Postmaster-General of Jamaica was abolished, and Mr. MORRIS was engaged in collecting the arrears of postal revenue, and winding up the affairs of the department till the 9th of September, 1860, when he embarked for England.

That the only compensation Mr. MORRIS has received for the loss of the office in question is an annuity of £200 from the Treasury, under the letter marked K, to which Mr. MORRIS refers, while his repeated applications for re-employment in the public service have proved hitherto unsuccessful.

Under these circumstances, Mr. MORRIS submits that his case presents features of great hardship, as he has been deprived by Act of Parliament of a valuable office which he filled efficiently, and to the entire satisfaction of the community of Jamaica for nearly ten years, to the sacrifice of any prospects he might have had, and the injury of health, and has received no option of re-employment, or such compensation as could fairly be deemed adequate; as he cannot admit that an annuity of £200, or little more than one-sixth of the value of the office he held, is an equivalent for the loss he has sustained through the act of the Imperial Legislature.

A.

Letter from Hugh W. Austin Esq., Governor's Secretary.

Governor's Secretary's Office, King's House,
SIR, 13th April, 1860.

I am desired by the Governor to acquaint you, that under the Act which has been passed by the Legislature to provide for the transfer of the Post Office to the control of the Local Government, no provision is made for the continuance of the office of Deputy Postmaster-General, and that, should the Act receive Her Majesty's gracious assent, it is the intention of the Government to combine the duties at present discharged by the Chief Clerk with those of the future Head of the Department, who is designated the Postmaster of Jamaica, and will receive a salary at the rate of £600 a year.

2. Under these circumstances, his Excellency has only to assure you of his regret that the state of the Colonial revenue has not admitted of the continuance of the office which you have occupied at the head of the Department for many years; while your appointment to conduct it upon the reduced scale, assuming such an arrangement to be acceptable to yourself, could not be effected without occasioning difficulties, both financial and otherwise, which it is of importance to the Local Government to avoid.

3. In availing himself of the permission to dispense with your services, which is conveyed by the enclosure to a despatch from Mr. Secretary Labouchere, of which an extract is enclosed for your information, it increases the reluctance with which his Excellency purposes to adopt that course that the circumstances under which you have held the important and responsible office of Deputy Postmaster-General prevents him from applying to the Legislature with any prospect of success for compensation to you for loss of office, which, having regard to the recent cases of retiring Judges, Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, and other inferior functionaries, and to the satisfaction with the past administration of the Department which the House of Assembly expressed by their resolu-

tion of the session before last, would probably have been granted if your office had been held under the Colonial Government and remunerated from Colonial funds.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
HUGH W. AUSTIN,
Governor's Secretary.

M. O'C. Morris, Esq.,
Deputy Postmaster-General.

Extract of Letter from Mr. F. Hill to the Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, dated General Post Office, 5th February, 1857, being the enclosure to Mr. Secretary Labouchere's Despatch to Lieutenant-Governor Bell, No. 113, of 21st February, 1857.

"It appears by this despatch that the Legislative Council decline to accept the proposal which has been made by this Department for transferring the control of the Island Post Office to the Colonial Government; but that the Committee of the House of Assembly, to whom also the question has been referred for consideration, recommend the acceptance of the proposed transfer, *on condition* that the Legislature shall be at liberty to fix the salaries of the officers of the Post Office Establishment for the future, and that it shall be relieved from any liability for any of the present officers whose services may not be required, or to compensate such officers for their loss of office, or the present officers for any reduction of the salaries now paid to them, which may hereafter be determined upon.

"The Postmaster-General is not aware what is the practical effect of these two opposite decisions; and I am directed by his Grace to request that Mr. Secretary Labouchere will be so good as to furnish him with the necessary information on this point; and I am to state that his Grace is quite prepared to transfer the Post Office of Jamaica to the Colonial Government on the

conditions laid down in the Report of the Committee of the House of Assembly."

B.

Letter from M. O'C. Morris to H. W. Austin, Esq., Governor's Secretary.

General Post Office,
SIR, 16th April, 1860.

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated 13th instant, in which you inform me that the office I have held for a number of years has been abolished by an Act of the Colonial Legislature, and that his Excellency regretted that he could not either apply to the House of Assembly for compensation for my loss of office, or retain my services in a capacity similar to that in which I have held the control of the Department in this island, with satisfaction to the public, as his Excellency is pleased to point out. I regret that it has not been considered advisable to furnish me with copies of the correspondence which has taken place relative to the transfer of the Department, as I have thus no means of judging what course the Postmaster-General, whose Deputy I am, would consider it right for me to adopt under the circumstances represented in your letter; but I consider it my duty to point out to the Governor that in the circular instructions sent by the General Post Office to their officers in the West Indies, they were desired to consider themselves Colonial officers as soon as the transfer had been effected. A copy of this letter was submitted by me to his Excellency, together with a further and more explicit communication on the subject, received by a later mail.

Under these circumstances, I have no alternative but to suppose that his Excellency has received instructions which warrant him in withholding from me the appointment of Postmaster of Jamaica, and thus cancelling my instructions on the subject.

The office of Deputy Postmaster-General is obviously abolished when the Postmaster-General retains no more authority in the colony.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
(Signed) M. O'C. MORRIS.

Hugh W. Austin, Esq.,
&c., &c.,
King's House, Spanish Town.

C.

Letter from H. W. Austin, Esq., Governor's Secretary.

Governor's Secretary's Office, King's House,
SIR, 26th April, 1860.

Having submitted to the Governor your letter of the 18th instant, dated at Mandeville, I am desired by his Excellency, with reference to its penultimate paragraph, to call your attention to the extract of the Secretary of State's despatch, transmitted to you with my letter of the 13th instant.

As it is possible that before the transfer of the Post Office finally takes place, circumstances may occur which would permit of your employment at the head of the Department, I am desired to inquire whether you are prepared, in such a contingency, to accept the office of Postmaster for Jamaica at a salary of £600 a year, under the existing law, which has a duration only to the 13th of April, 1861, and whether you would be prepared to discharge the duties at present performed by the Chief Clerk of your office, subject also to the condition of regular daily attendance at the office, and close personal superintendence of the despatch of mails.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
HUGH W. AUSTIN,
Governor's Secretary.

M. O'Connor Morris, Esq.,
Deputy Postmaster-General.

D.

Letter from M. O'C. Morris to H. W. Austin, Governor's Secretary.

Jamaica General Post Office,
28th April, 1860.

SIR,

With reference to your letter of the 26th instant, in which his Excellency desires to know whether in the event of certain contingencies, of what nature I am not informed, occurring, I would be prepared to accept the office of Postmaster of Jamaica, at a salary fixed at the rate of £600 per annum, for a portion of one year, and undetermined for the future, and whether I would undertake the duties of the Chief Clerk, as well as those of Postmaster for the same period, I have the honour to state that while I feel thankful for the hypothetical offer his Excellency has been good enough to make me, I cannot now close with it, as I have referred his Excellency's letter of the 13th instant, in which my services as head of the Department were positively declined, as likely to occasion difficulties, financial and otherwise, to the Local Government, together with my reply to it, for the consideration of his lordship the Postmaster-General.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
(Signed) MAURICE O'CONNOR MORRIS.

H. W. Austin, Esq.,
Governor's Secretary, Spanish Town.

E.

Letter from F. Hill, Esq., Assistant Secretary to the General Post Office.

General Post Office,
16th June, 1860.

SIR,

The Postmaster-General has had before him your letter of the 30th April last, enclosing a copy of one addressed

to you by order of the Governor of Jamaica, in which it is stated that, as it is possible that before the transfer of the Post Office takes place, circumstances may occur which would permit of your employment at the head of the Department, his Excellency wished to be informed whether you were prepared to accept the office of Postmaster.

Your letter also contained a copy of your answer to the Governor, saying that you could not close with the offer, as you had referred a previous letter from his Excellency, declining your services, for the consideration of the Postmaster-General.

In reply, I am directed by his Grace to inform you that, as such an offer has been made to you, he cannot, even if there had previously been grounds for such a claim, entertain any application on your behalf for compensation from this office. He trusts, therefore, that you are still in time to accept the Governor's offer.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
F. HILL.

M. O'Connor Morris, Esq.,
Jamaica.

F.

Letter from H. W. Austin, Esq., Governor's Secretary.

Governor's Secretary's Office,
SIR, 7th July, 1860.

I am directed by the Governor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th instant, and to inform you his Excellency regrets to say that circumstances have not occurred which would permit of your employment at the head of the Post Office, the Secretary of State having, by this mail, approved of the arrangements which his Excellency submitted to his Grace, which did not include your employment.

His Grace had, at the time, copies of the letters addressed to you by his Excellency's desire upon the subject.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
HUGH W. AUSTIN,
Governor's Secretary.

Maurice O'Connor Morris, Esq.,
Deputy Postmaster-General, Kingston.

Governor's Secretary's Office,
SIR, 23rd July, 1860

I am desired by the Governor to acquaint you, that the Order in Council specially confirming the Act 23 Vic., cap. 1 (Session III) will be published on the 1st August next, from which date the Post Office Department will be transferred to the Colonial Government.

2. Mr. Brymer, the present Chief Clerk of the Department, will be appointed Postmaster for Jamaica under that Act.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
HUGH W. AUSTIN,
Governor's Secretary.

M. O'Connor Morris, Esq.,
Deputy Postmaster-General, Kingston.

G.

Letter to H. W. Austin, Esq., Governor's Secretary.

Jamaica General Post Office,
SIR, 7th July, 1860.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated the 7th instant, in which you convey to me the regret entertained by his Excellency the Governor, that the circumstances to which he alluded in his previous letter on

the subject had not occurred, which would permit of my employment at the head of the Post Office.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
(Signed) MAURICE O'CONNOR MORRIS.

H. W. Austin, Esq..
Governor's Secretary, Spanish Town.

H.

Letter from H. W. Austin, Esq., Governor's Secretary.

Governor's Secretary's Office,
SIR, 23rd July, 1860.

I am desired by the Governor to acquaint you that the Order in Council specially confirming the Act 23 Vic., cap. 1 (Session III) will be published on the 1st August next, from which date the Post Office Department will be transferred to the Colonial Government.

2. Mr. Brymer, the present Chief Clerk of the Department, will be appointed Postmaster for Jamaica under that Act.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
HUGH W. AUSTIN,
Governor's Secretary.

M. O'Connor Morris, Esq.,
Deputy Postmaster-General, Kingston.

I.

Letter from F. Hill, Esq., Assistant Secretary to the General Post Office.

General Post Office,
SIR, 16th February, 1860

I am directed by the Postmaster-General to acquaint you, for your information and guidance, that Her Majesty's

Government have come to the determination to place in the hands of the Local Authorities, *on the 1st May next*, the control of the Post Offices in all the West Indian Colonies; and I am to state that from that day you are to consider yourself the Officer of the Colonial Government, and no longer the Deputy of Her Majesty's Postmaster-General.

It has, however, been left to the Governor of Jamaica to defer carrying this change into effect until the 1st June, should his Excellency find such a course desirable.

Further instructions will be sent to you respecting the arrangements which this transfer will render necessary.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

F. HILL.

M. O'C. Morris, Esq.,
&c., &c., &c.,
Jamaica.

J.

Letter from M. O'C. Morris, to George Arbuthnot, Esq., Treasury Chambers, London.

The General Post Office, Kingston, Jamaica,
SIR, 22nd June, 1860.

With reference to the letter which you did me the honour of addressing me, on the 21st ultimo, on the subject of my claims for compensation in consequence of deprivation of office, owing to a recent change in the policy of the Imperial Government in respect to the management of the Post Office Department in the West India Colonies, in reply, I suppose, to a memorandum containing a brief abstract of the principal features of the case submitted to the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury by my brother on my behalf, I would beg leave to state that, as it appears to me, your letter was written on imperfect information as to the merits of this

particular case, and as your amendment of the error, supposed to have been made by me, in the case which was cited as analogous, and as forming a precedent, has evidently been based upon data not quite correct, I would request permission to bring the circumstances under your notice, as I feel convinced that the validity of my claim, when inquired into and known, will be recognised, and that, though the case may present features somewhat exceptional, it will nevertheless be dealt with fairly and justly.

1. In accepting the appointment of Deputy Postmaster-General of Jamaica in 1850, I had no reason to believe the office was dissimilar in its conditions to various other appointments in the Post Office Department, of corresponding importance and responsibility—not a line that I am aware of was ever written by the Secretary of the Post Office, or any other officer of that establishment, to warrant such a conclusion; and, of course, it would have become a question whether, had such a contingency been pointed out to me, I should have accepted the situation, subject to such restrictions. I have no reason to suppose, from the total silence of the authorities in St. Martin's-le-Grand on the subject, that it was ever contemplated to make any alterations in the office, much less abolish it altogether, as all the circumstances connected with the case lead to a directly contrary conclusion. Thus, the salary of the office, on the death of my predecessor, was reduced by upwards of a third, while the new office of Surveyor had been created about three years prior to my entering on the duties of Deputy Postmaster-General, all steps on the part of the Department indicative of permanency rather than change and reorganisation. Had such a measure been contemplated, it is fair to suppose that some written intimation would have been made to me on the subject; and as this was not done, it was, I conceive, only fair to assume, as I did at the time, that the office then given to me was one for life, subject, of course, to the universally recognised stipulation of faithful performance of the duties.

That this condition has been fulfilled on my part, may,

I think, be assumed from the somewhat pregnant facts that I am still the officer of the Department, and intrusted with its control in this island.

That my Crown bond has been reduced from £10,000, or two securities of £5,000 each, to a single bond of £1,500; and lastly, that the Legislature of the island has passed resolutions to express their decided approbation and entire satisfaction with my administration of the Post Office, a fact which his Excellency the Governor of the Colony has been good enough to refer in the enclosed correspondence, relative to the new appointment.

2. But independently of these general grounds for claiming compensation, the Department itself, as will appear by the enclosed extracts from letters of the Secretary to me, has inferentially led the officers of the Department in this island to believe that my claims for loss of office, or diminution of emoluments, would be fully compensated; and in fact, have very plainly admitted and sanctioned the principle, as, of course, the fact of a special proviso having been made to bar claims for compensation, which might be made for loss or curtailment of salaries in the case of officers appointed after the transfer had been resolved upon, leads to the conclusion that where no such proviso was made, the claims of the holders of office would be fairly and equitably considered.

3. But to come from general propositions to particular instances and precedents, I will recur to the case to which you drew my attention in your letter, namely, that of the Surveyor of the Post Office in this island, whose office was abolished last year. In this case, Mr. Perring, the officer in question, was permitted to retire on the full pay of £400 per annum, which he received in this island, an amount which I believe to be more than double the salary attached to the office to which he was appointed in England on his return.

That Mr. Perring's salary was £400 per annum while on the Jamaica establishment, is a fact on which I must be permitted to speak with some confidence, as I had to pay it monthly for years.

I might also adduce the case of the Stipendiary Magis-

trates in this island, who are, I believe, permitted to retire with a certain portion of their salaries after a certain length of service; and, not to go beyond a branch of your own Department, I have in this town the case—and a very recent one—of a Mr. Mais, who was a temporary clerk in the Commissariat in this island, and who has received a considerable annuity in proportion to his rate of pay, by way of compensation.

Nor should I omit the case of the Judges and other legal functionaries in this island, who, when a change was made in the Judicial Establishment, were all permitted to retire on adequate allowances, in the event of their not choosing to remain on the reduced salaries; and, in fact, as Governor Darling points out, the practice of compensation for loss of, or change in, official appointments in this colony, has been always rigidly maintained; and I have his Excellency's assurance that, in his correspondence on the subject, he has already expressed strongly his opinion of the justice of my claims for adequate compensation.

But it is, I conceive, idle to multiply instances within the sphere of my personal knowledge, when the principle and practice is, I believe, co-extensive with the Civil Service of Her Majesty.

4. I am aware that I have no right to ground my claims on the circumstance of having served in a colony so notoriously prejudicial to health as Jamaica; or the fact of having suffered severely from the effects of climate, as, of course, such drawbacks existed to the fullest extent at the time I accepted the appointment; but if it be no solid foundation for asserting a right, it certainly, on the other hand, can form no argument for depriving an officer of his claims for compensation, to say that, because the service has been performed in a tropical and unhealthy colony, it shall not be considered equivalent to similar service within the United Kingdom, where the sacrifices to be made were less, and the difficulties to be encountered proportionally smaller.

5. I have no wish to make any comment upon the two accompanying letters which his Excellency the Governor addressed to me on the subject of retaining my services.

The earlier letter of the two I considered final, as his Excellency dwelt so emphatically on the difficulties which would be involved in retaining my services at all; and as nothing within my knowledge occurred in the interval to remove those difficulties, I am still at a loss to account for his writing me the second letter, which is so completely conditional in its character, that I could not consider it an offer of the new appointment, but rather an invitation to decline it.

But even if the office of Colonial Postmaster had been offered to me by his Excellency, in whose gift it lies, I certainly should consider it an extreme hardship to be compelled to exchange an honourable, if responsible position, for one infinitely inferior in point of standing—most insecure in its tenure, and with duties doubled—to receive little more than half the emoluments after ten years of service, which has been acknowledged as valuable and efficient, in quarters where its effects were most easily perceptible; and in that case I should have appealed against what I should conceive to be an act of flagrant injustice, contrary alike to the theory and practice of Her Majesty's Service, which, as it is founded on principles of justice, is ever open to its appeals.

I must, in conclusion, express my regret at the hurried manner in which I have been compelled to draw up this statement of the circumstances connected with my case, owing to which I have not been able to condense it as I should have wished to do; but I think the arguments I have used, and the evidence I have given, will be considered conclusive as to my right to compensation in whatever shape it may be considered expedient to award it.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
M. O'C. Morris.

G. Arbuthnot, Esq.,
&c., &c.,
Treasury Chambers, London.

K.

Letter from G. A. Hamilton, Esq., Secretary to the Treasury.

Treasury Chambers,
1st November, 1860.

SIR,

Adverting to your further application of the 9th July last, respecting your claims to compensation for the loss of your office, as late Deputy Postmaster-General of Jamaica, I am desired by the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury to acquaint you that, after a careful re-consideration of the circumstances of your case, and not being, for the present, able to find any suitable employment for you in the Post Office, my Lords have awarded to you a compensation allowance of £200 a year, to commence from the period when your salary in Jamaica ceased, and to continue so long as you remain without public employment; but my Lords wish it to be clearly understood, that this allowance will cease whenever it may be found practicable to re-appoint you to some suitable office in the Post Office, or any other Department of the public service.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
GEORGE A. HAMILTON.

M. O'C. Morris, Esq.,
General Post Office, Kingston, Jamaica.

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